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BETWEEN TWO OCEANS:

OR,

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN TRAVEL.

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SKETCHES OF AMERICAN TRAVEL.

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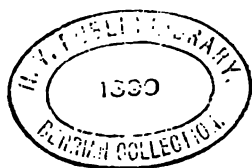
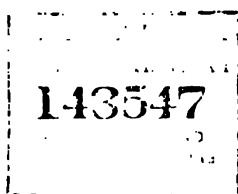
IZA DUFFUS HARDY.

IN ONE VOLUME.

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TO THOSE

AMERICAN FRIENDS

WHOSE

WARM AND LOYAL HEARTS

HAVE ENDEARED THEIR COUNTRY TO ME

I DEDICATE THESE SKETCHES.

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BETWEEN TWO OCEANS:

OR,

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN TRAVEL.

HOW WE CROSS THE ATLANTIC NOW-A-DAYS.

Our big ship stretched its lazy length sleepily along the sluggish, dark waters of the Mersey, as our little snorting tender came fussily up, like a small, pug-nosed puppy to a great, sleeping mastiff. The dingy little tender was crowded, our close ranks packed together as tightly as if we were preserved goods 'canned' for exportation.

The gentleman next to me had evidently been drinking 'farewell to Old England' rather too freely; but the cabin was crammed, so that his neighbours and fellow-passengers were unable to pay him the honour of a respectful distance, and he remained at my elbow, conversing to

himself and occasionally apostrophising me in a cheerful, but somewhat disconnected strain.

A drizzling rain was falling, and doing its best to quench our spirits, but unsuccessfully, as we poured up the gangway and dispersed ourselves over our big vessel, which seemed now to be showing signs of waking up.

Never mind the name of our ship—the *Sicilian* will do as well as any other, and bears quite enough resemblance to the real one; it was bound for Quebec, and carried Her Majesty's mails—or would have that honour when we should pick them up at Moville.

Half an hour of hubbub, seeking state-rooms, settling baggage, shouting for stewards, saying last words, crying, laughing—and a great gong clamours out that the time has come to sort the chaff from the grain, *i.e.*, the trans-Atlantic passengers from the friends who have merely come to 'see them off.' A few minutes more, and the Babel of farewells and *au revoirs*, the kissings, and huggings, and shakings of hands, all are over; the tender is swaying away from the crowded bulwarks, white handkerchiefs are waved, and hands are kissed; some tears are shed, but not many; the sky is weeping profusely enough.

Now practical spirits go down to their cabins,

and unpack and prepare for dinner; sentimental ones linger on deck to watch 'the last of England'—one lady of a certain age leans over the bulwarks and quotes Byron; the young man, whose too exuberant spirits and disconnected soliloquies attracted our attention on board the tender, is seen sitting on a skylight shedding tears. The dinner-bell cuts short our various occupations.

We sit down a dinner-party of over a hundred in the saloon. The long tables are elegantly laid out; the centre of the saloon is decorated with ferns and flowers, and a pretty canary in a brass cage is singing shrill and sweet. By each passenger's plate lies a tempting bill-of-fare; also a 'button-hole bouquet' of flowers; also a neat, little, folded passenger-list, adorned with an attractive and appropriate representation of the Falls of Niagara.

We all pay far more attention to the passenger-list than to the *menu* of dinner; we look about, and inspect our fellow-voyagers, in whose company we are to pass the next nine days. My next-chair neighbour reminds me of Cleopatra's description of her

' Grim and grizzled hero,
With his crisp and curling hair.'

He has a nice face, a kind smile, but is decidedly grim and grizzled withal.

The church, the army, and the aristocracy are all represented at our table. We have two clergymen, one jovial, the other long and lean as Eugene Aram; we have the heir to an earldom and his pretty bride, whose lovely, girlish face comes amongst us like a sunbeam. Last, not least, we have our captain, big, broad-shouldered, brusque, genial, with keen yet kindly eyes that see everything, whether meant or not meant for them to see, from a speck on the well-scrubbed timbers to a spot on the horizon.

After dinner, we are out of sight of England, and our beautiful vessel is beginning to throb and sway a little as she skims like a sea-bird over the waters; we feel the beating of her iron heart as the power within her speeds her on her way.


We resort to the little ladies' parlour on deck at the head of the companion-way, and study the passenger-list anew, and make acquaintance with some more of our fellow-voyagers. The Smiths, of Halifax, are easily identified, being five in number, and the only family of five on board. The French couple and the Hebrew are also soon picked out. Beyond this, all is guess-work. There are two Colonels and a General.

Yonder handsome, elderly man, with the unmistakable cavalry air, we decide must be the General, although it turns out afterwards that he is not even one of the Colonels; he is in the 'wholesale hardware line!' We all melt into sociability over the discussion of our prospects of the voyage. Those of us who have crossed four or five times before do not fail to announce the fact proudly; those who have crossed twenty or thirty times do not think it worth mentioning.

We sleep that night in good truth, 'rocked in the cradle of the deep'—too literally so for the comfort of some of us. The next day we glide along past the peaceful green hills, the sunny shores of Ireland. How calm and smiling those velvety green slopes look in the morning sunshine! It is difficult to associate ideas of misery and famine, evictions and murders, 'Boycotting' and dynamite, with the land that looks so serene and fair!

We are all out on deck to see the Giant's Causeway and the ruins of Green's Castle. In the clear, calm waters of Lough Foyle we stop, to take on board the mails from Moville, and early in the evening we breast the first roll of the Atlantic.

Over the next day's misery let me draw a veil, as indeed we, most of us, spent it in seclusion



from mortal eyes. The following day, in a generally recuperated condition, but still, taking us collectively, with very little colour in our cheeks, we are all sunning ourselves on deck, sympathising sociably over our various symptoms, and selecting our affinities.

Our 'grim and grizzled hero,' who turns out to be an American, does credit to the reputed chivalry of his nation. He is at the service of all who need a strong supporting arm. Young, old, middle-aged, pretty, plain—it is all, apparently, the same to him. He is a true knight! An arm is needed, and his is ready; nay, he has *two* at the service of dame or damsel. He is frequently to be seen promenading the heaving deck with a substantial burden of helpless womanhood hanging on each arm; or he will take feeble Mrs. Smith on one side, and ailing Mr. Smith, aged seventy-eight, on the other, and pilot their faltering steps in safety past the gaping mouth of the ventilating shaft and the dangers of the raised skylights.

There are two other gentlemen on board, whom, not knowing their cognomens, we have dubbed 'Red Tie' and 'Blue Cap,' from the most salient features of their apparel, who are ready and willing to assist him in his mission; but Red Tie exclusively selects the young and


fair as the recipients of his devotion, and poor Blue Cap labours under the disabilities of *mal de mer*—his spirit is willing, but his flesh is weak.

Once, when the *Sicilian* was enjoying a game of pitch and toss with the Atlantic, and the Atlantic was getting the best of it, Blue Cap rose from his chair to extend the much-needed hand of help to me as I endeavoured to struggle across the deck to the door of the companion-way, but he measured his length at my feet instead, while I stumbled over his prostrate form, and subsided humiliatingly on a heap of rugs.

We had a goodly array of bridal couples on board, of course; pairs of turtle-doves—one, two, and three. They generally sat reading the same book, and occasionally wrapped in the same shawl. We had also, as usual, the young lady going out to be married, taking her *trousseau* with her. In this case she had not seen her lover for ten years. Well, constancy is its own reward!

Then there was, of course, the wife going out to join her husband—a pale, depressed-looking young woman, with five children. There was a lady who had come on board at Liverpool merely to see her husband off as far as Moville, with only a small dressing-bag for the night's journey.

At Moville she made up her mind to go on



with him to America. She had a soul above difficulties, and triumphantly surmounted all that beset her. She procured a pair of boots from our stewardess, borrowed a spare cloak from the Smiths of Halifax, and wore her husband's felt tennis hat and ulster on deck.

We had a theorist, with a 'hobby,' from whom some fled and with whom others fought; his hobby was always ready saddled and bridled; it was rarely, indeed, that he gave the poor steed a rest in its stable. We liked our theorist; he was so cheery, so kind, so helpful; but his hobby was one which life on shipboard brought into distressingly constant exercise. 'Abstemiousness in health! Starvation in sickness!' was his theory of life; and we did wax wroth with him sometimes when he ran a tilt at our invalids, whose dainty appetites our pearl of stewardesses was coaxing with delicacies, and charged them solemnly to 'Dash down that bowl of' beef-tea, or invoked 'the malison of outraged Nature' on such as dared to outrage her by partaking of chicken and iced champagne for luncheon.

Then we had a certain gallant rifle-team on board, bearing away their laurels victorious. It was amusing, the first day or two, to see the valiant team strewn about like fallen fruit over the deck in shapeless heaps of despondency. In-

deed, a general view of the deck in those early days would have supplied a capital study for a picture, to be entitled 'After the Battle is Over'; only our artist—we had an artist, of course—was at that time himself a prostrate bundle of rugs, lying under a life-boat, and looking like a mummy.

When he recovered, he made caricatures of us all, and his sketch-book, falling into our hands, afforded us considerable amusement in identifying ourselves, although I do not know whether the joke was quite appreciated by a young man known amongst us either as 'the Spaniard,' from his olive complexion, or 'the giant,' from his stature—six feet five—and who was always promenading the deck with a pretty little woman who scarcely reached above his elbow, and who had to tiptoe to get hold of his arm.

Another dark and picturesque and Spanish-looking individual, who might have posed very well as a brigand, in a fierce slouch hat, attracted our interest as soon as we heard that he carried four thousand pounds worth of diamonds sewn up in the lining of his coat, and that, in moments of confidence, he had been known to unrip the seam and exhibit his precious treasures to favoured fellow-passengers.

Out in the middle of the Atlantic, where

the 'rolling forties' should have rolled, they obligingly forebore, and we found it calm as a lake. We looked round upon an azure world of sea and sky; not a cloud upon the face of the heavens; not a sail upon the horizon; not a white horse tossing its mane upon the long, low waves that seemed to murmur and kiss the sides of our good ship as she glided over them.

By this time we were all nothing if not nautical in our conversation; we talked glibly of 'six bells' and 'eight bells,' and leeward and windward, of port and starboard, instead of left and right, and never insulted our *Sicilian* by calling her 'it.'

Every afternoon the captain had tea served in his chart-room, and a favoured few were honoured with a general invitation to partake thereof.

The chart-room was the coziest corner on board; it was difficult to realize we were on mid-Atlantic when up in the captain's sanctum. There were book-cases, maps, pictures, photographs, log-books, hymn-books, and tracts, all scattered about together with compasses and instruments for 'taking the altitude.' There was a harmonium, for music was one great feature in these chart-room teas; a spelling-game played with cardboard letters was another; but the most prominent feature of all was theology.

Our captain and a couple of clergymen would sit round the table, each with a Bible, and hold an hour's discussion over one debatable word in a text. Then we would finish up with a hymn or two, generally of the captain's own composition—for, after the example of the author (I forget who he was) who observed, 'When I want a book I write one,' our captain, when he wants a song or a hymn, composes one—words and music both—and also sings it himself to his own accompaniment.

In choice of subject he is occasionally patriotic, but more often pious. He deems it as much his mission to save the souls of his crew as to look after their bodies. Every evening he holds a service in the 'fo'c's'le' for the sailors and steerage-passengers—though sometimes it happens that a first-class sinner from the saloon steals in amongst the crowd, with a shame-faced sense of being an intruder there. It is very impressive, the narrow, dingy, crowded room, lighted only by a couple of little dim oil-lamps, the close-packed ranks of bronzed and toil-worn faces, all serious and devout, all eyes fixed upon the captain, as with homely but heart-stirring eloquence, he expounds to them his faith, and calls upon them to believe with him—'believe and be saved.'

We call him 'the father of the ship.' He is beloved alike by passengers and crew, and we are

all content in the happy conviction that there is not another captain on the Atlantic like *ours*. If it is not true, we are quite as happy in our faith as if it was. He worked his way up from before the mast. He loves his ship as though she were his sweetheart; he regards the land as merely a place of call to visit now and then, and the sea as his true home. On board his ship he is pastor and preacher as well as captain; and, when he has a leisure hour, he devotes it to the study of Hebrew! He has always a little time to spare to come among his passengers, and cheer them up with his breezy presence and genial jokes. He has the heartiest laugh of any man on board; and, with all else that he is, he is pre-eminently and above all things the captain of his ship.

Now we are nearing the Straits of Belle Isle—the region of fogs. The line between the bright blue sea and the clear blue sky becomes suddenly dim; it is blurred, lost; and swiftly over the sunlit, azure water there draws a fine white veil of fog that darkens the smiling sky, while the sun, but lately so burning bright, only struggles through in pale and watery gleams. The fog-horn sets up its lugubrious howl; the clinging mist enwraps the vessel from stem to stern, and, falling damply in fine rain on the deck, soon drives us all indoors for shelter.

Fog at sea is not cheerful, but we while away the hours pleasantly enough. We get up a 'sewing-bee'—a kind of Atlantic Dorcas Society—whose modest mission is to cut up, or cut down, some old coats of the captain's into small garments for poor little emigrants. We beguile the evening with cards, dominoes, and music in the saloon, and at night we sleep in peace, knowing that our captain is up on the bridge.

The engines slacken, tremble, and stop, and our big ship rolls helplessly, like a drifting log, on the waves. We miss the rhythmical throb and thud of the machinery that has lulled us to sleep for many nights, but we are not nervous. Our captain is on the watch, and we know that he will allow himself neither sleep nor rest till he can see his way into the Straits. The next day we progress but slowly through a world of mist, in which nothing of sky or sea is distinguishable.

We pass through the Straits without seeing anything of them, and when the fog finally lifts we are in the great Gulf of St. Lawrence, and out of sight of land again. The lightening veil discloses a sea of deepest sapphire, dashed with shifting snowy streaks where the white horses rise and shake their manes, and career over the heaving, dark-blue waves.

The vessel rocks a little as she rides over the

swell, but by this time we are so steady on our feet that there is but little demand on the devotion of our chivalrous 'Walking Stick'—by which name our 'grizzled hero' is now affectionately and familiarly known.

We are among the ice-bergs to-day—the passengers enjoy the position more than the captain, I think. We are all on deck with field-glasses, pointing out that pyramidal heap of snow with the slashes of blue-green veining its smooth, steep sides—that queer-shaped berg away on the horizon that looks just like a mushroom!—this other one, like the dome of St. Paul's, which towers up so interestingly close that we get a beautiful view of it. But the captain watches on the bridge, nor descends to the social meal that day. He knows the danger well enough not to take quite so much pleasure in the sight as we do.

Now the last social evening of our 'happy family' is at hand, for to-morrow many of the most shining lights of our little society are to land at Rimouski, and we resolve to celebrate the occasion by a grand concert at the fashionable hour of 9 p.m.

There seems to be a good deal of sentiment in the air on these last evenings as we promenade the deck by moonlight, all in pairs, like the animals in a Noah's Ark. And now, at the eleventh hour,

all the party come out in their true colours. The mysterious members of our company, concerning whom we have indulged in many a game of speculation, are mysterious no more.

Red Tie, the devoted cavalier of the fair sisters from Halifax, reveals himself in his real character as a married man; Blue Cap confides the history of his engagement, and exhibits the miniature of his *fiancée* in a locket; Walking Stick comes out as the father of twins in Toronto, and produces a portrait—nay, one, two, three portraits—of his wife and babies! And our select feminine circle agree that, if ten days at sea be any test of character, we congratulate Mrs. Walking Stick.

All day, as we steamed serenely along the waveless waters of the beautiful river St. Lawrence, there was a pleasant stir of excitement on board, as the preparations for our 'Grand Concert' were in full swing.

From the saloon arose the well-known melody of 'Ah! once again!' from the companion-way issued the tender strains of 'The Owl and the Pussy-cat,' to the gentle twang of a banjo accompaniment. On the deck one young man marched with folded arms, rehearsing, with appropriate action, 'Cato's Soliloquy,' while another sat under an umbrella on the skylight, absorbed in the

difficult task of selecting from a volume of 'Mark Twain' the most screaming of the 'Screamers.' A book entitled 'A Thousand and One Gems' was handed from one to another of our emulous elocutionists that they might study suitable *morceaux* for recitation—for Our Concert, by a liberal interpretation of the term, was to include a large element of the dramatic. It was at first contemplated to invite the steerage passengers to attend Our Concert, and one prominent member of the company suggested, 'I'm sitting by the stile, Mary!' as well calculated to touch the hearts of the Irish emigrants; but, when it was decided that the dimensions of the saloon rendered it necessary to limit the entertainment to the first-class passengers, he substituted the equally suitable ditty of 'A Life on the Ocean Wave.'

In the zest of these preparations, our invalid (we had still one invalid on the doctor's hands) forgot her ailments, and appeared in a new cap with pink ribbons; our flirting couple (strange to relate, we had only *one* romance on board!) withdrew to a secluded corner with the 'Thousand and One Gems' between them, and bent their heads very close together over—they *said* it was 'The Ride to Aix from Ghent'; but their air would rather have suggested 'Love is waking! shall it wake in vain?'

The evening came, and we assembled in the saloon, where our energetic doctor had moved the piano, and provided an extra allowance of candles, and a box of lozenges to cool the throats of his faithful *troupe*. The concert opened with that most appropriate selection, 'A Life on the Ocean Wave,' during which the depressing fact dawned upon us that the *obligato* accompaniment of the rhythmical beat of the engines thundering under the saloon floor would drown all our *pianissimo* passages, while the soft and subtle modulations of our voices would be completely lost. So the entertainment progressed under difficulties. Those of the audience who were close to the performers might hear what was being said and sung; but those whose seats were further off got their entertainment only in dumb-show, and had to guess by the air of the performer whether his or her expressed sentiments were of the martial or the tender kind. It was noticeable, by the way, that the sexes appeared to have changed characteristics on this occasion: the ladies gave us 'The Battle of the Alma,' the 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' and 'How they brought the Good News from Ghent,' and by exerting all the power of their lungs succeeded in vanquishing now and then the 'thud, thud' of the engines; while the gentlemen related to us the loves of the 'Owl and

the Pussy-cat' (banjo accompaniment), told us melodiously how it was 'But a little faded flower,' or conjured their lost loves to meet them only 'Once again.' During these performances, I think the engines had the best of it.

Our theorist, clad in his wife's waterproof and a poke-bonnet, aroused great enthusiasm by a character-song, in which he announced that he was 'Sweet Sixteen;' but the grand sensation of the evening was expected to be an 'Imitation of Mr. Irving in *Hamlet*,' given by a youthful genius who never missed a first night at the Lyceum. I suppose most of us had heard a good many such imitations before, and so perhaps we failed to appreciate this. No doubt it was a capital performance, what was audible of it, but that was not much, and it was gratefully applauded, especially by one enthusiast, who kept calling, 'Encore! Bells! Bells!' until our Irving *pro tem.* consented to favour us with a further specimen of his art, and succeeded in drowning the machinery with his wild shriek of 'The Bells,' the steward kindly giving him the cue by ringing the dinner-gong at intervals.

We wound up by singing 'God Save the Queen.' It might have been in better time and tune, but I am sure it was never chorussed with more fervour and sincerity than by Her Gracious Majesty's

loyal subjects on board the Royal Mail steamer, which shall be nameless, that July night on the St. Lawrence river, in the last hour of our united party.

Everything was enthusiastically and indiscriminately applauded, whether it was heard or not; and a satisfactory collection was taken up for the Sailor's Orphanage at Liverpool.

The concert over, the aspect of the saloon is transformed with pantomimic rapidity. Plates and dishes rattle on the tables; there is a cheery sound of popping corks, a-scurrying to and fro of stewards, a chorus of tempting-sounding orders—'Two bottles of Clicquot's best!' 'One Welsh rarebit!' 'Three broiled sardines!' 'Lemonade and beef sandwich!' 'Pint bottle of Moselle!' and so on. Evidently nobody is going to rest in too depressed a condition on 'this night of all nights!' It is late before anyone goes to bed, and particularly late before I get to sleep, as the smoking-room is immediately above my berth, and its *habitues* insist on spending a good portion of the night singing 'God Save the Queen' and 'Auld Lang Syne,' and beating time with their boots.

The next morning, a little tender, with flying flags, comes out to us from Rimouski, brings us a pilot to guide us up the St. Lawrence, and takes off our mails and a goodly gathering of our

passengers. The mails go first. We lean over the bulwarks and watch the mail-bags skim down the plank that slopes from the big ship to the tender. There they go! fat bags, slim bags, by the dozen: round, jolly-looking bags that seem to be bursting with their contents; slender bags that look hungry, as if they had nothing in them.

All our four or five hundred steerage passengers are assembled on deck to see the sights, except those who are going ashore, who are below, waiting at the lower gangway. Many have climbed up the rigging to have the better view of the tender; and there they cling in swarms, to be summoned down in double-quick time when the *Sicilian* shall start again. After the mails go the passengers.

There goes Blue Cap, but Blue Cap no longer; he has got on a clerical-looking, black felt hat. There go the dark, mysterious stranger and his diamonds; how I wonder if he has left any keepsakes behind him! There go the Smiths, the girls blooming in new hats and feathers. The father of the five young children has come on board to meet his pale little wife and flourishing family, and escort them on shore; and this domestic reunion is the focus of the gaze of a large circle of deeply-interested fellow-passengers, whose attentive observation, as the handsome, sun-bronzed

husband clasps his wife in his arms, may be flattering, but would be embarrassing, if the reunited couple were not blissfully unconscious of it and of all the world beside.

So our merry party breaks up, as the Rimouski tender swings away from the big ship's side, and the *Sicilian* steams on her way to Quebec. We part with mutually waving hands and handkerchiefs, with cheers and good wishes, and—is there *one* tear shed? Good-bye to our theorist, his hobby forgotten, and only his kind and genial ways remembered! Good-bye to our artist and his sketch-book! Good-bye to our would-be Irving! Good-bye to the young man with the banjo and blue ribbon, whose lamb-like voice and meek face, with its expression of perpetual surprise, we shall never laugh at more! We shall never meet all together again on earth, that happy and harmonious little company, amongst whom even the *ennui* of sea-sickness sowed no division. I think that reflection was the only one that cast a shadow over the gaiety of our last day and night on board.

QUEBEC AND ITS ENVIRONS.

HAVE we indeed crossed the Atlantic, or is it only the Channel that lies between us and England? Surely this city wherein we are wandering, in a delightful, drifting, aimless exploration, is a bit of Old France! Surely these crooked, narrow streets, running crabbedly round corners, and recklessly up and down hill—these queer, tumble-down houses, with their gables and steep roofs, and their *mêlée* of styles in windows, quaint dormers, old-fashioned greenish lattices, sashless sash-windows propped open with sticks—these cobble-stoned roads and uneven pavements—these mahogany-faced, white-capped old French market-women—all belong to some Breton town!

Our ramshackle vehicle lurches through the streets of the lower town, and flounders in and out of abysses of mud. Behind the dilapidated old houses, a cliff, two hundred feet high, rises sheer as a wall. Up a steep hill, that looks as if the street had suddenly stood on end, a

'calash' plunges at a breakneck pace. Around us we hear only French *patois* and Irish brogue, now and then varied by the twang of New England. It takes all these latter characteristics to convince us that we are in Quebec! Quebec,—a relic of the Old World stranded on the shores of the New!—by right of her picturesque position and her romantic history, the Queen City of Canada! the beautiful city for which Nature has done so much—and man so little.

Our hotel is in the upper town. It is the best hotel in Quebec, the tourists' centre and rallying point, and crowded from attic to basement. Here, in the great hall, are heaps of baggage piled up to the ceiling, trunks labelled to and from everywhere—Ohio, Idaho, London, Kansas, Paris, Boston, San Francisco, New York! Here is a telephone to Niagara, Saguenay, Chicago. Here is a rush and a Babel and a bustle from morning until night. In the dead of darkness there is a banging of doors and a thumping of trunks, as a whole party of tourists go off by the last train; in the should-be stillness of the small hours, a racket and a trampling announce that another party are starting by the early boat. In the parlour and dining-room there is a periodical—it appears about an hourly—commotion, as a stentorian voice proclaims,

‘All ready for the Montreal boat?’ ‘Ladies and gentlemen for the New York train!’ ‘Omnibus for the Saguenay boat!’ ‘Passengers ready for the Liverpool steamer!’

Opposite our hotel is an agency, where you can buy a through ticket to Patagonia, Bombay, or Hong Kong. Between agency and hotel rolls a sea of ink-black mud, bordered on either side by a dilapidated wooden pavement, set with man-traps for the unwary in the shape of jagged holes. A few minutes’ walk brings us to Dufferin Terrace, a magnificent promenade, from which you look across the St. Lawrence to the scattered town of Point Levis on the opposite shore, and the purple hills beyond—and, nearer at hand, straight over the wide, stone parapet, sheer down into the queer, dark, and dirty labyrinthine streets of the lower town, a French-Irish St. Giles’s. An English accent is a rare thing to hear either in Upper or Lower Quebec. French, Irish, American; then Irish, French, over again. When the hack-drivers are not French, they are Irish. We found both equally and satisfactorily civil, even assiduously attentive. The Quebec calash is one of the features of the city. It has clean, white cushions, and a loose-jointed air of being about to fall to pieces—so clean, so frail, so decrepit-looking, it appears to us like a tidy old

great-grandmother in a frilled cap. When the horse charges a steep hill—which he invariably does at full speed, and dashes madly on and up, ‘rattling our bones over the stones’—we anticipate that the crazy old vehicle will scatter itself piecemeal. But I have no doubt that identical calash, which appears to us as if it could not weather one more hill, will outlast that headlong steed, and serve another generation yet.

In the evening we go and walk on Dufferin Terrace. Apparently, all Quebec is doing the same thing. Up and down the wide promenade, their footsteps falling almost noiselessly on the smooth planking—the one spotless and flawless, planed and cleaned pavement in Quebec—the orderly throngs stroll at a regular and leisure pace. There are the French Quebeckers, English Quebeckers, Irish Quebeckers,

‘Like the Rhone by Leman’s waters washed,’

these various streams of the population

‘All mingled, and yet separate appear.’

In public and in private life they mix no more than oil and water. The upper classes meet in peace and courtesy, but socially tread their ways apart. The lower classes of French and Irish have their periodical disturbances, according to the laws of Nature.


A military band is playing in the pavilion, and natives and tourists stream along the terrace in a fast-thickening crowd. Here are some of our fellow-passengers from the *Sicilian*; and lo! with his 'sailor's roll,' and in his holiday attire, here comes our captain! He has actually got a chimney-pot hat and lemon-coloured gloves! Here comes a whole party of Americans, one young man clad in white from head to foot, the single touch of colour about his attire being a blue ribbon round his Panama hat. He is not proud, and does not look in the least self-conscious. A few old guns are arranged along the terrace; they have been perfunctorily polished up, the rust rubbed off them. One of them makes a convenient seat for two little children playing with a big dog.

The sun has set, but has left a mellow flush, like a dream of departed glory, all over the western sky; the stars are coming out 'large as lilies,' in the soft depths of the summer heavens, and brighter than on a winter frost in England. The citadel stands out, gloomy and distinct, against the purple shades on the landward side of the terrace. On the water side, below the parapet, two hundred feet sheer down, lies the lower town with its twinkling lights. The magic mantle of Night has clothed even those tumble-

down streets in a certain mystery and beauty. Beyond them stretches the great river, with the giant, dark forms of the great steamers anchored here and there, the myriad smaller craft dotting the silent flood with their black outlines, their light flecks of sail, their coloured lamps. Big ships and little boats, all lie still on the sleeping waters. It is as if the spell that bound the sleeping princess and her court had descended on the mighty river and its children. The only life and stir is in the steam-tug ferrying across, with a red lantern and a shrill whistle, from Point Levis, whose long, irregular lines of lamps break the shadows of the opposite shore.

The whole scene is a dream of beauty; often it comes back to us in our nightly visions, yet no fairer even in them than was the reality of that night.

Our eyes and our imaginations were abundantly feasted. Walking home, to be sure, we waded through mud and stumbled into holes in the pavement; but, after all, there is something incongruous between mediæval picturesqueness and modern cleanliness, so perhaps we might have been disappointed had Quebec been cleaner. And I think now it was unreasonable of us to complain because of the absence of street-lamps on a moonless night, and the consequent murky



obscurity through which we groped our way.

All creature comforts we find admirably administered at our hotel, which, judging from the external aspect of things, we had scarcely ventured to expect. The veriest gourmet could not have been otherwise than satisfied with the delicate trout, the broiled salmon, the strawberries and cream, the dewberry pies—worthy of their delicious name—the corn-rolls, the sun-kissed peaches, the brimming bumpers of iced-milk—to which, on a hot day, no vintage of the richest province of France is comparable. Coming off the Atlantic voyage, where the only delicacies you are likely to crave for in vain are fruit, tea, coffee, and milk, (not that you cannot procure them one and all, but that they always seem to lack their rightful freshness and flavour on board ship), I must own that we enjoyed the Quebec breakfasts with a keen relish, and rejoiced that at our table sat neither æsthete nor theorist!

Of course we did our tourists' duties in Quebec. We went over the citadel and over the Ursuline Convent; we went, in fact, to most of the places where our guide-book told us we ought to go. We drove to the Plains of Abraham, a beautiful drive along the broad and handsome St. Foye road, whereon are situated many of the finest

residences in Quebec, embowered in trees and gardens, and guarded in an English-looking seclusion by high gates and railings. Past stretches of turf which, not yet scorched by the Canadian summer's fiery breath, lie like cool green satin under the sun; past wild hedges and clambering vines that remind us of rustic England; past little wooden cottages, green-shuttered, green-balconied, with their little clusters of rose-bushes and climbing plants; past rural shops, with old Frenchwomen in sun-bonnets sitting at the doors, with legends painted above the very modest display of mixed goods in the windows of 'Marot, Epicier,' and 'Lefevre, Charcutier,' we arrive at last at the Plains of Abraham.

The Plains are considerably built over now; the surrounding neighbourhood has encroached upon them more and more, but still there is left untouched a large area of green sward, in the centre of which, just where the ground sinks in a little hollow, is erected the monument to Wolfe. In the shelter of this little hollow on the battle-field they laid the dying general. How green and luxuriant the grass is growing there to-day!


Around the monument are drawn up a dozen or more of tourists' vehicles, calashes, waggons, carriages, and amongst them the very smallest cart, driven by the smallest boy, and drawn by

the most diminutive donkey I ever saw ! Some of the tourists remain seated in their carriages, and survey the scene through opera-glasses ; others alight and make a close inspection of the column, giving me an impression that, if it were made of wood, there would be a good deal of it whittled away.

Amongst all who cluster round it there, how many can conjure up in the 'mind's eye' the scene when, on this soft, green turf, the battle raged—when here, in this hollow at our feet, Wolfe 'Died, Victorious !' (So runs the simple inscription on the column.) Yet even more than by the monument on the very spot where our hero fell, we are touched by the obelisk in the governor's garden that commemorates 'Wolfe and Montcalm.' Vanquished and victor—the general who died to win, and the general who fell in losing, Quebec!—the marble memorial links their two great names eternally together. One passed in the throb of triumph, his last words, 'I die happy !' the other sank in the darkness of defeat—the word of Death more welcome to him than that of Life. Now, in the honour of the conquerors, the conquered chief holds his post ; Montcalm has his niche in the temple side by side with Wolfe. Peace to them both, united in their immortality !


Now our time in Quebec was running short, and our guide-book to 'Quebec and its Environs' impressed upon us that 'the whole duty of the tourist' could not be regarded as accomplished until the 'Montmorenci' and 'Chaudière' Falls had been admired. We made up our minds, however, that one of these two shrines would have to be, like Yarrow, 'left unvisited.' There would be then something still left to live for—another divine incompleteness in life! The guide-book also described the sentiments which 'tourists of cultured mind, and familiar with classic lore,' would, or ought to, experience when 'standing on the lofty brow of the Chaudière.' We did not aspire so high as to be classed with these favoured souls; but still we thought we would see what humbler mortals like ourselves might feel under such inspiring circumstances.

Accordingly, one clear, pleasant morning (the thermometer standing only 85° in the shade), although we yearned for the shady seclusion of our cool and comfortable rooms in the 'St. Louis Hotel,' we yielded to the insinuating representation of a fair-spoken driver, who pictured graphically the 'beautiful breeze along the wooded road!' and set off on our excursion in one of those easy and airy vehicles which divide



with the calash the honours of being peculiar to Quebec. We, being ignorant Britons, called it a 'carriage,' and our feelings were somewhat aggrieved when our *cocher* alluded to it as 'the waggon.' We rattled down the steep and stony hills to the lower town, and drove briskly on board the ferry-boat—a method of transit new to us then, and which caused us some alarm lest the spirited steed should jump overboard, more especially as we were not alone in our glory; six other vehicles shared the scanty space of deck allotted to us, and the closeness of the quarters necessitated our horse standing with his head over the low bulwarks, where he pawed the timbers and sniffed the lapping water with an air too alert and curious to please us.

As our driver was not French, of course he was Irish. In the market-place, and on the wharves, and in the streets of Quebec, you may listen a long time before you hear a syllable of the Anglo-Saxon tongue in its purity. You inquire your way, and receive an answer either in a rich brogue, or in 'a French not spoken in France.' We drove ashore at Point Levis, and pursued our way along the banks of the St. Lawrence, through the scattered town of Levis, and through a village yclept 'New Liverpool,' to which name we had to cling in frequent



iteration in order to convince ourselves that we were not in France or Switzerland.

The forest-clad hills, the clear, blue sky, the fanciful wooden houses, with the steps outside, the little white, green-shuttered châteaux, the white-capped women, the bare-legged, brown-faced children, the blue-bloused men, we knew all these so well; we had taken this drive so often before! was it near Geneva? was it in the sunny South of France? Only surely this wide, calm river was broader than the Rhone, and yonder, on the opposite shore, her tin roofs shining like silver in the sunshine, throned on her noble hills, what was that great city, stretching along the curve of the river, but Quebec?

We left New Liverpool behind; and, as we settled ourselves comfortably among our cool-looking white cushions for the long drive before us, we began to look out for some of the signs and tokens that invariably mark the route of any popular excursion on any part of the great European tourist-ground, where year by year the few by-ways left are merging into highways, till soon there will not be a by-way left. We recalled to mind the strong-lunged performers on the Alpine-horn, who lay in wait for us at every corner of the Grimsel or the Handeck, where an echo could be awoke; the little Savoyard

with the concertina, who followed our mules up the Wengern Alp; the *cretin* with the pet marmot he had trained to climb up a pole; the pretty Italian girl with her basket of ripe figs and purple grapes. We looked for the wayside-stall, laid out as a bazaar for the sale of such travellers' requisites as chamois-horn paper-knives and inkstands, cunningly mounted on the backs of little wooden bears and foxes—for the old woman with her tray of glasses of fresh milk—for the little roadside inn, where you could get good lemonade, and bad wine, and heaped-up plates of wild raspberries. But nothing of the kind was to be seen here. We looked to the north, and we looked to the south, and also to the east and west, mile after mile. Not a wayside stall! nay, not so much as a solitary mendicant to be seen. Then we realised for the first time that we were three thousand miles from home!

At first we said, 'How charming, how delightful to be off the old beaten track!' But presently we felt there was something wanting in the landscape; we should have been glad to see the old woman with her glasses of milk; we should have given welcome to an offered plate of raspberries, nor have grudged the small coin of acknowledgment. For the sun was hot, and the road was long along

which we drove—or rather, along which our waggon leaped, lurched, and bounded, tossing us up and pitching us down on our seats, and flinging us hither and thither till we quite realised the feelings of a shuttlecock in a lively game, and vowed that never, never more would we undertake a ‘pleasure excursion’ on Canadian roads, (to which, from this first example, we did injustice, as, looking at them from the higher standpoint of an experience of Montreal, we are free now to acknowledge).

Presently we arrived at our goal. It was a farm-house, I presume, yet I *saw* nothing but a stable, wherein we sat down on a heap of hay, there being no other seat, while our driver tethered and fed his steed. He then brought us a huge bowl of new milk, with a handleless delf cup in it, with which we ladled up the welcome draught to our thirsty lips. For this nectar we paid the extravagant sum of six cents. Then we set off, our driver leading the way and acting as guide, across a clover-field and along a shady path, towards the falls, whose murmur we heard deepening and deepening as we drew nearer, till the sullen and sombre sound seemed to fill the air like thunder.

We followed the narrow track through the long grass and clover, keeping well in the friendly

shadow of the overhanging trees on our left, with the roar of the waters rising louder in our ears as we approached. At last, through a break in trees—lo! the falls in the mid-day sun! A few steps brought us out on to the open brow of the cliff, whence we had a full and complete view of the whole cascade—the river blue and smooth as glass, above and below, hurling itself headlong down over the black rocks, in an avalanche of dazzling snow that here and there seemed to melt to mist in the sunshine—and the boiling cauldron, into which it fell and seethed before it swept on its smooth way again, whose spray leapt up even to our faces as we stood on the precipitous brow of the cliff.

‘Said to be second only to Niagara, ladies,’ our driver informed us, proudly.

Why did he remind us of Niagara, and thus dash our dawning enthusiasm? We felt that, in spite of the guide-book, it would be wasteful to expend too much energy in our admiration of the Chaudière, when Niagara was waiting for us a few hundred miles further on. For *her* we must reserve our highest heights and deepest depths!

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.


EVERYONE warned us to prepare to be disappointed in our first view of Niagara. Even those who were most enthusiastic about its wonders and beauties told the same tale—we were to be disappointed at first sight. Now Niagara to us was to be the realization of a life's dream; and between our own thrilling anticipations, and the warnings of friends and strangers not to allow those anticipations of the first view to soar too high, we drew near our goal with our eagerness for that 'first view' lashed to white heat.

The crowded car bumped and rattled along the little local line that leads from the town of Niagara to the falls. It was hot, it was dusty; but we recked neither of dust nor heat. We were one and all gazing eagerly out of the car-window as we rushed through the woods, behind which the sun was sinking in a royal couch of purple and gold. Presently there was an exclamation of

‘The falls! the falls!’ in a tone with which Columbus might have cried, ‘The *land!*’

There was a break in the woods—a flash of white—a cloud of spray tossed high above the tree-tops; then the dark woods closed again. That glimpse, flashing upon us and passing ere we could fully realise that the great towering, tumbling mass of snow was indeed Niagara, could scarcely be called our first view of it. When, then, was our real first view? Was it at the threshold of the Clifton House, when, alighting from the hotel-omnibus, the muffled thunder of the falls seized our attention away from the assiduous group of porters and waiters around us; and we turned to the right, and, in the vast open space beyond the road, Niagara broke upon us?

I could not describe it then, and I cannot now. Nor then nor since could I ever tell whether the thrill that hushed me at that first sight was half of disappointment or all of surprise at seeing it so unlike what I had expected. But an hour or so later, when—having supped and shaken off the dust of travel, and got our mail and read the more important of our letters—we went out on the broad balcony that runs round two sides of the Clifton House, then was the view of Niagara that we shall always look back to as the first—then was the sight we none of us can ever forget.



It was a moonless night, and in the dusk we could only obscurely trace the vast, vague outline of the two great falls, divided by the blurred mass of shapeless shadows which we were told was Goat Island. As we looked upon them silently, and listened to the ceaseless boom like distant thunder, which shook the ground beneath our feet, across the snowy veil of the American Fall, to our left, shot rays of rosy light that melted into amber and shifted into emerald. They were illuminating the great waters with coloured calcium lights from the opposite shore. I wonder whose first brilliant thought it was to dress Niagara up in the attire of Columbine in the transformation-scene of a pantomime? It was like putting a tinsel crown and tarlatan skirts on the Venus of Milo!

But those green and crimson rays that played across the American Fall, and were turned on and off like a dissolving view, did not reach to the Horseshoe Fall away on our right. Vast, solemn, shadowy, we could just distinguish its form in the darkness, could hear the deep murmur of its awful voice. And there, between it and us, what was *that* we saw? Was it some huge, pale ghost that stood sentinel before Niagara? White, spectral, motionless, it rose up in the sky and reached towards the stars—shapeless, dim, vague


as a veiled ghost. There seemed something supernatural about it; it was like a colossal spectre standing guard, wrapped in a cloak of strange dim light. We almost wondered whether it was seen by other eyes than our own.

‘How fine and upright the column of spray is to-night!’ observed a strange voice at our elbow.

That broke the illusion. But yet it seemed impossible that our ghost should be only a pillar of rising and falling spray. We saw it again daily and nightly, but seldom again like that. We saw it blown along in clouds; we saw it like a great veil hiding the whole face of the fall; we saw it one evening at sunset leaping like a fountain of liquid gold: but only once again did we see it rise up in that shape—the still and ghostly guardian of the night.

No mortal eye has ever beheld the base of the great Horseshoe Fall; it is for ever veiled and lost in a wild, white chaos of foam tossed up by the fury of its headlong plunge, and hiding its depths in mystery.

Waking in the silence of that night, we were conscious of a ceaseless trembling that shook the doors and windows. The whole great building to its foundations, the solid earth itself, seemed to pulsate in rhythm with the reverberation of



the falls. We turned to sleep again, very happy to think that we were truly and literally being 'rocked to sleep' by Niagara.

Now Niagara, in its practical phase, was an experience to which we looked forward with dread. To that level of every day's need we knew we must descend from our clouds in the morning: for, not being disembodied spirits, and flesh being weak, our mortal frames required to be transported from one scene of beauty to another; and our friends and travelling-companions had been unanimously discouraging in their descriptions of the difficulties we must needs face in procuring suitable means of transport without ruinous expenditure.

'The hackmen will tear you to pieces!' warned one. 'They are ruffians!' exclaimed another. 'They'll swindle you out of the shoes on your feet!' prophesied the emphatic third. 'They'll have your eye-teeth!' The guide-book also warned us that the hackmen would be 'a source of great annoyance by their continual importunity and extortion,' and that 'no reliance should be placed on their statements of distance.' The other warning, that we should have to pay tolls and fees at every step, was as nothing compared with the vehicle difficulty. Accordingly, it was with some feelings of trepi-

dation that, before we had got many yards from our hotel, we discovered ourselves to be the objects of attraction to a group of those individuals whom a friend of ours had dubbed 'the hack-fiends.'

One hack-fiend approached, followed at a little distance by some seven spirits more evil probably than himself. We felt our courage sinking, but assumed a composed and dignified air. He stood before us.

'Want a carriage, ladies?'

His manner was ingratiating; his smile was 'child-like and bland' as that of the late lamented 'Ah Sin.'

We explained that we were going to walk across the bridge, and did not require a vehicle; whereupon, to our surprise and relief, instead of 'tearing us to pieces,' or making any attempt upon our eye-teeth, our supposed persecutor retired peaceably.

We walked into the United States, across the suspension-bridge that separates Canada from the land of the Stars and Stripes, and were surprised to find there was nothing to mark the boundary, not so much as even a pictured lion rampant on one side of the bridge, or a screaming eagle on the other. Across the gulf of Niagara, the two nations clasp hands as sisters. The only sign of

any difference or distinction was that the vendors of photographs and Indian curiosities on either side called after us, impressively,

‘You’ll pay *double* on the *other* side, ladies!’

In America we found that there were limits to the pleasure of walking in a glowing August sun; and when the next hackman approached us we lent him a more willing ear. He offered to drive us round Goat Island, in a handsome carriage-and-pair, for the extravagant sum of, I think, twenty-five cents each; and we lost faith in our guide-book.

Goat Island, with its wild tangle of brush and forest, its shady woodland paths and drives, and its delicious nooks, is a place to spend a long day dreaming and wandering, and every now and then coming round a turn in the path into the full view of one or other of the falls. A little wooden bridge and stairs lead on to Luna Island, which breaks the American Fall in two, so that you stand between the two torrents pouring over the cliff at your feet. Further on, you come to the stairs and bridge leading down to Terrapin Rock, from which you enjoy perhaps the most wonderful view of all others of the Horseshoe.

You stand on the rock round which the mighty waters are whirling; you lean over the railing which seems so fearfully fragile; and down, sheer

down from your very feet, thunders the perpendicular ocean of the Horseshoe. Behind you the river roars and rushes madly to the brink; all around you the wild waters toss in brain-dazzling tumult; and at your feet they hurl themselves down, down, in an unbroken wall of solid snowy foam, till they are lost in the seething caldron of spray below.

If you can tear your eyes away from the terrible fascination that fixes them down to this headlong plunge of the flood, which seems to be bearing you and the whole world down with it, you look round, to the left, on the magnificent 'horseshoe' curve of the brink, you notice the wonderful depths of green, ever varying in the sunlight, of the river as it curls to the plunge, in one hollow billow of liquid emerald. Terrapin Tower, which once stood here, is no more; Table Rock, from which Dickens immortalised his memorable view, has fallen. This Terrapin Rock remains now the point affording the closest and most complete view of the Horseshoe Fall.

Further round Goat Island, we come upon the Three Sisters—three little, rocky, wooded islands beyond sight of the falls, but stretching right out into the midst of the rapids of the river above its fall. As far as the eye can see, the long, serried ranks of white-crested waves come

rushing, hurrying, and tumbling over each other, seething under the bridges, and swirling around the islands, leaping like living things, as if all the demons of the water were struggling and hurtling there, until it seems that the islands themselves must break from their anchorage, and be whirled away in the mad, demoniac dance.

These little islets are popular spots for picnics, to judge by the signs and tokens strewn among the bushes in the shape of broken bottles and melancholy remains of fruit, bread, and chicken bones. Here are a whole family, father, mother, and half a dozen children, picnicking, with a tablecloth spread under a tree. Here are a bridal couple honeymooning along by the water's edge, he carrying the luncheon-basket. And here is the solitary female tourist, probably 'our own' correspondent, but possibly merely an independent American woman, clad in a Derby-hat and a waterproof cloak down to her heels, with a guide-book and a field-glass and a packet of sandwiches. Presently she sits down on a rock, and unpacks her luncheon and a note-book, and looks like a female Crusoe gazing into distance, a hemisphere away from the merry picnickers so near. Here come a party of British tourists, going round with a guide, and grouping about him in a confiding circle at each point of interest,


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as he pauses and harangues. Never a visitor fails to come out on to the Three Sisters ; so, if you stay on any one of the Sisters long enough, you will have the whole visitors' list paraded before you.

Also, never a one fails to dip a cup or a hollowed hand and drink a draught from the rapids. All guides point out the spot whence the French lady fell, stooping to fill her cup, and was whirled away in an instant, nothing being seen of her but once, for the space of a flash, a hand tossed above the waves. They show you the rock to which Avery clung for twenty hours, for half a day in view of the maddening crowd, who sent raft after raft to reach him, and saw him swept like a weed to destruction at last. They tell you of this man and that man whose boat was caught in the current and carried over, of such an other who was miraculously preserved by seizing a branch just as his canoe was swept a-down the torrent. In the evening, sitting on the piazza in the moonlight, we hear the tale of the two lovers who were walking on Luna Island by the falls, with the bride-elect's baby-sister pattering by her side. The lover, in the fulness of high spirits, caught the child up in his arms, and made a playful pretence of throwing her down. The little one, terrified, struggled,

and sprang from his clasp—over the brink ! In his horror, and in a wild attempt to save the child, the young man rushed to his own death, and the two were swept away before the eyes of the bride-elect. Perhaps her fate, who stood and saw it, was sadder even than the lot of the other ill-starred bride, who went rowing in a little boat with her young husband on the river above the falls. Though warned not to venture too far, they rowed on and on over the smooth, treacherous, fair-seeming waters, till the terrible under-current seized their little skiff, and whirled it into the rapids. The last that was seen of them, they were standing up in the rocking boat, clasped in each other's arms. Then, quick as a flash, boat, bride, and bridegroom were engulfed in the horrible depths.

The Indians held that Niagara claimed its yearly meed of victims. Even to-day there is a saying, when the wind blows in a certain way and the roar of the falls has a peculiar thunderous depth, that 'Niagara is booming ! It is calling for another victim !' And long indeed is the roll-call of the lost. Is the Indian tradition true ? Or does Niagara thus avenge itself upon the civilization that has bridged it, and built stairs over it and grottoes under it, and trimmed and tamed its forests, and dressed it up in tinsel-coloured



lights? Busy man lays out his parks, and builds his bridges, crackles off his fireworks, lights his little rushlight, and enjoys his little day! And there before him the 'Thunder of Waters' thunders on eternally; and before its awful sublimity we are dumb, as in its mighty diapason our feeble voices are drowned.

Each day we remain there its hold on us gets stronger. Yet it appears that Niagara is not a place where people *stay*. Bridal couples come, but they do not stay. Is the majesty of the place too overpowering for their happiness? Tourists arrive overnight and go away next day; families pay 'the falls' a passing visit on their way to the resistless magnet of Saratoga. Every day of the season a monster 'excursion' comes in from somewhere; and provisions for the comfort of the daily excursionists challenge the eye in the largest of letters all along the bank on either side. 'Root Beer!' 'Arctic Soda!' 'Fine Tea, four cents a cup!' 'Pop,' (whatever that may be) 'five cents!' 'Board by the day or week! One dollar and a half a day!' (this is evidently quite an aristocratic establishment; it is like a Brobdingnagian dog-kennel in shape, and drives a thriving trade in fruit, candy, spar bracelets, and feather fans.) The itinerant photographer confronts us at every turning, with his camera all ready to take our

picture, 'with the falls in the background!' Many of the excursionists bear picnic-baskets, 'and along the highways and byways of Goat Island, in and out of the wooded nooks of the smaller isles, you may trace them by a track of broken bottles, and bones, a wreck of fruit-peel and pea-nut-shells. Here, wandering apart, is the solitary Englishman, with field-glass and guide-book; there, in front of the hotel, the social American sits, with his feet higher than his head, and by his side the ubiquitous spittoon.

After staying for awhile at the Clifton House, we move on to the 'Prospect,' also on the Canada side, which is much nearer to the great Canadian (or Horseshoe) Fall—indeed, it is as near as any building can well be, so near that when the wind sets in that direction the whole house is drowned in spray, and we have to put up our umbrellas if we even step out on the balcony. Here the muffled roar of the cataract in the dead of night has something almost dreadful in it; we hear it even through our dreams; it seems to us in the darkness that the flood is all around us, that we are in some drifting ark cut loose from anchorage to the solid earth.

All day long, from window, piazza, or balcony, we have a full view of the falls. We learn to know by heart the wondrous depth of green light

just where the ocean of the 'Horseshoe' takes its one sheer plunge over the curling brink—the broken sunlight on the spray like scattered diamonds—the shining wall of snow, that strangely seems aerial as a veil of gossamer, yet solid as the rock it hides—of the American Fall. The lower cone of spray at the foot of the 'Horseshoe' rises and falls rhythmically; the higher spray tosses up changefully. Sometimes it drifts in clouds; now and then it springs and sinks like a fountain; occasionally it takes shape in wild arabesques of foam; more rarely it rises like a column; but only at night, against the dark amethyst of a moonless sky, do we get the full, weird, and mystic effect of its standing up to the heavens like a sheeted ghost.

In the evening, when the fire-flies come out, and the many-coloured lights are lit, I swing in a hammock on the piazza, facing the falls, and look and listen in a waking dream. They have turned a blaze of electric light on the Canadian Fall at last, but it is still held sacred from the pink and blue magic-lantern effects of the American side. The white glare gives an odd, unreal, ghostly appearance to the trees and bushes; it washes all the colour out of them; they might be anything but green. The fire-flies glint past me like sparks of living lightning; they seem fascinated, like

moths, by the electric lamp ; they flash and swarm in its broad, white beam till it is all alive with dancing motes of flame.

In the daytime, of course, we take the usual excursions. We explore Cedar Island, Luna Island, Goat Island, the Three Sisters ; we drive to the Burning Spring, we have a tumbler of its ill-flavoured water dipped up for us, and, having assured ourselves how nauseously like gas it tastes, we enjoy the pleasure of putting a lighted paper to it, and seeing the liquid burst into flame. We descend by the 'inclined railway' to the foot of the American Fall, and get soaked with spray. We drive to the Whirlpool, a duty in which no Niagara tourist fails. We follow the course of the glass-green river below the falls, and note with ever-recurring wonder how strangely still and serene it runs when once beyond that seething tumult. Swift, and clear, and peaceful it glides at the bottom of the deep gorge, past first the New and then the Old Suspension-bridges, on to the white rush of the great Whirlpool Rapids. There is a ramshackle, falling-to-pieces-looking elevator here, in which those who choose may descend to view the rapids from a level. People with nerves generally do *not* choose.

The next point of interest is the Whirlpool itself. Here is another 'inclined railway ;' it is,

or looks, of frailer construction than the one by the American Fall, and the little open car rushes down the steep track with an alarming velocity that makes us feel as if we must be perforce precipitated head-foremost into the Whirlpool. At the foot of this break-neck descent, we find ourselves in a beautiful wild-wood walk along the water's edge, tall shady trees overhanging the narrow path on one side, the bank shelving sheer to the water on the other.

Two deep gorges converge here, and the meeting currents eddy round in the great Maelstrom pool. Hither the rapids rush boiling and seething in white fury, each wave tumbling and leaping madly over its fellows, so that in the centre of the stream the furious billows are piled up a dozen feet higher than at the sides. But in the whirlpool, where these headlong tumultuous torrents find their goal, the green glassy currents glide in a ghastly calm, the circling eddies coil around silently as serpents. There is something more terrible in the quiet of those seeming sluggish, but unresting, ever circling depths, than in the rush and tempest of the rapids.

Nothing is to be seen for nothing at Niagara; but we did not begrudge our dollar here, more especially as the young man who accepted it—with an air of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—mani-

fested a fraternal anxiety that we should enjoy our dollar's worth.

'Bodies that come over the falls, they mostly fetch up here,' he informed us. 'We had seven bodies last season' (uttering this ghoulish sentiment with gentle geniality). 'They'll go round 'n round in the eddies for days before we can get them. I've seen 'em go slowly round 'n round, 'n then suddenly start upright-like. Now, only last week we had two horses, a sheep, and a big dog. Dead? Well, I rather think so. The tourists they'd stop down by the brink for hours watching them. There was one horse sucked down—I should think a hundred feet; we could see the hole deep in the water where he was sucked down. Come up again? Oh, yes; things always fetch up sooner or later, but it's sometimes a week before we get 'em. We've nothing in just now—it's a pity,' he finished, in a tone of friendly regret, evidently sympathising with the disappointment he was sure we must feel at the absence of 'bodies.'

So the days pass on, and our untiring eyes drink in the beauties of Niagara in all its varying aspects. One day there is nothing to be seen but a wall of white mist, and the muffled roar of the falls seems to come from a mysterious distance, like echoes of rolling thunder in some other planet.

One night we get up at midnight to see a lunar bow, a mystic perfect arc, spanning the heavens from horizon to horizon like a faintly glimmering scimitar of cold silvery hues, shot with palest shimmers of gold and blue. We watch the rapids and the falls by sun, and moon, and starlight, and never does the charm of this world's wonder pall upon us, rather the spell holds us faster in its power. We feel at last there is something awful and oppressive in this thralldom; the fascination of Niagara seems somehow to be overpowering and crushing us. Yet I doubt if we ever of our own free wills should have made up our minds to move on. But the time comes when we have to say good-bye to this enchanted spot, and turn to other wonders of land and water, for the great lakes and the great cities are awaiting us. The last we see of Niagara is the snowy curve of the Horseshoe shining in the sunlight under an azure sky. But it is not *that* last look which abides with us as our true farewell. The night before our departure, we went out on the balcony in the silver starlight, when the coloured lights had been turned out, and the shadows had fallen on the great white waters, and looked across to the dusky, veiled form of the Canadian Fall.

There, in the darkness, rose again that spectral sentinel we had seen on our first evening at


Niagara. White, ghostly, dim, it stood up tall under the cold, bright stars. But its vague, misty shape was a little changed; and out of the shadows it seemed to us to rise like a pale, colossal hand, pointing upwards !

SKETCHES IN AND AROUND NEW YORK.

I.—NINETY-FIVE DEGREES IN THE SHADE.

NINETY-FIVE degrees in the shade! was the tale told by the thermometer. All day Lake Ontario lay like a sheet of blinding blue radiance, against which the little boats stood out in silhouette, so sharp as almost to hurt the eye; the sands on the shore sparkled like grains of 'the red, red gold;' the path of sunlight that pointed across the dancing ripples was one dazzle of diamonds. All day the sky was without a fleck of cloud, and the sun's fierce rays fell like flame on whatever they touched. All day our life was one long endeavour to escape 'anywhere, anywhere out of the' heat!

We dodged the sun in corners of the piazza overlooking the lake; we secluded ourselves behind curtains and shutters in back rooms; we were inveigled, by the promise of a breeze and a peach-orchard, into undertaking a drive which



whether it was long or short, appeared interminable. The very horses flagged in the cruel flood of light; their ears wilted disconsolately, and their tails had scarcely energy to feebly switch the flies. As for us in our open carriage, neither white umbrellas, green veils, nor *puggarees* were of any avail against the piercing sun. The prospect of a breeze was a delusion and a snare, and, as for shade, even in the peach-orchard we could only find little patches of shadow immediately under the trees. But the green grass and leafage *looked* cool and comforting.

The orchard stretched away for acres and acres—for aught we could tell, it might have been for miles and miles—a true ‘wilderness of sweets.’ The great trees bowed down, overburdened with their fragrant load. Each branch bore a wealth of glowing fruit. Peaches, unripe and over-ripe, bestrewed the ground; we trod them down in the long, rank grass: they lay scattered round in a barbaric luxuriance. The owner of the orchard broke off large boughs, bending under their weight of golden-rosy and rosy-purple fruit-globes, for us to carry home. The peaches as we touched them were burning with the sun-glare, and warm to the luscious core. I doubt if we ever tasted such peaches before or since!

We lingered in this idyllic orchard, snatching such shelter as we could find, in the scant shadow round the trees, from the sun at its merciless zenith, and dreading to face the return drive along the glaring, white, dusty road to the lake-shore. We wished ourselves back at Niagara Falls, for there the heat, even at 95° in the shade, was always so tempered by the breeze and the spray as to be endurable, if not actually agreeable.

The sun sloped westward; the shadows lengthened, and with evening there came a singular change, not in the temperature, but in the atmosphere. A strange, lurid, dun-colour overspread the heavens; a terrible stillness seemed to brood over the earth; not a leaf rustled, nor a bird chirruped; and the lurid haze, deepening as the dusk drew on, shed a coppery-yellow tinge over the whole landscape. The day is still remembered there as the 'yellow day.' We heard the curious effect attributed to distant forest fires, but it seemed to us that the phenomenal colouring could be only partly due to that cause.

It was not tempting weather to travel; but to New York we must go. Moreover, it appeared that to travel by the train for which we had secured sleeping-berths we could not go direct; we must change, and change again. It was the

day on which President Garfield, lying between life and death, was removed from Washington to Elberon, and there was a general excitement and eagerness to learn how he bore the journey. At every station the train-boys boarded the car with 'Latest dispatches;' every traveller had his evening paper; we had ours; every eye sought eagerly the latest item:

Special Dispatch from Delaware.

'President's train just passed. President doing well. He has asked to have the speed of the train increased.'

Latest from Philadelphia.

'Arrived safely at Philadelphia. Pulse 102.'

And I think not a heart but brightened with sympathetic gladness as we read,

'He bears the transfer remarkably well.'

'Will he live?' was then the question in every mouth, and none knew surely what was the answer the next few days would give. But our thoughts, as the train whirled us on our way, were with that other traveller, the strong man lying helpless on his couch, being borne that day to the sea breezes for which he craved, to the death that waited him there—the dying chief on whom the gaze of all the civilized world was fixed—the second murdered martyr whose blood had been

poured as a libation at the feet of the country he ruled and served.

The shades of night fell dark and heavy on the languorous, oppressive air. Presently the conductor put his head in at the door and observed, in a casual kind of way, 'Buffalo !' whereupon there was a universal rising, and mustering of hand-baggage, and a general exodus from the car. We collected our portable goods, and, happening to be the last to leave the car, found ourselves stranded on a platform that in the dim lamplight appeared of interminable length and breadth ; we saw no end to it—it seemed to stretch away to the remote regions of the earth. On this level expanse of planking stood a multitude of trains, heading towards all the points of the compass, varied by here and there an engine without its legitimate tail of a train, and a train without its legitimate head of an engine. The iron rails not being sunk in cuttings, or in any way at all protected, we naturally strayed on the line in front of a locomotive, which startled us by a sharp shriek, and we 'moved on' in haste, only to find ourselves on the 'points' of two other converging 'tracks,' and glared upon by the indignant red eye of another locomotive. Our fellow-passengers had all disappeared in divers directions ; lamps were few and far between ; and

direction-placards there were none; we gazed round blankly in search of officials, and found them not; we made hopeful rushes at trains which we imagined might be for New York, and discovered they were going to any and every part of the United States except New York. At last a good Samaritan picked us up, and piloted us through the intricacies of cross lines and junctions, and deposited us in the care of the conductor of the 'New York Pullman Sleeper' which we had sought in vain.

It then appeared that, owing to the time we had wasted in wandering and boarding the wrong trains, we had about two minutes and a half to get our supper, and the refreshment-room was 'a goodish step off.' Our good Samaritan came to our assistance again. He volunteered to do our errand, as he 'would get through quicker than we should.' Which he certainly did. He was off in a moment with 'seven-league boots' strides, and within the allotted period he was back again, laden with two paper bags and a pitcher. He must have gone at a pace which would have given him the prize at a foot-race. One bag being opened disclosed rich, golden-ripe bananas, the other substantial sandwiches; while the pitcher was brimming with that most refreshing of all summer beverages, iced milk. Our Samaritan

took a seat near us while we discussed this excellent little supper, and it appeared that he was a compatriot of ours, to our surprise, for we had been remarking to each other with a relish of enthusiasm,

‘*This* is what it is to be unprotected females in America!’

‘Where but in America would you find such chivalrous kindness to “Woman in distress!” on the part of a perfect stranger?’

However, it turned out he had lived twelve years in America, which satisfactorily accounted for it. But for his providential appearance, I believe we might have been wandering about that bewildering Buffalo dépôt until now—certainly we should never have found the rightful car wherein we now arranged ourselves contentedly behind the curtains of our little boudoir of a ‘section,’ to pass the night as comfortably as is possible at ninety degrees Fahrenheit with all the windows shut.

Is there room for yet another word on the vexed question of the comparative comforts and discomforts of the English and American railway-cars? I call it a question, although there exists no doubt upon it, save in that class of mind which for ever has had, and for ever will have, the least influence on the world in general—the Cosmo-

politan class of mind that can see two sides to even an international question.

In the case of British *v.* American railway travelling, the average American has no doubt. To him the English 'compartment' suggests only unpleasant probabilities of being locked up with a lunatic, and the even more unpleasant certainty of being inexorably separated from the tank of ice-water his soul delights in. The average Briton has no doubt either. To him the jumbling together of first, second, and third-class in one general car is the axe at the very foundations of society. Even the luxury of the Pullman car does not find its way at once to his favour; he criticises it, travels in it experimentally, but does not heartily and genuinely accept it yet.

We started on our journey with a disposition to be pleased with America and all things American, counteracted by a cheerful and impartial readiness to detect and dwell upon every crumple in the rose-leaves. Now, in the ordinary American passenger car there are certain drawbacks perceptible to all but the wildest American enthusiast. If it is winter, and you happen to sit near the great stove at the end of the car, you find the atmosphere hot, close, and oppressive. On the other hand, if it is summer, and the people in front of you open their windows,

you enjoy a cutting draught, and are probably blinded with dust and 'blacks'—and the very blackest of blacks, too—from the engine. If you have an Oriental disposition to lounge in luxurious seats, you sigh for the softly-cushioned backs and elbow-rests of your first-class carriage at home. In the American car the back of the seat is low, and you cannot repose your weary head except upon your own bags and bundles. Then, if you are sleepy, you will indulge in a British growl at the conductor's demanding your ticket at any and every station, rousing you from sweet dreams to 'punch' that wretched slip of cardboard, until it is a mere sieve, more hole than card.

But here fault-finding ends. The American car is a far more animated and amusing scene than our little locked-up prison. Fifty or sixty fellow-passengers afford you proportionately more diversion than half a dozen. Are you thirsty?—there is ice-water. Are you anxious about the set of your bonnet or your tie?—there is a looking-glass. Are you dull?—here comes a boy with the day's papers; then another with the ten-cent novels; now here is one with Harper's and Frank Leslie's Magazines. Whatever your literary taste may be, here is food for it. Now you are attracted by the tempting cry of, 'Fruit! fine ripe fruit!

apples, pears, California grapes !' and then your appetite is tickled by, 'Fresh-baked cakes and candy !'

All this time the car is rattling along, and you wonder at first where these train-pedlars come from, and when and how they get on and off. They do not pester you to buy their wares, they simply scatter them broadcast as they go, and on their returning round collect either the goods or the money. You find the latest number of the Franklin Square Library thrown into your lap on the top of a packet of chocolate ; you keep them or not as you choose ; the man takes them up when he returns, as a rule without endeavouring to inveigle you into a purchase. Here comes a miserable cripple with every limb distorted. He lays upon everyone's lap as he passes a doggerel 'poem,' professing to be written by himself, appealing for charity. I think the last lines,

' And God defend you, ladies dear,
From a lot like mine to bear !'

in despite of faulty rhythm and rhyme, somehow touch the hearts of the majority—or else it is the poor fellow's haggard face, for, on his return round, nearly all the 'poems' are sold.

When evening is coming on, sensible, sleepy old gentlemen stick their tickets in their hat-bands, fold their arms, and close their eyes. In-

experienced females put their tickets in their pockets, and go to sleep. By-and-by, round comes the conductor—'Tickets!' rings out, sharply. The wise old travellers do not arouse themselves. Their tickets are publicly exhibited in their hats; their consciences at ease. The sleepy females wake with a start, and, forgetting where they have put their tickets, begin to search wildly in bags and lunch-baskets. One declines to wake at all, until the conductor, weary of tapping her on the shoulder, bellows the magic word in her ear. The Seven Sleepers would have wakened, I think, if that conductor had wanted their tickets.

We were agreeably disappointed in the smooth running of the American cars. We had anticipated being jolted almost to dislocation, and finding sleep an impossibility. But the cars upon such roads as the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, and other great lines, run as smoothly as our own. We weak women reap the advantage of our sex in American travel by generally getting good seats in the car, however crowded it may be. On one occasion I wished for a seat in a section near an open window, where none happened to be free. There was a seat, however, which a gentleman had temporarily vacated, leav-

ing his valise to guard his place. The conductor coolly turned out this valise, and installed me in its place. The owner, on his return, found me in the stead of his baggage, and his baggage in the place of me. The conductor smiled, and I smiled, and he whose right I had usurped smiled too, and we were all mutually satisfied. I must observe, however, that this was an exceptional case; it was the one and solitary time that I ever invaded the rights of the unprotected male.

As night closes, sleep settles down on all the passengers. Looking along the dimly-lighted car, we see nothing but figures swathed, mummy-like, in great-coats and shawls—figures curled up like notes of interrogation—figures with their feet on the seat, and their heads rolling uncomfortably about, seeking rest, and finding it not, as the car jolts on. Two wakeful and pious individuals have got a hymn-book between them, and are trying to sing what is apparently a funeral dirge in a duet. Otherwise all is quiet as the train plunges on through the darkness, and, as it nears every wayside station, the engine either clangs a brazen bell, or else gives a warning roar like a beast in pain. The American locomotive has a peculiar combination of roar

and howl, which, when first we heard it, made us think of a duet between the hyæna and the biggest lion in the 'Zoo.'

The Pullman sleeping-car by day does not strike us as being very different from the ordinary passenger-car or 'day-coach.' The beds are all put out of sight; and except that the seats are a trifle more roomy, and there is a little more paint and gilding about it, it seems very like the ordinary car. A closer inspection reveals a looking-glass, hat-pegs (and on some lines a little lamp), in each section; then the stove is shut up in a cupboard out of sight, and there is a ladies' dressing-room (which is scarcely big enough to turn round in, by the way). The car is less crowded, there being seldom more than two people in each section of four seats, the atmosphere consequently purer; and there is a negro porter to minister to our wants.

There is a pitch of luxury even beyond the sleeping and drawing-room cars, the 'Hotel Cars,' which run on many of the principal lines. These hotel-cars amply fulfil their promises of the luxury of travel, as we find, when the time comes to test them, and we are well content, albeit our anticipations have been raised, and our appetites tickled by advertisement cards pic-

turing the toothsome lobster and the foaming champagne, the rich roast beef in prime cut, flanked by dainty *pâtisserie*, the succulent pig and wholesome bean of course not being forgotten.

‘Where is the hotel?’ we inquire of our attentive negro porter, having looked along the car in vain for any signs of it. He leads us through a door into a pantry a little larger than a doll’s house, where in the neatest of cupboards are symmetrically stowed away shining ranks of plate and glass, and snowy folds of linen. Beyond this we catch a glimpse of an ebon-visaged, white-aproned cook by a doll-stove in a doll-kitchen. This is all; and this is quite enough, as we discover when the dinner we order at mid-day comes to be served. A little table is set up in our section, a little cloth laid, and a little dinner that should satisfy the most exacting *gourmet* is spread before us by the willing hands of Sambo, who shows his white teeth in an ear-to-ear grin of satisfaction when we express our approbation. The same process is repeated in the evening, when our *petit souper* (of oysters stewed, oysters fried, oysters broiled, and washed down by sparkling draughts of amber lager) makes its appearance—and disappearance.

At nightfall the velvet seats slide out into a bed, a shelf above our head is let down and

forms another couch. Mattresses, sheets, blankets, appear as if by magic; in five minutes two clean, cosy, curtained beds invite us to repose.

On the whole, even the long trans-continental journey on the Pullman cars is comfortable, and often enjoyable. We eat, drink, and sleep well; but there is one *mauvais quart d'heure* in every day. That is before breakfast, when all the ladies naturally desire to make their toilettes, and the toilette accommodation is limited to one 'wash-bowl' in a cupboard dignified by the name of dressing-room. Outside the door of this apartment we stand about in disconsolate groups, variously clad in ulsters, shawls, and dressing-gowns, just as we have tumbled out of our respective berths, each one of us armed with divers toilette-articles, comb, toothbrush, sponge, &c. The gentlemen pass in and out amongst our forlorn and *déshabillé* group with admirable equanimity. The display of loose and streaming tresses, blond and dark, does not appear to interest them one whit, and some of us have very fine hair, too. Others carry their curls or 'switches' in a small, discreetly-covered basket.

Once some one forgets a golden chignon, and leaves it hanging on a nail. The negro porter hooks it down with a broad grin, and I see a smile on the swarthy countenance of a big, beard-

ed miner from the Black Hills, who has evidently 'made his pile,' to judge by his display of rings and chains. He is completing his toilette in public, as the 'Gentleman's Dressing-room' is crowded. He stands six feet in his shirt-sleeves, and puts on his top-boots, his vest, and coat as serenely as if he were in his own log-cabin, instead of opposite to a young woman in a scarlet-shawl and a blue dressing-gown, occupied mermaid-like with a comb and a looking-glass.

'Twenty minutes for breakfast!' shouts the porter, as the long train slackens into the so-called 'dépôt,' which is probably a couple of sheds and an eating-room; and such of us as are ready, hungry, and energetic, obey the call of the gong that roars and rattles at the breakfast-room door. Those of the party who have not yet succeeded in getting into their outer garments, or who do not care for the rush of railroad meals, rely on the porter's willingness to get their cups or kettles filled with hot coffee, spread their own table (a towel or newspaper for table-cloth), and unpack their lunch-basket for breakfast—ham, hard eggs, and so on.

Well, they are careless, painless, happy hours—with all their small inconveniences. In other days we shall look back and sigh to live again that life on the Pullman car whose petty annoyances we grumbled at then. But this is a digres-

sion, as other memories of other journeys crowd in between me and that sleeping-car from Buffalo to New York.

Well, morning comes to us at last, as we toss wakefully on the soft mattresses, which seem to us stuffed with hot coals. At Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson River, we make a light breakfast of milk, peaches, and delicate corn-bread; at half-past ten we arrive in New York City. And, when we get there, we wish ourselves back on the shores of Lake Ontario, or at Niagara, or in the train again, anywhere—in the bewildering maze of the Buffalo dépôt, even—anywhere but where we are. For New York seizes us, the moment we set foot on its glaring pavements, in the grip of its terrible heat—the stifling city heat, so much more baleful than any tropical temperature by riverside, lake, hill, or forest.

A friend has come to meet us; he looks flaccid and limp and half-melted, in spite of his alpaca coat and cool white straw hat. He seems glad to see us, but I fear it is less from affection than because he has reached that stage of suffering at which it becomes a comfort to hail fellow-victims.

‘Well, Jack, how is New York?’ we inquire.

‘How’s New York?’ he repeats, disconsolately.
‘It’s the Black Hole of Calcutta!’ And we dis-

cover too soon, alas ! that his expression is only a slight and pardonable exaggeration.

There is not a breath of air stirring ; it seems that there is no air to stir ; it is impossible to realise that there ever *was* a breeze in this city, or that there ever will be a breeze again. The atmosphere is like an oven ; there actually and literally seems to be a smell of fire in it. Can it be that the faint and far-off odour of the forest fires is wafted even here ? The sky looks *all* sun ; it closes down upon the city like molten brass. The huge cherry-red-brick block of the monster Windsor Hotel, towering up to the skies, absolutely makes us blink ; the majestic and monotonous 'brownstone fronts' of Fifth Avenue have a funereal air with all their shutters closed ; the few pedestrians out creep droopingly at a languid pace down the avenue's shadeless length, of which the sun has full possession. There is a narrow line of blessed shade in the cross streets, and everyone there takes grateful advantage of it, skirting close to the area railings. It is 100° in the shade, but *feels* like 250°.

Arrived at our rooms, which are all ready for us, we find that every woman is in a state of collapse from the heat, and every man 'down town' at his business. We are too exhausted to pity these working bees much, or think what the swarming

hive of Broadway 'down town' must be to-day. Rather we rejoice in their absence, as it enables us to make life just livable by opening every door and window wide, and lying down in a tropical negligé of white wrappers and loosened hair, with fans, eau-de-Cologne, and iced lemonade at hand.

One comfort is that the intense heat seldom lasts long unbroken in New York; it comes and goes in spells, and one grows to a certain extent acclimatised and habituated to it.

II.—THE CITY IN SORROW.

THE sunny September days melted by, and there came that not-to-be-forgotten day when the bells tolled out the death of President Garfield, and the message flashed across the sea that clothed two hemispheres in mourning. Was there a home in all America over which a gloom was not cast that day? There was but one thought of sorrow in the land; the heart of the nation beat with one regret; the word on every lip was, 'The President is dead.'

Yes, he was dead for whom we had so long hoped against hope, and dreamt that his own iron will and the united prayer of the nation might avail to save him. His name was called, and the love and longing of wife, children, country, could

not hold him back from the dark tryst that he must keep. Yet perhaps (it was the thought in many a mind) it might be that his death—a second blood-red seal of sacrifice set upon the Union—would do more to weld the nation together, and to unite opposing factions in a harmony above partisan strife, than even he, with all his heroic purpose, could have achieved in life.

Never was national mourning more universal, more spontaneous and sincere, never sympathy more world-wide. Far-off London tolled its bells, half-masted its flags, even checked the tide of the world's business, in sympathy with America's loss. All over the European Continent the echoes of the funeral knell awoke a reverent response; the churches of all denominations prayed, 'God rest his soul!' The Old World and the New united in one homage and one lament.

And surely well worthy of all this manifestation was the brave, earnest, whole-souled man, who had worked his way from his lowly place by the canal-boat to the highest post in his great land—who set so brave an example of patience and endurance—of whom, during his eighty days of martyrdom, no utterance of resentment or revenge is recorded—who, shot down mercilessly, in his vigorous prime, passed without words of bitterness or vengeance—he, who,

years before, at the tumultuous time of Lincoln's death, had calmed the furious passions of the riotous crowd by the words that echo so nobly and pathetically back from the past, now that he too, like his great predecessor, has fallen by the assassin's bullet—

‘God still reigns! and the government at Washington still lives!’

That week of mourning in New York was a marked time, to be for ever remembered. The whole city was robed in ‘the trappings and the suits of woe.’ From the highest to the lowest, from the Fifth Avenue mansion to the squatter's shanty, each home hung out its sign of sorrow. Broadway broke out in an eruption of black and white drapery (we noticed a surprising amount of *white* in the mourning emblems); it looked as if there had been an enormous and unanimous *wash* of sable and snowy garments, all hung on lines across and across the street. The star-spangled banner, generally looped with crape, floated in all sizes and of all materials from a thousand windows; from the little ten-cent paper flag to the imposing patriotic bunting waving from side to side of the road. Many houses displayed portraits of the two murdered presidents, inscribed, ‘Our Martyrs!’ or ‘They Died for Us!’ Some added a third picture of

Washington, the 'Father of his Country.' The cart-horses wore crape rosettes in their ears; each little boot-black tied a bit of black round the flag on his stand; the itinerant vendor had a mourning knot on his barrow.

Now and then it struck us with a sort of ghastly reminiscence—a kind of funereal burlesque—of a boat-race day! But far more often the poor man's scarf of black rag at his window—the tumble-down shanty's Stars and Stripes—moved us like that magical 'touch of nature' which, across the barriers of foreign language and alien race, across even the pitiless gulf of caste, yet makes 'the whole world kin!' And *here* there was no barrier between our sympathies and the sorrow of the land we had learned to love; and no native American mourned the murdered President more sincerely than did we strangers and sojourners in the land.

Mingled with the genuine and widespread regret in the great Empire city, there naturally came into play the universal relish of a sensation so deeply implanted, especially in the feminine breast. The mourning display afforded the boon of an inexhaustible topic of conversation. We had it for breakfast, for luncheon, and for dinner.

'Tiffany's is perfectly splendid!' one of our friends and fellow-boarders would observe, en-

thusiastically. 'It's the most elegant display down town! The whole front of the building draped in rich, plain black, like a pall!'

'Did you go and see the Post Office?' the next would exclaim. 'It's very effective! And the Astor House is *elegant*! And do you know Park and Tilford's have only got *one* flag out?'

'Well, I say Stewart's store makes the finest show!' pronounced a third.

Thus we compared notes, and each one had her word to say; for we had all been spending our day going up and down town in the cars to see what was to be seen.

Our friend Jack C—— and his pretty little wife sometimes joined us in our wanderings. Jack used to look around upon the display of crape and bunting in a silence that, with him, need not necessarily have implied disapprobation, as he was never much addicted to conversation. He professed to disbelieve in any mourning that expressed itself in 'customary suits of solemn black;' and no external manifestation ever succeeded in moving him to sympathy.

'Oh, Jack, come and mourn,' the little wife would coax him. 'We're going to take the stage down Broadway! Come with us, and see the mourning.'

'I *have* mourned,' said Jack, gravely. 'I have

mourned in a crape-hung lager-beer saloon. I have ridden up town behind a mourning locomotive; and I have eaten black candy at a candy-store—I think it was coloured with ink! he added, with a retrospective grimace. Try as we may, we never can make Jack sentimental. Yet sometimes I wonder whether his apathy in the presence of all this stirring manifestation of a genuine grief is due entirely to his dislike of public demonstration and display—or whether in the depths of his democratic soul there lurks an idea that this centralisation of the national feeling is dangerous to the pure principles of Democracy, bears in it the germ of a tendency towards the downward stages of the Third Term, Life-Election, First Consulate, *Empire!* But maybe this interpretation is only and entirely my own ‘fancy’; for Jack’s dispassionate and philosophic equanimity would under no circumstances be a condition to be disturbed by the death of a king or a president. Jack morally and theologically is the outcome and product of to-day, or rather, perhaps, of the reactionary movement against this go-ahead, practical, materialistic ‘day’ of ours! To him there is no such thing as death, he does not see how it can matter much whether he or you or I are living in the next world or in this. If Garfield began a noble work here, he is no doubt

continuing it in the next world. Here or there, what matters it? it's *work*, and it's *Life*, whatever planet it is in, is Jack's calm and comfortable creed.

When his dearest friend died, he smiled a meditative smile, as he said,

'I wonder how old Joe feels, walking about the next world to-day? He was always doubtful whether there was such a place. I'd give something to see him looking around and making himself at home there just now!'

III.—BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

THE vertical rays of the New York sun—as fierce still in October as our English sun in July—poured down upon wharf and river.

'If we have got to wait for the boat, I shall sit down,' said the eldest member of our international quartette (a lady who habitually speaks in the imperative, and to whom 'can't' is unknown when she says 'shall').

'There is a waiting-room. But there's a "drunk" locked up in there,' observed the man of the party, with his unsmiling, American imperturbability; 'you can see him making grimaces through the grating.'

'There's an office. We will go in there,' re-

joined the Empress, magnificently regardless of the large-lettered 'Private' on the said office-door.

We accordingly went in, and, finding the office empty, calmly took our seats on official-looking chairs. We did not rest our weary limbs long, however; the windows were tightly closed, and the stove, on this warm, summer-like day, was blazing as if the thermometer had stood at zero outside. We bore it about three minutes, and then retreated.

'You Americans like to live in ovens!' observed the Empress, as she looked back longingly at the chair from which she had been driven, and the stove which seemed to glow triumphantly.

'There's a pile of clean lumber on the wharf,' said Jack, somewhat meekly offering his suggestion. 'You might sit on that.'

We availed ourselves of his idea. We dusted the timbers with his pocket-handkerchief, sat down, and asked him to hold a sun-umbrella over us.

We and a score of others were waiting for the official boat which was to convey us all—all being a *melée* of prisoners, lunatics, visitors, patients, and nurses—to Blackwell's Island, upon which are situated the hospitals, asylums, and penitentiary. We looked round us, as we waited on the

wharf, apprehensive of the neighbourhood of some raving lunatic or small-pox patient ; but no such object of alarm was near ; there were groups of people well and ill-dressed, in every style and material, from corduroy to broadcloth, from shabbiest of calico up to richest of satin. We could not help wondering why one lady who bore an enormous bouquet had arrayed herself in a gorgeous costume of brocade and velvet for such an occasion. We saw no signs of peculiar character about the company, except the 'drunk' making faces through the grating, and occasionally startling us by the utterance of a playful howl, which appeared to be a favourite joke of his, as he always followed it up with a wild laugh.

Presently the little steamer from the island appeared, and, as her passengers filed off on shore, we perceived that many of the waiting party were here simply to meet their friends. The discharged prisoners crossed the gangways first—two or three hulking fellows, one looking shame-faced, another sullen, another jovially hailing his 'mates,' who were on the wharf to give him greeting.

Then came the convalescents discharged from hospital. One pale and drooping girl, with a baby in her arms, was immediately lost in the large embrace of a vigorous Irish matron ; one

forlorn old woman, in faded gown and ragged apron, came tottering ashore, looking as if she ought to be in the hospital still. This living cargo discharged, the steamer was ready to take our mixed company on board. We visitors ascended to the upper deck; the prisoners, patients, and warders—we were gratified to find how very few there were of the former on this trip—vanished from our sight in the regions below.

It is a pleasant hour's sail across the calm waters of the East River, scattered thickly with vessels of all kinds, sizes, flags, and nations. Jack is exercised in his mind because he cannot permanently impress upon the brain of Jill the difference between a brig and a barque, which he tells her on an average once a week. Nor can Jill be persuaded that it matters at all which is which. The Empress keeps gazing around curiously; she is slow to realise that there are neither convicts nor invalids upon our deck; she has a fount of compassion all ready to gush for the 'poor prisoners' and the 'poor patients,' and is disappointed to find there are none in sight. The young lady in the elaborate toilette laughs and talks at the top of a fresh young voice. Our first idea was that she must be going to visit some unfortunate friend, and bearing the bouquet as

an offering. But she is too lively to be bent on any such errand.

Arrived at Blackwell's Island, Jack leads the way towards a big grey granite convent-like building, the hospital. Two of the nurses, bright trim young women in fancy aprons and pretty caps, are playing croquet on the strip of green turf under the windows. Their neat figures and fresh faces lend a cheerful aspect to the scene. Our quartette is brought to a standstill here, not wholly to watch the nurses' recreation. The empress declares she is afraid of fever or small-pox in hospitals. Jill says she hates the sight of sick people. Jack replies that we need not enter the 'infectious' wards, and that this hospital is a very interesting sight. He casts a regretful glance at the great closed door; but he yields to the feminine vote, and leads us on—he only knows the road—past the hospital to the next building, the penitentiary, which seems to us bigger, greyer, gloomier than the other. We observe that there can be little fear of an escape from a prison arranged on this American plan—a huge two or three storied block of cells enclosed in a massive quadrangular building, a wide stone passage running all round between the impenetrable walls and the tiers of cells, which somehow reminded me of nothing so much as a beehive.

The majority of the cells were empty, the prisoners being out at work, and, the doors being set open, afforded us a good opportunity of inspecting the interiors. If the general external appearance of the mass of cells reminded me of a beehive, the interiors suggested only the work of the undertaker. Each cell was like a coffin. The narrow pallet bed, the cold floor, the cold walls, the cruel-looking grated door, all seemed to be made more for death than life. Could it be called life that was lived *there*?

Some of the cells were dreary and blank, and hopeless-looking as the grave; others bore pathetic signs of the prisoners' dreams of home. There were little pictures, photographs or engravings, pinned on the bare white walls; here a crucifix, there a cheap little image of the Virgin and Child, set over the narrow bed, to bless the inmate's slumbers. One cell was adorned with pictures cut from the illustrated papers; in another there was one solitary decoration—a coarsely washed-in water-colour head of a young woman with very big blue eyes and bright auburn hair. It was but a poor schoolgirl production, but we wove a romance around it, and wondered whether, when the time came for this prisoner to leave his coffin-like cell and breathe free air again, *she* would be waiting on the wharf to greet him!

We passed on to the women's quarters, similar in every respect, and visited the work-room, where the inmates of the now empty cells were sewing. One matron was seated on a raised platform, keeping guard over the orderly ranks of silent women in their melancholy convict garb, bending over their coarse needlework. Another matron entered with us to show us round. At sight of our party a low murmur of interest arose here and there among the workers, which was promptly hushed by the matron in authority. Two or three women were lying full length on the benches at the back of the room.

'They're sick,' explained the matron, 'but just not sick enough to go to hospital.'

'They have headaches, I suppose,' observed Jill, sympathetically, thinking of her own pet ailment.

'We can't allow them to be fanciful about mere headaches,' the matron replied, with a quiet smile.

There was a masculine growl from the background.

'No, prisoners can't afford such luxuries,' muttered Jack.

We presently quitted the penitentiary, and set out to walk through the grounds to the lunatic asylums. It was a long walk, as we discovered

when we had accomplished a mile's march under a glaring afternoon sun. Jill and I led the way, and as Jack had to accommodate his pace to the leisurely steps of the Empress, we soon left them far behind. There were so few trees to tempt us to slacken our pace and linger in their shade that we got over the ground quickly. We passed by various workshops—blacksmiths', carpenters', and so on—in all of which the male convicts, in their hideous brown and yellow striped clothes, were busy at work. We met them in pairs, and trios, and gangs, carrying their tools and implements, and apparently quite unguarded. Once, in a lonely grove, when Jack and the empress were far out of sight and hearing, Jill and I came upon a couple of huge hulking convicts, one carrying a pickaxe and the other armed with a desperate-looking saw with vicious teeth. We drew a little closer together as we passed them, and afterwards felt rather ashamed of ourselves for shrinking away from our fellow human-creatures, because they wore striped clothes, especially as the burly bearer of the pickaxe made way for us respectfully, and cast an admiring glance on Jill's girlish beauty. We passed another gang of convicts busy breaking stones; on the wall by them there was a placard warning us in large letters 'not to loiter near the prisoners, nor address them in any way.'

We are all tired—at least we three of the weaker sex—when we reach the asylum, and are glad to sit down and rest in a handsome parlour, with a billiard-table in the centre. Jack is not in the least fatigued, which annoys us. Jack is always aggravatingly robust; but, poor fellow, he does his best to make amends for his aggressive health and strength by attending to our comforts in every way. When we are hungry, thirsty, tired, too hot or too cold, Jack ministers unweariedly and devotedly to our needs, so we forgive him for never being tired himself. Soon the doctor, head of the asylum, appears; Jack pulls out a letter of introduction, and presents himself and his party. Then another doctor and another group of visitors enter the parlour; and the two companies coalesce, and set out together upon the round of the asylum.

We are shown first into the sleeping quarters of the female patients. A wide, airy corridor, neat little rooms with clean, white beds, the whole aspect of the place fresh, and pretty, and pleasant; a large, sleek cat purring in a patch of sunlight.

‘They make a great pet of the cat,’ the doctor observes.

We pass on to a large parlour, the general sitting-room of this ward. The patients are

sitting all round the room ; the benches that line the walls are crowded with them, so that it looks as if they were awaiting some entertainment. Most of them are sitting perfectly quiet ; a very few are talking ; we count three, seated with their faces buried in their hands, dumb, motionless, immobile as stone images. Only one takes any notice of our entrance. This one little, elderly woman springs to her feet immediately at sight of us, and begins to dance. In the centre of the room, with her arms akimbo, she performs a fantastic jig, capers, stamps, shuffles, and pirouettes, and finally drops a low curtsy, and stands as if waiting for applause.

Two or three others follow us in from the hall, and are evidently more sociably disposed than those seated round the room. One shakes hands with the doctors cordially, and wishes to be introduced to us. On our inquiring to whom we have the pleasure of speaking, she presents herself as 'the wronged and unfortunate Countess of Lancashire, and the deserted wife of General Grant.' She adds that the general disapproves of her claim to the throne of England, and she would like her case to be fairly represented to Queen Victoria. Another holds my hand, and gazes earnestly in my face as she asks,

'Did they burn down *your* theatre, too?'



They are most of them poorly dressed, all evidently according to their own fancy; it is clear that every possible latitude is allowed for the gratification of their whims, and the kindness with which they are treated needs no further proof than the hearty goodwill and pleasure with which one and all of those who speak to our party greet the doctors, and the gentle and cordial manner of the latter to the patients.

We proceed on to another ward, devoted to those cases in a shade better condition of mind. There are the same airy passages, neat rooms, fresh, white beds, the same kind of large, general parlour, and, to our inexperienced eyes, exactly the same-looking class of patients. Only here no one dances to us, and no one puts in a claim to the crown of England. Then we leave the house, and go out to the pavilions in the grounds. One of these is laid out expressly for the entertainments, dramatic or musical, which are frequently given for the amusement of the patients, who, as a rule, take the greatest pleasure and interest therein. In this pavilion to-day, a sewing-bee is going on, presided over by a cheerful, pleasant matron. Almost all the women here are stitching industriously, some appealing to the matron, like children, for advice, praise, or encouragement. One only holds herself aloof from the

working circle. She is dressed in faded finery, with a very long train to her calico gown, and a fantastic coronet of gilt paper on her grey hair. She sweeps up and down the room with a haughty air, holding her head proudly and disdainfully as she passes us by. She never ceases from her restless pacing to and fro, nor speaks a word, nor unbends from her haughty bearing; and the matron warns us not to tread upon her train, as she deems herself entitled to royal privileges.

The 'chronic cases' reside in another of the pavilions in the gardens. These are not indulged in the separate apartments of the indoor patients, but all sleep in one long, airy dormitory. The majority of them seem very sociable, and several crowd around our party as we enter the room. One old Irishwoman catches hold of Jill, and gazes affectionately in her face, than which a fairer can seldom have smiled upon that ward.

'Ah, sure thin! and have they the heart to shut up a pretty young crater like this?' the old woman exclaims.

Then she turns her attention to me, and embarrasses the doctor by asking him his opinion as to our respective charms. But Jill is evidently her favourite, and she lays an appealing hand on Jack's sleeve, and calls upon him for championship.

‘Sure now, isn’t she too young to be here? What a burning shame on them that sent her! Are ye her father, sir?’

Jack does not look flattered as he disclaims that relationship; and Jill bursts into gleeful laughter like a child.

A German woman comes up and plunges into a voluble discourse in her native tongue, undiscouraged by the fact that we can neither understand nor answer her. Then down the long ward, with a slow, languid step, comes a girl who at once arrests our attention. She is dressed all in white; her long, black hair streams down to her waist; her pale face is downcast, and her eyes never lifted from the ground; and something about her altogether reminds us of Morris’s description of his ‘Beata Domina’ with her ivory cheeks—

‘Hollowed a little mournfully.’

‘I should like to speak to her,’ I exclaimed, eagerly, following her along the ward. She has sunk down on a bench limply and listlessly, her head drooping, and her arms hanging heavily by her side. I can think of nothing to ask her but—

‘What is your name?’

No answer.

‘Come, look up and speak to the lady,’ says

the doctor, cheerily. 'She asks you what's your name?'

The pale face was slowly lifted, with a vacant, unmeaning glance.

'I—don't know; I—don't—remember,' faintly and wearily uttered, was all the answer we could get to that or any other question.

'It is a case of hopeless melancholia,' the doctor said. 'She will sit all day like that. No, she is never troublesome; only her mind is a blank. She knows nothing, remembers nothing, seems to recognise nobody. She is obedient and manageable—but sometimes she has long fits of crying. No, I don't know what her story is, or how she came to be in this state.'

It was too late for us to go through the other wards, the blind asylum, or the workhouse, that day; we had to hasten our departure to catch the boat for New York, on board of which we had the company of about seventy convicts, who filed across the gangway in military order and dispersed themselves about the deck, looking like a herd of zebras in their striped garb. There was also an intoxicated woman, who lifted up her voice and wept vociferously most of the way. The twilight closed in on us softly and suddenly as the little steamer cut through the calm waters back to the great city; and Jack smoked in

silence, opening his mouth at last to propound the question whether we would rather be prisoners or lunatics? Re-calling the bright, airy rooms, the neat, white beds, the gay gardens, the kind, brisk nurses, the cheery doctors, we all agreed that we would prefer the asylum to the penitentiary—at least, on Blackwell's Island.

IV.—IN THE INDIAN SUMMER.

'It's a fine day,' observes Jack. 'Let us go out. There's a time for all things, and this is no day for bricks and mortar.'

We lean out of the window, Jill and I, and quite agree with him.

It is a fine November day, not the grey November of London, but the golden November of New York. The softness of Indian summer is in the air. Over our heads arches a sky of pure and perfect azure light. Opposite our eyes, brown-stone houses compose the prospect, the beginning and end of our outlook. We have an excellent view into our *vis-à-vis* neighbours' rooms, as they, being on the shady side of the way, have opened all their blinds and windows. Lower down, we see a rank of street-doors and high 'stoops'—the usual high stoops that are the New Yorker's pride and the weary-footed visitor's bane, as he

or she climbs the seemingly interminable steps. On the side-walk the morning's ash-barrels, not yet cleared, are arranged with artistic regularity. The sun-glare beats on the white stone of the pavement and the brown stone of the houses. By leaning very far out of the window, we can catch a distant glimpse of one small and very sickly-looking tree who has shed nearly all his leaves.

From Sixth Avenue the rattle and roar of the elevated railroad storms and stuns our ears, the intervals between the passing trains being sweetly filled by the jingle of car-bells and clatter of the surface traffic. From Fifth Avenue, on the other side, the low, faint rumble of the carriages, on their way to the park, is lost in the Sixth Avenue uproar. Most of the streets in the residential quarters of New York are as much alike as peas in a pod; but the blocks between Fifth and Sixth Avenues have a certain character unshared by their brethren further east or west. They bear a stamp of the individuality of the great Gotham; they present a stronger contrast of the diverse lives lived, side by side and yet separate, in a smaller compass than can be found elsewhere. On one hand the aristocracy, the elegance, the wealth, the stately self-possession, the somewhat monotonous dignity of

Fifth Avenue. On the other, the plebeian sights and sounds, the carts and vans, the five-cent-cars, the workmen's trains, the street-stalls and lager-beer saloons, the odour of fish, and cabbage, and stale tobacco, the bars, the butchers, the democracy of Sixth Avenue. Side by side, close as parallel, they run, these representatives of the Ten and the million, patrician velvet and plebeian corduroy.

'London smoke is bad enough!' observes Jill, casting a glance up and down the rank of 'brown-stone fronts,' 'but there is something peculiarly enraging to me about the eternal brown-stone of New York! It has a prim sort of self-consciousness—a dreary dignity—that is positively exasperating!'

Jack is seen to make reply; for his lips move eloquently, and the expression of his countenance is glum; but, like the 'good little boy,' he is seen and not heard, for an 'L' road train just then thunders by with a burst of demoniacal scroops and shrieks. Jack criticises New York severely himself—when Jill does not; but he, as a rule, conscientiously opposes her; he is one of that, unfortunately, rather large class who manifest their affection by always taking the opposite side to that espoused by their beloved. Then, poor fellow! he cannot help it if he is a

New Yorker bred, and a Yankee born, while the sound of Bow Bells lulled the infant slumbers of our pretty Jill.

The question now arises—where shall we go? It is carried unanimously that we are to get away from bricks and mortar. Shall we go down town to the ferry, or up town by the cars? We decide upon the latter. Jack produces, with a deprecating air, a basket and a gleaming weapon of steel.

‘What *is* that thing?’ I inquire.

‘Oh, it’s his “little hatchet!”’ replies Jill. ‘He’s as proud as George Washington of his little hatchet!’

‘It’s to cut ferns with,’ Jack observes, meekly; and then, with a propitiatory smile, indicates that certain dainty cakes and fruit repose in the basket.

Feminine power fails to separate Jack from his basket when he is going into the woods. We are aware of this, and resign ourselves to it; but we insist on the hatchet being put away in his pocket. A three minutes’ walk brings us to the ‘L’ road station. We climb the flight of steep stairs, and jump into an up-town train, which obligingly halts exactly thirty seconds to allow us and our fellow-passengers to get into it.

The contrast between the Elevated railroad of New York and the Underground railway of Lon-

don is characteristic of the two nationalities. The 'L' road looks as if it were run up by contract—ephemeral, precipitate, hurried; tearing along on a gridiron-like trestle-work at the top of tall posts, at apparently dangerous speed, doubly alarming to the novice by reason of the cars being wider than the track; so that, looking out of the window, we seem to be running full-speed on nothing through the air. But the long cars are certainly comfortable, airy in summer, well-warmed in winter; and, as there has never been a serious accident yet, the New Yorkers are perhaps warranted in declaring their mode of locomotion to be safe. Often, in the stifling and sulphureous atmosphere of the London Metropolitan Railway, we have longed for the cool and well-ventilated cars of the 'L' road, although, in the tunnels of London, we are at least freed from the apprehension of the whole train toppling off its tall posts into the street below; and, also, we have here the privilege of choosing first, second, or third class, according to our taste and means. But graded classes would not be in accordance with Republican principles! You must go with the people, be *of* the people—unless you can afford to keep or hire a 'coupé.' Only given money enough, and you can be as select and aristocratic as you like.

There is no intermediate or 'second-class' in America. There is the private carriage, and the public car, but we miss the useful medium of the Hansom or 'four-wheeler.'

Up Sixth Avenue, round the sharp curve at Fifty-fourth Street, and up a more westward and still more democratic avenue, the train bears our trio—past the region of shops, past the park, past the boulevard, where the owners of 'fast trotters' emulate and outvie each other, dashing along in spidery-looking 'sulkies.' We are out of the town now; the numbers of the streets are running up into the hundreds, and the streets themselves are little more than numbers—mere rows of vacant lots where houses are to be anon. Now here we are whirling through, or rather in the air above, 'Squatter's-town,' as Jack calls it. Not half an hour yet out of New York City, and here is a regular Irish village. A whole tribe of immigrants have 'squatted' on a broken ground, all holes and hillocks and blasted rocks. A horde of dwellings of all sorts and conditions, from the mere mud hovel to the neat little wooden cottage, have sprung up, straggling anyhow and everywhere, crowding together or scattered apart, one thatch-roofed hut perched up high on the edge of a huge rock, looking as if a push would send it over—one dwarfish cabin nestling on the leese

of a big block ; another has ingeniously utilised an angle of rock for two of its walls ; some have laid out little slips of garden, still gay with autumn flowers. Garments of all kinds are hung flapping in the breeze to dry ; a brood of ducks are dabbling in a muddy pool ; geese and fowls, gaunt pigs and bare-footed children, all run wild together. Squatters all this population, having no lien nor claim upon the land they occupy—to be turned out some day, but meanwhile ‘some day’ is far off, and ‘unto the hour, the hour!’


The train dashes over this little world, giving us but a brief glimpse of it ; and now we come to those sharp turns and bends which Jill and I always anticipate with a not disagreeable titillation of the nerves. Round the first sharp curve our train curls like a snake ; looking out from the last car, we can see the engine seemingly running back upon us, and the whole train apparently doubled in half. Then comes a double figure like the letter S ; the cars twist round it with a writhing motion, which gives us always a cold, creeping sensation, as the track just here runs on posts sixty feet high, and is, as usual, utterly unprotected by parapet or railing. But these ‘creeps’ of the nerves come into our plans for the day’s pleasure—are a part of it.

Bent on getting as far into the woods as we

can, we change cars at the terminus of the 'L' road, at a 'hundred and something street,' and take another train on to Highbridge, only a few minutes' run further.

Here we plunge at once into the woods, which are now as gorgeous as woods can only be in this land, where the summer does not *fade*, but glows into the glory of the fall. The summer flowers may have withered and died in field and hedge-row, but they have left the legacy of colouring more resplendent than their own to the leafage clothing hill and dell. The maple has put on its gold and crimson robes; the sumach, with its rich pyramidal seed-clusters and fan-like leaves, has caught fire, and burns like a scarlet flame in the dappled woods. The bright yellow of the hickory, the blood-red of the oak, the vermilion of the American ivy, mingle in a variegated blaze of colour. Modest, sober, and stately among these dazzling tints stand the tall cedars, their soft yellowish green foliage catching no glow from the fiery tints around, their ripe bunches of delicate blue berries weighing down their lighter boughs.

We strike at once into the depths of the woods; we are as utterly out of sight and hearing of the world as if the big, busy, booming city lay a day's journey off, instead of little more than half an



hour away. Jack produces his 'little hatchet,' and begins to dig up ferns. Jill discovers 'pokeberries' with a cry of delight.

'This is what the Indians colour their straw-work with.'

She stains the tips of all her pretty fingers purple, and wishes to stain a pattern on Jack's basket, 'like an Indian,' but he refuses. We gather armfuls of sumach and cedar; we adorn ourselves and each other with the ruby leaves and crimson cones and the pale turquoise berries; we hunt for mushrooms, and rashly risk poisoning ourselves by eating them before Jack has assured us they are not the deleterious fungi. Jill runs wild like a schoolgirl, singing snatches of old songs in her sweet girlish voice, through which there always runs a ripple of something akin to tears and laughter, which a touch would turn to either. As for Jack, he stalks along, bearing the hatchet with which he has been cutting pokeberries, and looking like a murderer with his ensanguined weapon in his hand.

Suddenly we come upon a party of ladies and gentlemen evidently from the city, all in light gloves and visiting toilette, walking decorously in pairs. Jill and I instantly become painfully conscious of the cedar berries in our hats, the fern wreaths on our dresses; the flaming sumach spray

with which we have decorated Jack's buttonhole. Who would have thought the World would come after us even here? It is but a slight relief to us to find that the attention of the unconsciously intruding representatives of the World is chiefly attracted by Jack's over-brimming basket and his crimson-dyed hatchet.

When they have passed on, we select a wild and lonely spot—the wildest and loneliest we can find—under a group of cedars on the brow of a hill overlooking the river, and have our little picnic there. While Jill and I linger over our cakes and fruit, Jack delivers to us a little discourse on the theory of the Nationalization of Land. Then he favours us with his views on natural theology, exemplified by aboriginal superstitions. Having 'cleansed his bosom of the perilous stuff' of his ideas on these grave subjects, he relapses into silence; and thenceforth speaks half-a-dozen words on the homeward route.

But his expression of countenance is benign, and he says with sincerity—he never says anything that is not sincere—that he has had a very happy day. We get home in time to give the Empress's room a little decoration before dinner; she is out, having been in the whirl of the world while we have been spending our day getting as far out of it as possible; and by the time she re-

turns we have industriously wreathed every picture in her room with leaves and ferns, and Jack has thoughtfully filled the ice-water pitcher and glasses with sumach and cedar berries.

New York is the easiest city in the world to get out of ; and in the perfect weather of the fall, an interlude of exquisite peace and beauty between summer heat and winter frost, it is a city surrounded by temptations to get out of it. The 'L' road trains whirl us in a brief time from the heart of the town either up into the woods, or down to the Battery, the extreme southerly point of this island city reaching out into the bay. The Battery is laid out in weedy grass plots, and gravel paths, and trees—a sort of people's park, though the people do not appear to throng there, and it has a forlorn and deserted kind of look. I believe it was once a fashionable promenade, before New York moved up town ; perhaps the memory of its departed glory is what gives it so dejected an air to-day.

Here, on the Battery, is Castle Garden, the emigrant's landing-place. Almost every day some great steamer discharges its living load here, and a seemingly endless crowd of emigrants—Irish, German, Scandinavian, with a leavening of Scotch, Italians, Jews—pour along out of the great doors, and disperse themselves—where ? Thinking how

day after day a similar multitude lands and passes on, we wonder how long this ever flowing and never ebbing westward tide will continue to pour in through the gates of New York? The Castle Garden Emigrant Bureau takes charge to a certain extent of the new arrivals, and starts them on the way to whatever state or city is their destination. The Irish, they say, as a rule, cling about the cities; the English and Scotch push on to the great West.


A little way from Castle Garden is the Staten Island boats' starting-place. The sail to Staten Island is a trip we often take, either landing at any one of the pretty villages nestling on the shore, or continuing the voyage all round the island, or disembarking on the north side, taking a car round the shore road, and returning in the evening by the south-side boat. Staten Island is the home of malaria and mosquitoes during the hot weather; but now, in the cool yet balmy November days, it is a delightful resort, with its shady clumps of forest-trees, its wild stretches of lonely heath, its picturesque drives, its undulations of hill and dell, its pretty villas and gardens, and primitive, old-world looking country inns, with here and there a stuccoed specimen of the modern and fashionable 'hotel,' which, having come expressly to ruralise for the day, we carefully avoid.

Then there is the excursion to Coney Island, perhaps the most popular resort of the over-worked citizen in his holiday hours. On summer Sundays the great boats are crowded and crammed from stem to stern; the brass-band brays festive minstrelsy; the pedlar pushes his way through the dense throng with his tray; insinuating voices invite you to partake of fruit, cakes, candy, thirst-quenching lozenges! In addition to these delights, you may enjoy the pleasure of a real toss on a genuine Atlantic swell, as the iron pier juts right out into the ocean. The celebrated Coney Island 'beaches,' 'Manhattan,' and 'Oriental,' etc., are nothing but expanses of barren sand, and enormous, and, to say the truth, rather gingerbread looking 'caravanseraies' of hotels. Not a glimpse of garden-flowers or restful green of turf or tree, only the big hotels, with all their staring windows, the bare level sand, and the Atlantic Ocean. After all, sea and sky!—what can the work-weary denizen of the crowded city ask for more? The rush to Coney Island begins and ends with the summer; but the sail is as beautiful and more enjoyable now that we have room to walk up and down the deck, and find we possess the saloon all to ourselves. The various steamers plying to and from the islands around New York City, are invariably large, well-appointed, and

comfortable; there is no great metropolis more abounding in cheap and attractive trips wherein the mass of the working people can enjoy even a two hours' relaxation. Any leisure hour cannot be better spent than in a sail across the bay. The view returning in the evening—with the coloured lights of the shipping flitting to and fro, flashing on sail and smoke-stack, glancing red and blue and green out of the shadows, weaving their way in and out in a maze of tangled gleams across the dark waters, and the stationary lights of the city, outlining the shore like a necklace of topaz and diamonds flung along the bank—is as fair a scene as anything we ever saw in Venice.

V.—THE SLEIGHING SEASON.

WHILE the people are sailing to Coney Island and eating clams on the beach, the *élite* are driving in the park, just as they do all the world over. Always the same handsomely-dressed people in the same elegant equipages are there, to see and to be seen. It never seems to get monotonous to them; and certainly it is no wonder that New Yorkers should drive every day in Central Park, for not only is it one of the most beautiful and picturesque parks in the world, but there is absolutely nowhere else to drive. What with the



car-tracks, the elevated roads, the cobble-stones, and the defective paving, there is scarcely a street in New York that is comfortable to drive in except Fifth Avenue, and to drive there means merely to drive straight up to the park.

We explore New York in a pleasant, rambling, happy-go-lucky fashion. One of our favourite haunts, of course, is the great shopping region of Fourteenth Street, Broadway, and the central part of the Sixth Avenue. Fourteenth Street especially is the headquarters of ladies bent on shopping, and at certain hours and seasons is so thronged that it is but a very slow progress one can make along it. It is a perfect bazaar; not only is there a brilliant display in the windows of everything good to look at, from exotic flowers to encaustic tiles, and everything one can possibly wear, from Paris imported bonnets to pink-satin boots, but the side-walk is fringed with open-air stalls, heaped high with pretty things, many of them absurdly cheap. The New York stores are pleasant to do a little shopping in, for no officious shop-walker urges you to buy things you do not want. You ask for what you wish to see, and it *may* happen that you have to ask twice; but generally the attendance is good. In one of the great 'dry goods stores,' a young man who had been serving us, discovering our nationality, inquired complacently,


‘Have you anything like this store in London?’

His next neighbour behind the counter smiled him down with a superior and compassionate air, and informed me, apologetically,

‘He’s only just come to the city, madam!’

At some of the shops we were pleased with a new way of giving change. Instead of the usual yell of ‘Cash!’ and the small boy or girl pushing breathless through the crowd, and vanishing with our purchases and our money, and keeping us waiting till they could execute their commission, and push their way back—instead of this usual process, our five-dollar bill and our account were put into a hollow wooden ball, which the ‘sales-lady’ (we do not have any shop-girls in New York) deftly tossed into a sort of hanging cradle of network. Quick as a flash, up went cradle, ball, dollars, and bill before our astonished eyes; the ball, jerked into a sort of groove or gallery, rolled with amazing celerity along the ceiling to the far-off end of the establishment, and in a minute or two we saw it flashing back along its groove, leaping down into its cradling net, and thence into the sales-lady’s ready hand, its contents being now our correct change and receipted bill.

Meanwhile, the season wore away, and winter was coming on apace. The New York climate is delusive; it cheats you into the impression



that it is summer still; it lulls you, with its radiant skies and sunshine, into false security, then suddenly turns upon you and rends you with the keen talons of a black frost, a bitter wind, a temperature that tumbles at racing-speed down to zero, and stops there—but probably not for very long, as the cold, like the heat, comes and goes in spells. The New Yorker, unlike the Canadian, does not rejoice in the cold. A very cold ‘snap’ clears the streets of all save the business men, who *must* get to the office, even if they freeze or melt by the way. ‘Three below zero’ sends the rest of the New York world home to its fireside, or rather to its furnace grating.

We imagined we should not like the New York method of warming the houses, until we tried it. Now it has spoilt us for the London winter, as it is managed in the average London home, for evermore! We used to say, like true Britons, ‘What is a home without a fireside?’ but we found we were not such true Britons as we had thought ourselves. We discovered, first, that there is no earthly reason why you should not supplement your furnace grating by a coal-fire if the spirit moves you that way; second, that the American hard coal (anthracite) made the most splendid fires we had ever enjoyed, glowing rare,

rich red from morn to night without a touch of the poker; third, that we did not need a grate-fire at all, and, if we sometimes missed its cheery aspect and the charm of flickering fire-light between day and dusk, we were more than amply compensated by the comfort of a mild, warm, equable atmosphere all over the house, from hall to attic, and from earliest morn to deep of night. No shivering rising to begin the day; no hurrying from your cold room to the parlour fire; no muffled rush across the icy draughts of hall and staircase, but a generally diffused, pleasant warmth; and then, to face the clear, biting, but bracing air outside, your thickest furs and briskest step.

Admirable as is the institution of furnace-heating, I confess that sometimes the Americans overdo it, and keep the house like an oven. They appear not to mind baking; indeed, what they seem to like is to live in a draught in summer, and a brasier in winter. We also observe that the death-rate from lung and throat disease is alarmingly high, and, though I have not got the statistics at hand, it is no exaggeration to say that pneumonia is a raging epidemic all the winter.

Jack is a shining exception to the common American weakness for an oven-like air. He

never falls into *that* extreme. He is always very thoughtful and considerate of our comforts. He remembers we like a breeze in sultry summer. One late autumn day, he sets an arm-chair, with a cushion and a footstool, for the Empress, between a door and a window, carefully opens both wide, pulls open a skylight above, and would, I am sure, open a trapdoor beneath, if there was one—just as he used to do in the ninety-in-the-shade days! He seems surprised when we remind him that seasons change, and that the north-east wind he has kindly let in upon us is a great deal too much of a good thing.

Well, now midwinter and the cold weather have come upon us in real earnest. The shop-windows make a great display of 'Arctics' and snow-shoes; pedlar-boys on Broadway are selling 'ear-muffs,' tiny fur bags to envelope the ears. Seeing them for sale, I suppose somebody buys them, but I never saw an ear-muff on any passing ear. Now the sleighs are out on Fifth Avenue—out by the dozen, the score, the hundred. A brilliant, blue sky arches overhead; the snow lies thick upon the ground; up in the park one dazzling sheet of white covers grass and gravel, moulding itself to the gentler undulations of hill and dell, filling up the deeper hollows with heavy drifts; the frosted, skeleton trees cast deep pur-

plish-blue shadows, as clear as if they had been painted in indigo. On the avenue, the snow, no longer white, is cut up into muddy ridges of frozen slush, over which the sleighs dash jubilantly along in a merry music of jingling bells. Canadian cutters; 'sulky' sleighs for one selfish bachelor; 'sociables,' with a whole family party; Russian sleighs, with an Oriental, barbaric opulence of bear or tiger skins, with clashing silver bells, and crimson pompons flashing as the horses toss up their proud heads and champ their bits; all speed gaily and musically past, making one of the most joyous and brilliant scenes imaginable. In summer heat or winter cold, there is always a charm about New York.

Yet, in this gayest season of this rich and prosperous city, the very centre of luxury and extravagance in dress, in daily living, in display of every kind, there are signs which tell that even here and now the cankerworm that breeds in the flower of our advanced civilisation is gnawing under the surface—softly and noiselessly gnawing, and working but little damage as yet. Even here there is no exception to the inexorable law by which Poverty follows Wealth, as its own black shadow, inseparably dogging its steps. Here are the immense and ever-increasing fortunes, and here the 'Song of the Shirt'

sounds as dolorous a refrain to the click of the sewing-machine as to the weary-fingered needle-woman's stitching in Tom Hood's day. Here is the perpetual progress, the rapid aggregation of capital—the snowball of wealth increasing as it rolls from millions to tens of millions, and here, as surely as it advances, so the gaunt spectre of Want shadows it and follows in its track.

Here all the shackles of the Old World are stricken off; the surviving superstitions of feudalism are swept away, 'leaving not a wrack behind.' There is no recognised class of peasantry. The churches are free and self-supporting, the highest positions are elective posts, dependent upon the people's vote. There is no aristocracy, no hereditary honour, no primogeniture, no entail. Any mechanic's son may aspire to work his way to the presidency; here are universal suffrage, free religion, free education—the fundamental doctrine of the state that 'all men are created equal,' that 'governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed'—the sovereign rights of the people acknowledged as the very basis of the constitution. And yet here, in this wealthiest city of the Republic, men starve and freeze; here there are a host of charitable societies—nearer two hundred than one—and who shall say the

supply of benevolence is greater than the demand who has read the accounts of the crowded tenement houses, of the squalid wretchedness of the rag-pickers' quarters, the horrors of vice and misery of the back slums 'down town?'

No more mercy is shown to the poor tenant behindhand with rent here than elsewhere. The sister of a respectable industrious woman who worked for us came to us crying bitterly one winter night; she was a few days late in paying the rent for her 'fourth-floor back' room, and had been turned out, her furniture piled up upon the pavement, and the door of the room locked against her. I noticed especially that, although she was distressed and in tears, she did not seem to regard her case as any particular hardship, nor complained at all of her eviction; it was accepted as just in the natural order of things.

In the dingy lower streets and slums of New York City, just as in Outcast London, the saddest sights are to be seen—men with wolfish eyes, ragged children, unsexed women, to whom, unless their faces belie them, vice has come to be as natural as the air they breathe. In a few glimpses of these back streets, in the 'cases' in the daily papers, in the multitude of 'tramps,' some idle and vicious, some truly seeking work, moving over town and country—they who run may read,

if they can decipher the writing on the wall, that Republicanism does not supply the true solution of the problem of this age—nay, of all ages.

It is true that as yet the great question, with which the civilized world is waking to the sense that it must grapple soon, scarcely troubles America. Her time has not come. Serene in the consciousness of her mighty resources, her vast and sparsely-populated territory, the wealth of her undeveloped mines, the yet greater wealth of her food-producing regions, the prolific tracts of land only waiting the hand of man in her powerful West, her beautiful and fruitful South—she looks on European troubles, on the besetting and increasing difficulties of our overcrowded lands, from a vast and consolatory distance; they touch her not! She is the hope of the race—the world of the future. Yet the signs of the times, shown in the poverty at the back of the wealth, the squalor of those haunts of vice and misery behind the surface of prosperity and opulence, are to be read even here.

Our generation will not see it, but the gathering wave which already faces us here must roll across the Atlantic and break upon American shores at length.

IN THE CITY OF THE SAINTS.

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‘FORTY minutes before the Salt Lake train leaves!’ shouts a strong-lunged official, whose stentorian voice is, nevertheless, almost drowned in the thundering din of the Chinese gong which another official is vigorously assaulting.

The platform of Ogden Junction—the connecting point of the two great trans-continental lines, the Union and Central Pacific, also of the line intersecting the territory of Utah—is a scene of Babel and bustle. The train from the East, just unloaded, is moving on, its lighted windows flashing away, one by one, into the outer darkness. The iron horses for the West and for Salt Lake are stabled somewhere out of sight, all ready in harness. The passengers for the West are pressing in an eager crowd round the sleeping-car ticket-office, booking their berths for the coming nights. We, bound for Salt Lake City, obey the clamorous summons of the gong whose roar means ‘Supper!’ We are first in the eating-

room, pick our places at the best table, and have nearly disposed of our first course of coffee and hot cakes by the time the hungry Westward-bound passengers, the all-important tickets for their night's rest secured, come flocking in.

We are a motley crew gathered round the well-laden supper-tables. We are variously clad in ulsters, waterproofs, dust-cloaks, furs, and home-spuns, and most of us more or less dusty, black, bedraggled, and travel-worn. The men, I must own, turn out picturesquely to the last, especially those with brigandish hats, Byronic cloaks, and luxuriant beards. But, alas for poor feminine humanity! to even the prettiest bride on the car, five days and nights of railroad travel, with limited toilette facilities and unlimited dust, are not becoming. Some of us have come the five-days through-journey from New York; others have sensibly broken it by a day or two's exploration of the wonders of Chicago.

Supper over, we hurry out on the platform and seize upon a porter, entreating him to guide us through the darkness to the Salt Lake train, and to enlighten our anxious minds as to the whereabouts of the trunks containing all our worldly goods.

The porter reassures us in paternal tones.

'This gentleman,' he says, indicating a *confrère*



in corduroys and shirt-sleeves, 'will see your baggage for Salt Lake all right; and your big trunks are stored away; when you want 'em, you just ask for me, Mr. Josiah Tompkins.'

The gentleman in corduroys adds his testimony, as he cheerily trundles a truck along, that Mr. Tompkins is 'the gentleman who looks after the baggage,' and our valuables are safe in his charge. Mr. Tompkins accompanies us, beguiling the time by pleasant converse, some distance along the platform and across a kind of bridge; and, when the red light of the Salt Lake train gleams in sight bids us *au revoir* with an air of lofty but friendly patronage, and leaves us to his *confrère*. This latter, probably in his turn moved to a kindly interest by the fact of our being two unprotected females, hands us over to the care of the conductor of the Salt Lake train with a special commendation.

We have the car almost to ourselves, our only fellow-passengers being a small group of men, who sit as far off from us as possible, and are absorbed in an animated discussion on local topics. We speed through Mormon-land in darkness, seeing nothing of mountain, lake, or valley. Presently the conductor comes up to us and enters into conversation. He is a tall, good-looking man, of most gentlemanly aspect; his manner is that of a

high-bred host entertaining two lady-guests. We invite him to take a seat, and secretly wonder whether he is a Mormon. It is soon evident from his discourse that he belongs to that faith; the other occupants of the car are also Mormons; likewise the brakesman; likewise the engineer. We are among the Saints at last!

We are prepossessed with our first Mormon acquaintance, especially when we ascertain by a dexterous hint that he has but one wife. He remembers well several of our personal friends who have visited Salt Lake City; and on the strength of these mutual associations we become quite friendly. He tells us that he was one of the little colony who were driven at the bayonet's point out of Nauvoo. The picture of that flight is burnt into his mind. He remembers (he but a little child at the time) the hour when Brigham Young looked down into that fair valley, the oasis in the desert, and said, 'Here we will pitch our tents!' By the time we reach Salt Lake City we are ready to regard the Mormons as a persecuted race of martyrs; we quote—

‘No little thing has it been to rear

A resting-place in the desert here!

Let the wise be just; let the brave forbear;

Forgive their follies, nor forget their care!’

Not having seen anything but moonless, starless, lampless darkness during the journey, the

lamps at the dépôt and the waiting omnibuses, with their coloured lanterns, dazzle us ; there is something dream-like and unreal about this night arrival in the Mormon stronghold, of the approach to which we have seen nothing.

Our friendly conductor puts us into our omnibus, and sweeps us a princely parting bow. The omnibus rattles through broad, lighted streets, and deposits us at the door of the Walker House. A gentleman of polished manners advances to greet us, and conducts us to the elevator. We are shown into a splendidly-furnished room, whose full-length mirrors reflect our travel-worn figures reproachfully ; then into a large dining-room, where a *recherché* little supper awaits us, and three or four waiters assiduously attend our wants. Is this Paris or New York, we wonder ? Have we taken the wrong train, or is this really Salt Lake City ?

The next morning we go up to the roof of the hotel to see the view. We stand by the parapet, and look down upon the panorama of the City of the Saints. The mountains, their bold curves here blurred against the rolling clouds, there clear against the blue sky, their purple heights veined with silver streaks of snow, shut in the valley all around, save in one open spot, where a faint bluish haze broods on the horizon. There lies

the Great Salt Lake! We strain our eyes, and fancy we can see its waters glimmer through the veiling mist—but it is only fancy. Closed-in from the world by its guardian mountains, girdled by alkali waste and barren upland, the city lies indeed a garden in the desert, a rose in the wilderness—the beautiful smiling city, its regular blocks relieved by lines and masses of trees, orchards, gardens, all autumn-tinted now, but bearing yet a memory of the beauty of the summer, a promise of the glory of the spring.

We went out presently on a tour of inspection, accompanied by a Mormon lady, who came to give us greeting and welcome with kind and hospitable warmth directly she saw our names in the list of arrivals, and between whom and ourselves the knowledge of mutual friends in London formed at once a link. The city is pleasant and prepossessing to look upon as a fresh, buxom country lassie, with the rose of health and dew of youth upon her. It is strong, and young, and unpolished. Wooden shanties elbow handsome houses. The shops are good and many, the paving generally smooth, the streets wide. There is a sense of ample room and freedom about it:

‘Room, room to turn round in, and breathe and be free!’

But the ‘running streams’ which had so often been described to us as watering the streets, and

which our imagination had painted as beautiful bubbling Tennysonian brooks wherein little fishes frolicked, did not come up to our anticipations. One of the party, I regret to say, in her disappointment termed them 'gutters.'


We saw very few well-dressed ladies, but many sweet, good, womanly faces. The majority of the men appeared to us rather rough-looking working men, but pleasant, frank, and civil in manner. We saw many lovely young girls, and rosy chubby cherubs of children, some perfect pictures of childish beauty. On the whole, we were struck by the robust and healthy aspect of the people in general, and most favourably impressed with their frank courtesy and natural good breeding.

We met two charming, graceful, and intelligent young girls, grand-daughters of Brigham Young, and wondered whether in these days of the Pacific Railway, which has brought the world to the doors of the Mormon citadel, girls such as these would marry, as their mothers did, into polygamy? We were introduced to Bishop Sharp, one of the contractors of the Pacific Railroad, and a shining light of the Mormon Church; and Elder Clawson, who married two of the daughters of Brigham Young—a compliment to the family, certainly. We then proceeded to pay our respects

to Brigham's successor, John Taylor. The President of the Mormon Church was in his office, a large room, which for an office contrived to be comfortable-looking as well as business-like, hung round by portraits of the various prominent Saints, with a great green arm-chair placed throne-like at one end of the apartment, flanked by two or three smaller posts of honour, wherein we were invited to repose ourselves.

We found President Taylor a gentleman of venerable and benevolent aspect, affable and gracious in manner, with a kindly smile and subtle, not to say wily glance, which gave us the idea that he was probably an adept in the craft of diplomacy. He conversed pleasantly about the climate, and touched upon other equally interesting and general topics ; but on an advance being made towards the subject of polygamy, he retired and shut himself up in an impenetrable shell of reserve. He gave us to understand that it was not a topic he cared to discuss, but added, gravely, 'It was given to us as a revelation.'

We went, of course, to the new Temple, which is in course of building, and to the old Tabernacle, which is exactly like half a colossal egg set up on walls, and whose acoustic properties are altogether wonderful : standing in the gallery at one end, we could hear a pin drop on the floor at the other end.



We never wearied of wandering about the streets of this city. All seemed to us so bright, peaceable, and orderly. The manners of the people were so gentle, open, and courteous, the women so motherly, the men so manly and robust. Here, in Salt Lake City, we found the true Republic. Elsewhere in the United States we had heard the theory, but here we saw the practice. Outside we had everywhere found traces more or less deep of old-world laws of caste. But there seem to be no such grooves in this little world that lives to itself. Outside of it is the *name*, but in Salt Lake is the *thing*—the Republic in its purest form.

Anxious as we were to get near to and catch an inside glimpse of the workings of polygamy, we found it at first by no means easy to obtain any but an outside view of it. The subject there is treated with the greatest delicacy and reserve. Men and women alike avoid the topic, or handle it as if it would burn their fingers. Their sensitiveness and reticence we of course could not rudely attack; their friendly hospitality set a seal on the utterance of our curiosity.

We were at a pleasant little supper-party one evening. Almost all the ladies present were Mormons, and polygamous wives. One charming and graceful woman, in the early prime of life,

especially attracted us ; she was one of the three wives of Brigham Young, junior. Neither in the course of a somewhat long conversation apart with her, nor in the passing and general conversation, was there the most distant approach to the subject of polygamy. The topics of discussion, oddly enough, happened to be the Married Women's Property Laws, the duty of husband to wife, and, *vice versâ*, women's unselfishness and trust, conjugal love, devotion, and so on. The Mormon ladies conversed freely on all these subjects, but not one of them let fall the faintest allusion to the duty being plural, the love and devotion sub-divided. There was not a syllable spoken in the course of a long discussion on love and matrimony to hint to us that we were in the company of practical as well as theoretical polygamists.

However, notwithstanding the guarded reserve upon the subject, we were fortunate enough to obtain considerable insight into its workings, chiefly through the kindness of our friend Mrs. G——, a life-long resident in Salt Lake. We visited one house—a perfect English home—presided over by a pleasant, matronly, English lady, who had been one of two wives, residing together in this same beautiful home for many years, until the death of the first wife. Their children, four-

teen of the living and six of the dead wife's, were all born under this roof ; and the lady described the most perfect harmony as having always existed, not only between the children of the two marriages, but between herself and her sister-wife.

The case of two wives sharing the same home is, however, rare. As a rule, it seems to be the custom for each wife to be mistress of her separate household, except, of course, in the poorer classes, where the expenses of plural establishments cannot be afforded. Several times we saw a group of two, three, or four pretty little villas, all exactly alike, the homes of Mr. So-and-So's wives. We often saw a long wooden building cut up by partitions into a row of little cottages, each with its own door and solitary window, the number of such divisions publishing to all passers-by the number of wives with which the owner was blessed. Brigham Young presented each of his wives, we were told, with the title-deeds of her house. In the bee-hive house, however, several Mrs. Youngs lived collectively, and, report says, in perfect harmony. President Taylor has four wives, and all of the leading 'brothers' are, I believe, living in polygamy.

All the statistical facts concerning polygamy in Utah, the number of every notability's wives and

children, we could read up for ourselves out of Salt Lake as well as in it. But, being on the spot, we had a glimpse into the inner life of the Mormon women, which nothing but a visit to the heart and stronghold of Mormonism could have given us. We saw unveiled what otherwise we never could have realised—the spiritual side of Mormonism. We were forced to realise the fervour of the faith that led delicate women to face unflinchingly the hardships of that terrible journey across the pathless plains for their religion's sake alone. I recall vividly the gentle, saintly face of one beautiful old lady, as she sat at the head of her table, sweet and genial hostess, and bent her grey head as she asked a blessing on the meal 'in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ!' She had, in her prime of life, left home, husband, children, and friends in the East; and, with her baby, the youngest—too young to be left—had crossed the burning desert in the immigrant waggon to Zion; she took no other husband on earth, but is sealed to Joseph Smith for heaven.

The child whom she took with her is now a woman grown, married in Mormon marriage, with the sadness of her story written on her pale face—a romantic story which I may not tell. The mother's serenely cheerful features are shadowed by no regret. Her declining years are full of

peace. We wondered, did her heart never yearn for the husband and children she had left so long ago? Or did the faith for which she had deserted them fill her life, and compensate her for all?—the celestial bridals she had contracted satisfy her soul's longings? Did she forget in her dreams of heavenly union the husband of her youth?

We saw women of pure and exalted ideals, dreamy, visionary, spiritual, living more in the next world than in this, with so firm and definite a faith in that other world as to seal themselves for eternity to the lord of their choice, and hold that mystic union so sure and sacred as to be undisturbed by a marriage for time alone, which ends at the grave. We saw also another class of women, gentle, kind, unselfish, affectionate, often refined and intelligent, devoted to their domestic duties, happy in their homes and their children, and in that happiness not seeming to repine at only having a claim on a fifth or a quarter of their husband's love—in a word, more mothers than wives. And this is the class of women who can live happily in Mormon marriage, and this class alone—those who are by nature mothers more than wives.

For the whole tendency of Mormonism is the exaltation of maternity at the expense of wifehood. True marriage, the union of man and

woman in mutual and sole devotion, the one the complement of the other, has no place in their ideal. Populate ! build up the Community ! fill the city of Zion ! people the courts of the Kingdom of Heaven ! is the cry. Crucify the heart for your religion's sake ; trample down your woman's nature, and crush out its woman's love, but be mothers of the children of the Saints !

And the woman to whom maternity is more than conjugal love bows beneath the yoke ; and the woman whose dreamy, restless spirit yearns towards the Unseen and feels no abiding-place on earth, who passes as a stranger through this world with her eyes fixed on the next—she, too, finds happiness in the Mormon faith. But the women who have loved ! the women who have given all their heart to man instead of to God, to whom neither peaceful home and household duty, nor even prospective heaven, can make amends for that heart's crucifixion in the daily martyrdom of a Mormon marriage !—think what life is to these women ! We cannot forget *their* faces—

‘ Marred with fire of many tears !’

Pity them ; reverence them, as we should reverence all martyrs, for whatever faith they faced their fiery ordeal. Religion's victims at the stake did not suffer more than these.

We attended Sunday service at the Tabernacle,

but were not fortunate enough to hear any of the leaders of the Church. We only heard four or five young Elders who had newly returned from a mission to England, where they had apparently been very successful in gathering souls into the fold. They were well-looking young men, and seemed sincere, enthusiastic, and devout. We listened, prepared to bestow a full meed of appreciation on eloquence or logic; but there was not much of the former to admire, while the latter was conspicuous by its absence. Therefore, we cannot say that we either 'went to scoff' or 'remained to pray.'


The young Elders, one and all, announced that 'they were there to uplift their testimony to the truth of their faith;' and we waited for some evidence to be adduced, some manifestation revealed to the congregation; but none was forthcoming. The announcement of each Elder that he, Brother A. or B., bore his testimony to the veracity of the Mormon creed was evidently regarded as conclusive. They, one and all, congratulated the present fold of the Elect, safe within the walls of Zion, and informed them positively and exultantly that 'Babylon'—*i.e.*, London, from which metropolis they had lately returned—'was crumbling to ruin under the curse of the Lord.' As our latest letters from

Babylon had reported that our dear native city continued in its wonted condition, this did not disquiet us much.

Our friends told us it was a pity we had not heard President Taylor or George Q. Cannon, who are represented as powerful and effective speakers; so we do not judge Mormon oratory by the maiden efforts we heard that day.

It was with real regret that we said good-bye to Salt Lake City and to the kind friends whose hospitality had made our visit there so pleasant. Our first Mormon acquaintance, our gallant conductor, recognised us on the train returning to Ogden, and spent much of his time with us, pointing out various places of interest as we sped through the beautiful valley along the shores of the Great Salt Lake, which lay dazzling in the burning glow of the setting sun.

Our time in Salt Lake had passed so happily that only when our backs were turned upon it did we remember that we had had not one glimpse into the sealed closet, the Blue-Beard's chamber of Mormonism. We left its dark secrets unseen, unknown. But conversation with our fellow-travellers, as we left the fair City of the Saints further and further behind, reminded us of those grim secrets of the prison-house. We remembered that the libations poured out upon



the Mormon altar had been those of innocent blood. We thought of what, in the pleasant, peaceful life in the city, we had forgotten—of the horrors of one long-past day on Mountain Meadows, of the children saved from the massacre only to be brought up in ignorance of their murdered parents, children growing up under Mormon influence, who will never know their father's name, nor where their mother's bones lie in a nameless and forgotten grave.

We thought of the retribution that rose at last, after a score of years, on one of the leaders in that butchery—whose story even now makes the heart of the listener sick—we heard, shuddering, how to the last he was upborne by promises of rescue; how, even as he stood by the coffin, with the levelled guns fronting him, the hope of life, the promise that at the last moment he should be saved, must have struggled in his heart.

We heard stories of the Destroying Angels, whose mission was secret murder, until we were weak enough to wonder, can the cause, with this blood-mark on it, thrive? forgetful that the crops may grow as ripe and high, and as golden a harvest be reaped, upon the field of Sanguelac as elsewhere!

What will be the harvest of Mormon-land at last? Things cannot long endure as they are.

The conflict between America and this alien colony in her midst has begun, and year by year waxes sharper. The Washington government has struck at polygamy, the cherished right of the Latter-Day Saints. Utah stands on its defence. Every blow aimed at them, the Mormon powers catch and turn aside. The government disfranchises polygamists. Very well, what is a polygamist? A man married to more than one living wife. But, if the government pronounces polygamous unions invalid, how shall it maintain that a man is 'married' to more than one wife? And, as this sophistry is vanquished, the Mormon League changes its ground, and boasts that in all political conflicts it can carry the field against the government by the vote of the one-wifed Mormons alone.

The true weapon that shall vanquish polygamy is the Pacific Railway, the free and open road by which the hand of the National law and Federal government can reach right into the heart of Salt Lake City—through which the Gentile element pours in, and trades, and plants, and builds, and mines, and roots itself more and more firmly in the soil. The Mormon wife of to-day may still carry her cross and submit to her lot, while seeing by her side the happier home of her Gentile sister. But her daughters

will hesitate long before they follow their mother's example, and enter into polygamous marriage; and how many of the generation following them will consent to bow to the yoke their mothers bore? Amongst the Mormon mothers there are martyrs to-day; but their children's children will be free. Yet *our* day may not see the question of Mormonism solved, and its strife with the Government of the United States at an end.

CALIFORNIAN SKETCHES.

I.—IN 'THE GOLDEN CITY.'

ARRIVING in San Francisco by the Overland Route impresses us as a coming back to the world again after a lapse into the wilderness. For, in leaving the wonderful Phoenix City of Chicago for the West, it seemed that we left the world behind; in Omaha, our next stage, we felt as if we had got to the outside fringe of civilisation and cultivation, and wondered vaguely what could be beyond? into what wild exile were we about to plunge?


Beyond Omaha come four long days and nights of speeding across the seemingly limitless desolation of the prairies—the barren uplands of the Rocky Mountains—the wide waste of the sagebrush and alkali desert. Four days; they seem an age! not that to us, in our pleasant little social circle in cosy palace car, they are comfortless or dreary, but that the vastness of this desolate land, through which we are rushing night

and day, grows upon and oppresses us. On the fifth morning, having gone to sleep in our curtained berths in the bleak, bare, dreary mountains of Nevada—Nevada whose wealth lies deep hidden under, and not *on*, the earth!—we awake to the rich pine-forests of the lower Sierras, whose summit we have passed in the night. Then we are in the ever-green, smiling, and fertile lands of California! and that evening, at dusk, in the rush and bustle of the busy streets of the 'Golden City' of San Francisco!

We have passed the wilderness; and here on the borders of the Pacific we find again our world—our old familiar world, and yet one strangely new! The streets, in some of their aspects, might be those of New York; the shops are bright and gay as those of Paris; the crowd and crush of the business part of the city might be London, but for the swarms of men standing about on the street-corners, not merely pausing for a minute, or stopping in passing to greet a friend, but standing at ease, with no apparent intention of ever moving on. We wonder, as we push our way through these stationary groups, how long they will stand there. Is it the same group we find on the same spot when we return two or three hours later? It looks the same. That big, handsome man, with the blue necktie

and black beard, was certainly leaning against that post when we passed before. He looks too much at ease to be a 'curbstone-broker' on the look-out for business. He is merely loafing his time away, like such others of the crowd as are not watching opportunities of transacting a little business in stocks, disposing of some 'Devil's Gates' at a bargain, or picking up a few 'Yellow Jackets' cheap. We observe that whereas the citizens of the other great business centres of civilization are generally to be seen hurrying on their way—somewhere, the Californian may be found calmly standing still and transacting a stroke of business on the spot.

Out of the principal business street in San Francisco we turn a corner, and straightway are in Peking! in a Chinese street, among Chinese shops, with cabalistic signs over the doors, hieroglyphics concerning whose import we vainly conjecture. Wang Kong stands in his doorway, in long blue blouse, with a pigtail down to his heels, and regards us as we pass with a serene and amiable indifference. Ki Lo is carrying heavy packages of some mysterious and inodorous compound into his store, and has his pigtail gracefully wound round his neck and tied in a bow to keep it out of his way. He also gives us an impartial glance and guileless smile as he politely makes way for us to pass.




How well Bret Harte knew the Chinaman! we observe; and if we quote the 'smile that was child-like and bland,' once, we quote it a dozen times during our first walk in China Town.

We scarcely see one white face there beside our own Caucasian countenances, but Lo and Kong do not molest us by so much as a moment's stare. Silent, serene, busy, with the invariable innocent smile if they meet our curious gaze, they glide past us in throngs, each attending to his own occupation. The odour of the narrow, dirty, crowded streets suggests Piesse and Lubin, in one way certainly—by arousing in us vain longings for eau de Cologne. We shudder to think what the interior of these closely-packed tenements must be; and one of the little party at least inwardly inclines towards covering herself with disgrace by 'shirking' the inevitable expedition, the tourist's first duty in San Francisco, through the lowest haunts and into the most repulsive dens of China Town, under the escort of the police, without which this delightful excursion would not be devoid of danger.

From the Chinese quarter a three minutes' walk brings us out into Kearny the fashionable, and Montgomery the business, streets. Here are the San Franciscan ladies, in toilettes Parisian for taste and style, ladies alone, and ladies under

escort, the escort generally also in faultless array doing credit to their tailors. Here are the 'curbstone-loafers' again, hanging together like swarming bees. Here and there we see a specimen of the chimney-pot hat beloved of the Briton, but this is rare, while *sombreros*, clerical wide-awakes, straw and felt round hats and 'billycocks' abound. There is a negress, fearfully and wonderfully clad in a pink shawl and a blue bonnet, with a red feather in it. Her black face and white teeth complete the scale of colours. Before the tempting display in a jeweller's window stand an odd trio—a lady, young and lovely, and like a model of the very latest fashions; a bearded man, swarthy and grizzly, in slouch hat and red shirt, whose long, strong arms probably swung the pick in '49 in his youth, and almost certainly have been swinging it but yesterday in the mines; and a copper-coloured half-breed, Indian or Mexican, wild and unkempt, his long black hair streaming from under his torn straw hat, his ragged and nondescript garments hanging together heaven knows how. His strange black eyes are staring at the diamonds; the miner looks from the jewels to the pretty girl, who is superbly indifferent to them both.

Men lounge in and out of the cigar shops, which are open to the streets and gay as small



bazaars. The 'boot-black' stands are luxurious; a gentleman lounges in an arm-chair and reads a newspaper, while a smiling black boy 'shines' his boots. Germans, Italians, and Japanese pass us in the crowd; and here are Irish by the score, of course; where in America are they not?

The city is cosmopolitan rather than American. It is the City of a Hundred Hills. Montgomery Street, after running level for about three quarters of a mile, suddenly climbs up a mountain. California Street rushes headlong uphill, and then plunges precipitately down, then apparently runs up the face of a wall, and at the summit takes another dip. On either side of it the streets either aspire, excelsior-like, towards the top of the hill, or run away at an obtuse angle down into the lower town. Sutter and Clay Streets undulate up and down, but on the whole tend upwards. Up and down these streets run the celebrated 'cable-cars,' or 'dummies,' which of course at once attract our attention by speeding along without horse, without engine, without visible motive-power of any kind, and charging up the steepest hills at express speed. We parody the Ancient Mariner's question:

' What drives that ship along so fast
Without or wave or wind ?'

These cars move by means of an underground cable. The front car, or dummy, is open to the four winds of heaven: the conductor stands in the middle, and works the brake; the passengers sit all round. The car at the back is like an ordinary omnibus.

A drive on the dummy up the mountainous steepes of California Street is a delightfully exhilarating sensation—on a fine day. Above us arches a sky of flawless, deepest sapphire—such a sky as England never knows! Away to the left, below us, lies the city, and beyond it broods perpetually a low bank of purple cloud; is it mist blown in from the great waters? or a cloud of smoke blown down from the city? Lone Mountain rises up beyond this low streak of haze in sharp outline, the cross on its summit cut clear against the wonderful, intense blue of the sky.


For days together we enjoyed these matchless skies, all earth bathed in golden sunshine 'from misty morn to evening cool;' and at night such starlight as we only dreamt of until now! These December days are like an English June, but for the great winds blowing in from the Pacific, laden with the iodine of eight thousand miles of sea, keen, vivifying, strong, which make the air cool enough for us to fold our fur-lined cloaks closely round us. Myrtle and roses, fuchsias, camellias,

and cactus are blooming in the open air. Palm-trees flourish in the gardens. Grapes, and bananas, and pine-apples are exposed for sale in every fruit-stall. There is nothing in the ever-green gardens, still gay with flowers, though not in their full glory, to remind us that Christmas is near.

But this is the rainy season here ; and, after a few days of this peerless weather, comes the rain ! Then grey skies and muddy streets, and misty drizzle or heavy showers, for days or weeks. And then the perfect skies and glorious sunlight again.

The popular drive here, indeed the only drive, is through the Golden Gate Park to the Seal Rocks. The park is a wonder, reclaimed only a few years ago from barren sand-dunes, now one of the finest driving-grounds on the continent, and one day to be the most beautiful park, when the eucalyptus-trees profusely planted there shall have attained their full height.

The first view of the Pacific breaks upon us at a curve in the road, along which we are driving amongst the crowd of vehicles that San Francisco lets loose upon this ground every sunny afternoon. How swiftly these lightly-hung carriages, with their thin, spider-like wheels, dash along the smooth road ! We draw nearer, nearer to that blue expanse, so dazzling in the sunshine



we cannot look at it steadily ; we listen to the low thunder of the Pacific waves as they roll in a long curl of surf upon the sandy shore, and break against and leap over the high Seal Rocks. On these rocks hundreds of seals are disporting themselves and basking in the sun. We hear their sharp, fretful barking through the deeper noise of the breakers.

The sands are smooth and firm, so that we enjoy a drive not only *beside*, but almost *in*, the ocean, the shallow surf plashing up round the wheels and the horses' feet. And we look away over the Pacific into the purple distance—but not, 'like stout Cortez,' 'with eagle eyes!' For we think of home—and this California sun is dazzling!

Society here is very much like society everywhere else in the civilized world. It is not in a San Francisco drawing-room that we realise we are not in Paris or London. But here and there in the outside life we come upon something that reminds us we are on the edge of this civilization we so dearly prize ; we have reached the brink and can go no further ; beyond us now is only ocean—the Hawaiian Isles, Yokohama !

'It was a pretty rough crowd,' a friend remarks, with an air of relish, on his return from some semi-political meeting. 'I should think that every third man had his revolver.'

But the meeting seems to have passed off peacefully as a Covent Garden opera, except that one man was hustled downstairs.

Frequently here in the street, or on the cars, or in places of public entertainment, there was to be met a strange figure—a grey-haired man with tarnished epaulets on his coat, with a feather in his hat, and with a huge parti-coloured umbrella, red, white, and blue. He walked about in all weathers. He had wandered so about this city for twenty years and more. They called him 'the Emperor;' it was his delusion that he was 'Emperor of all the Americas.' He dined where he chose—free; he patronised such places of entertainment as he pleased—free; he rode on the cars—free. When he wanted money, he used to send a kind of royal intimation that he had need of it to some one of the wealthy men of the city, and the demand was never denied. He was a 49-er, and a Mason; he was ruined in the great fire, they say; and while he lived the old 'Emperor' was never allowed to want. He fell dead one day in the street; that strange pathetic figure will be seen no more! Whether from curiosity or from a tenderness for the old familiar relic of the 'days of '49!' half the city turned out to his funeral.

In some place of exhibition here are still preserved and exhibited two stuffed dogs, whereby

hangs a tale characteristic of San Francisco. Here is the history in brief of Bummer and Lazarus (the nomenclature being ingeniously descriptive of the habits of one dog and the appearance of the other at his first entry into public life). Bummer was a big dog, masterless and homeless, a canine 'tramp,' who lived by his wits. Lazarus was a little dog, also unattached, living from hand—no, from paw to mouth, thin, sickly, and half starved. One day some other dogs attacked little Lazarus. Bummer, either moved by kindred feelings—the other dogs being household property, and Lazarus a tramp like himself—or else actuated by pure chivalry, plunged into the fray to the rescue of Lazarus.

From that day the two wanderers were a canine Damon and Pythias. They wandered no more solitary. They became well-known in the city. Lazarus looked starved and sickly no longer. Bummer introduced him to his own chosen haunts. They went together to such restaurants as they honoured with their presence, and dined, gratis. No bill was ever sent to Messrs. Bummer and Lazarus, nor were they ever sent hungry away. It was observed that the big dog was always careful that his smaller partner should have his full share of the delicacies of the season. When an act was passed commanding all dogs in

the city of San Francisco to be muzzled, a clause was entered exempting Bummer and Lazarus. But even this paternal care could not exempt them from the common doom of man and dog. Their time came, and they died—on the same day, it is said. ‘I tell the tale as it was told to me,’ by a thirty years’ resident in the city.

San Francisco has plenty of pretty villa residences in the upper town. They are chiefly constructed of wood, (this being an earthquake country,) and with their white walls, green balconies, and palm-trees in their gardens, have quite a tropical air. The architecture is generally fanciful; porches are popular, and bay-windows universal. Go up California Street by the ‘dummy’ car, and you come to what the local papers, with their wonted playful humour, have christened ‘Nob Hill.’ When people—some people—want to be cheaply funny, they prefix an *S* to the words. There are the residences of the Railway Kings, and of the Bonanza millionaires. They are large, handsome buildings, highly ornamental, some of them like a many-times magnified Swiss chalet. However palatial they are in size and appointment and decoration, being built of wood, they have to our eyes rather an ephemeral air.

A San Franciscan asked us earnestly how they would compare with the country seats of the old

English nobility, the 'baronial homes of England,' of which he had heard.

Many of the business men have chosen to have their homes across the bay, in beautiful, blooming, evergreen, semi-tropical-looking Oakland. All day long the huge steam-ferries *Oakland* and *El Capitan* cross each other to and fro between San Francisco and its great suburb. The morning boats from Oakland are packed to crowding with men going to their business in the city; the evening boats to Oakland overflow with the returning tide.

The boat we favour most is the 4.30 p.m. ferry from Oakland; for on that boat we travel with the passengers by the overland route, if their train is punctual—a fact of which we are never permitted to be in any doubt, as the important news is periodically chalked up in huge letters on the black board, 'Overland Train On Time,' or 'An Hour Late,' as the case may be. At half-past four the crowd gathers thickly on Oakland Wharf. The local train, which has run through the streets of Oakland, picking up its cargo of passengers at divers corners, stands on our right. Behind us is the great *El Capitan*, discharging the load it has just brought over from San Francisco. But it is to the railway line on our left that most eyes are directed. As the crowd disgorged from

El Capitan swarm along the wharf, a man stands by this line reiterating, in a monotonous shout, 'This side for the overland train !'

It is a motley gathering here, like most American crowds. The heterogeneous mingling together of the classes, which in our Old World would be rigorously divided by practical barriers into first, second, and third, renders travelling in America the most Republican thing in the whole great Republic. Here you stand shoulder to shoulder with John Chinaman carrying home your linen from the laundry and with Black Sambo in corduroys and shirt-sleeves ; you take a seat between one of the fair leaders of society in velvet and satin, and an Irish cook with market basket on her check apron. Here is a gentleman with a button-hole bouquet, light gloves, and a lovely lady on his arm, and here an emigrant family, each one bearing all his or her worldly goods tied up in huge cotton pocket-handkerchiefs : all classes and nations promiscuously pushed together in a limited space which makes it difficult to escape from one's neighbours.

People who are returning from spending the day in Oakland, and people who have come to meet the overland train, almost invariably carry large bouquets, by which they may easily be distinguished from the ordinary to-and-fro passen-

gers. What flowers are here! great bunches of December roses, snowy calla-lilies, geraniums, heliotrope, and even a few fresh fragrant violets. The train is due; we are all looking along the vacant space on the line to our left. Above the buzz of the crowd rises the distant tinkle of a bell; it comes nearer, nearer! there is a puff of black smoke, and round a curve in the road comes the fiery eye of the engine.

There is a certain thrill of excitement in all the crowd. This is the one train from the East in the twenty-four hours: it brings the mails and travellers from all the eastern cities—from Europe too.* It is the knot binding the East to the West—the last link in the iron chain between the Atlantic and the Pacific shores. London, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, each and all of these hold communion with their far-off fair western sister-city by this one train which rushes round the curve and slackens on Oakland Wharf, the great bell on the engine swinging and ringing with might and main as the long yellow ‘Silver Palace’ cars of the Central Pacific line—cars whose simple exterior holds forth little promise of the comfort within—come into sight one by one.

* The Southern Pacific route was not open at the time this was written.

The little balconies between the cars are crowded with passengers, some looking out for and waving their hats to friends, most of them too impatient to alight to wait until the train has stopped. Then the tide at once turns and sets towards *El Capitan*. The Oakland crowd pour across the gangway and up the staircase to the left on to the deck; the overland passengers swarm up the right-hand staircase. On the deck the Oaklanders crowd round the head of the stairs sacred to the Overlanders, and look out for their friends amongst the ascending file, all of whom are laden with their own small hand-baggage and more or less travel-worn. Then and there are joyous exclamations of, 'Here you are at last!' and glad loving calling on familiar names, as the expected figures emerge on to the deck. The bags and baskets of the weary travellers are seized and taken charge of by eager hands; their place is supplied by bouquets (I saw one lady with a huge nosegay in each hand, a third under her arm), and each traveller is surrounded and swept away by his or her own particular group of welcoming friends.

Now *El Capitan* is off, and steaming stately out into the bay. Now the touters appear, and make the round of the deck, suggesting in ingratiating tones as they pass such passengers as

are marked by hand-baggage, 'Carriages! carriage, sir? carriage, ladies?' 'Hotel coaches?' They ignore us, evidently perceiving that we have only come across the bay. We pass Goat Island; the lights of San Francisco come into view, though a light cloud of smoke or mist blurs our view of the town. *El Capitan* touches the landing-stage, and the whole vast crowd pours off the ferry in one compact wave, which breaks and scatters a little as it flows through the dépôt.

As we approach the exit, a strange sound strikes on our ears. It is like the echoes of a concert far off. Are we near the opera-house? is there a performance so early? The noise grows louder and louder, but less and less musical, as we draw nearer the gateway. We only discover that it is a chorus of hackmen and touters just before we emerge into the vociferous crowd, whose melody now resolves itself into wild howls of "' Russ House!" "Palace!" "Occidental!"' Fortunately for our nerves, they keep back in two sufficiently orderly ranks, between which we pass, each one starting forward and chanting his war-cry louder, if he happens to catch our eye. In time we learn to find a kind of rhythm in the chant. It goes somehow thus, in a sing-song harmony,

' " Russ House!" "Palace!" "Occidental!"
" Windsor!" "Lick House!" "Cosmopolitan!"'

But, to the overland passengers hearing it for the first time, it is simply Babel!

We half envy them, those tired travellers, as we all diverge to our respective cars and coaches, remembering the evening, not so long ago, when we, like them, looked for the first time upon the Golden City! For us the wonder and the delight of first impressions are over. But if no more a wonder, and no longer a dream, still for ever a delight in memory to us will be our first wanderings under the radiant, blue, winter skies in this queen-city of the West, throned on her hundred hills beside the Golden Gate, between bay and ocean, guarded by the sentinel peaks of Lone Mountain and Tamalpais.


II.—IN CHINA TOWN.

A PILGRIMAGE by night, under police escort, through the back slums and the opium-dens of the Chinese quarter in San Francisco did not appear to us a tempting prospect. It conveyed unpleasantly vivid ideas of various offences to eye, ear, and nose. Darkness, and dirt, and evil odours did not seem the elements of an enjoyable evening. But we had always understood that it was the duty of every tourist in San Francisco, of whatever age, sex, or condition,

to undertake this little excursion, and we determined valiantly that the good old motto of 'Fais-ce que dois !' should be ours, and, in our duty as Englishwomen and tourists, we would not fail.

An American gentleman, one of the leading residents of the city, made arrangements for the expedition, and kindly volunteered to share with the police officer, whose company he had secured, the onerous duty of protecting us against the possible dangers of the dens. It was a fine, starlight night; such a beautiful, bracing, mild and mellow winter night as only California knows. Kearny Street was bright and crowded, its gay shops all a-blaze with lights. But within a stone's-throw of that fashionable thoroughfare lie dingy Dupont and Jackson Streets, the main arteries of China Town, and thither led our road.

The first place we visited was a restaurant—the best Chinese restaurant in the city, our escorts informed us. The hour was too early for its habitués to sup, so we walked through 'banquet halls deserted,' and saw an array of empty benches and tables blank as unwritten pages. It was very much like any other first-class restaurant, except for the hieroglyphical Chinese inscriptions on the walls, the alcoves with cushionless couches for the retirement of



opium-smokers, the funereal-looking furniture of carved ebony—or some black wood that looked like ebony—and the queer little musical instruments hung on the wall of the largest saloon. We saw trays full of cakes very like soap, doubtful-looking gelatinous sweetmeats, candied melon, and pats of bright yellow butter, pleasing to the eye; but their rancid odour decided us not to partake of refreshment there.

Our next move was a descent by means of a ladder-like staircase into a cellar where our London breeding led us to expect coals or beer-barrels. Instead of these, lo, a barber's shop! a sleek Chinaman seated like a statue under the barber's hands, two or three other Celestials, newly shaven and shorn, standing around. We passed through this subterranean 'tonsorial saloon' to a subterranean pawnbroker's behind it, very close and stuffy, and dimly lit by one feeble flaring lamp. The pawnbroker smilingly recognised the police-officer who led our little company, and invited us behind the counter. The customers, Chinamen all, smiled upon us blandly, as 'is their nature to.' If you look at a Chinaman, his face beams with the 'simple and child-like' smile immortalised by Bret Harte. Sometimes we wonder what lies behind that smile; sometimes we are suspicious as to the meaning of the

words spoken in our presence, amongst themselves, in that to us most incomprehensible tongue. We remember that a favourite epithet of theirs for us is 'white devils'—we recall what we have lately often heard about their hatred especially of white women—grounded on an old prophecy handed down from traditional times, that a white woman should be the cause of the downfall of the Chinese Empire. We had grown well accustomed to 'John' with his pigtail and blouse, his skull-cap and slippers, his feline step and smooth-shorn face, long before we set out upon our evening peregrinations through the Chinese quarter; but, although the presence of our Mongolian brothers was nothing new now to us, the insight into their mode of life which we were to have this night had all the bloom of novelty upon it.

The pawnbroker's shop was crammed with every possible object on which a dollar could be raised; there were old clothes by the heap, a goodly array of clocks, and an armoury of deadly weapons, pistols, knives of all kinds, from the pocket-penknife up to a pair of murderous-looking blades, with which, our police guide informed us—exemplifying meanwhile the method of wielding them, one in each hand—he had known a man to be literally sliced to pieces. We inspected

also a handy pocket weapon not unlike a short, stout poker, bent into a convenient curve for braining an antagonist.

‘Almost every one of those fellows has one of these under his blouse,’ our escort observed, indicating the group of shaven olive faces which were regarding us with stolid curiosity.

We passed on through this subterranean pawn-broker’s into an apartment behind it, unlit, unventilated, very like the steerage cabin of an emigrant steamer, equally evil-odorous, and, if not quite equally crowded, still with many more human beings inhaling its heavy, opium-laden atmosphere than the number of cubic feet warranted. A double row of wooden shelves, some screened by ragged curtains, ran along each wall; the passage between these comfortless berths was only wide enough to permit us to pass one at a time; and in each berth lay a Chinaman, coiled up or stretched out—like wild animals in their lair, it seemed to us—each with his little lamp and pipe and pot of opium. We watched them take a pinch of the dark jelly-like substance on a wire and melt it over the lamp, then smear it over the aperture in the pipe, and draw it with great deep breaths into the lungs, their long eyes dilating and fixing like a crouching cat’s the while.

Everywhere our escort seemed to be known,

but the opium-smokers were too much absorbed in their occupation to take any great notice of us. We returned through the adjoining cellars, and climbed up gladly into the lighted street and breathed fresh air again, wondering how we, or the opium-eaters, or anything living, not to say human, could have breathed in that opium-den at all, as it was unventilated except by such air as could filter through the pawnbroker's and barber's cellars.


We were next led down a long, narrow, black alley, so black that we had to grope our way, so narrow that we had to walk in single file, so long that by the time we reached the end of it we felt as if we had left the bright, busy city of San Francisco a world away. The ground was slimy beneath our feet; the strip of sky was so far above our heads that we seemed out of sight of the stars. We groped at last to a door, whose worm-eaten planks seemed crumbling to decay. A Chinaman with a little oil-lamp admitted us—not too willingly, it appeared to me.

We went through room after room, back, back, burrowing back along narrow passages, under low rafters, over slippery and rotting floors. We saw no door, no window, no aperture through which the blessed pure air might find its way. The air that entered with us by the door we had

left so far behind seemed to be the first fresh breath that had entered there for hours. Everywhere, dirt and rags and squalor. Everywhere the wretched cupboards or shelves wherein the opium-smokers lay, often two on a shelf; everywhere the strange sickly Oriental opium smell kindly overpowering worse odours; everywhere the strange, secretive eyes leering at us cat-like as we looked into their lurking-places.

It was Tophet! we felt we had been carried down into some lower world. The memory of those scenes comes back like an evil dream. The various opium-dens whose dark and repulsive recesses we penetrated bore a strong family resemblance to each other, the only difference perceptible to us being that we entered some by subterranean, and some by level ways. There appeared, however, to be grades of reputation among them which we should not have distinguished. Our escort took a pride in pioneering us through the worst places.

'*This*,' he said, confidentially, with an air of relish, 'is a regular den of thieves!'—looking round an underground gallery whose aspect and odour suggested the contents of a London dust-hole or a New York ash-barrel, but for the kindly overwhelming scent of opium—'and *that*,' he observed, when we had emerged into the fresh,



pure, starlit night, indicating a narrow, crowded street, 'is Murderer's Alley! and it's rightly named! That's the haunt of all the most dangerous and desperate characters. From that place we've carried out twenty-three murdered men within the last year or two; and all shot or stabbed *in the back!*'

During our walk down Murderer's Alley, we kept closely to our escort, and felt more comfortable when the light shone on his gilt buttons than in those shadowy corners where it occurred to us as unpleasantly probable that the majesty of the law—under whose ægis we walked confiding—might happen not to be recognised.

We agreed that to create a truly flattering stir and sensation amongst our fellow-creatures, if we count the Mongolian as a man and a brother, we should come to China Town. Nowhere else in the civilized world would our presence have caused so much curiosity and interest—*excitement* is totally incompatible with the Celestial calm. Outside every house as we came out, we would find a crowd of blouses and pigtails, filling up the whole street, waiting to get a look at us, not staring, nor shoving, nor pushing, but surveying us with a serene and critical gaze.

Our duty in China Town would have been only half done if we had not visited the women's

quarters, and such an omission our courteous and attentive escort would by no means have allowed. With the exception of half-a-dozen ladies of high caste, wives of the principal merchants, there are few or none except the most degraded class of women in all the Chinese quarter. These poor creatures are in reality slaves, bought and sold and sent over the sea in slavery, and apparently sunk too low for shame—yet no, not *sunk*; they never sank, they were always down. They sat behind little grated windows, each face pressed curiously against the lattice as we passed. They were all inoffensive, smiling and civil; we saw not one antagonistic look, heard not an unpleasant tone from any of them.

We went into one house where they welcomed us most cordially, smiling and crowding round us, and offering willing hands to help us down the uneven steps. Some of them had their hair elaborately dressed, and were really good-looking young women; others were to our eyes repellently plain. One pretty little girl in a dark-blue blouse, with the loveliest pale olive complexion, and a certain innocence of look that was strange indeed to meet with then and there, especially attracted us.

‘How old is she? and how long have you had her?’ we asked of the woman who appeared to be the head of the establishment.

‘He fifteen ; him mother sell him two years ago,’ was the answer ; the gender of the pronoun being apparently the last thing in the language which the Chinese learn.

In another house of the same class we found some really very nice, neatly-furnished little rooms ; the place was crowded as a rabbit burrow ; from every doorway calmly curious faces peered out to inspect us, and into every room we were hospitably invited to enter. All the inmates laughed and chatted amicably. Two young girls, by order of their chief, were exemplifying the use of the chopsticks in a bowl of rice for our entertainment—when a low, shrill whistle cut through the buzz of laughter and chat, and in an instant a crowd of Chinese, babbling and gabbling, came rushing from all corners. Our escort turned promptly to the staircase. ‘That’s a fire alarm,’ he said, quietly. ‘Come!’ We needed no second bidding. Down two flights of narrow stairs, and through a labyrinth of low-ceiled passages, we made the quickest time I ever remember. It turned out to be a false or distant alarm ; but, in the brief minute since the signal whistle, half-a-dozen policemen seemed to have sprung out of the ground, and the street was crowded.

We visited two or three joss-houses. They

were all much alike, dingy, carpetless apartments up one or more flights of stairs; with tables covered with handsome vases, candlesticks, and other offerings; panels of rare and curious carving in bas-relief, protected by a grating; tinsel, trays of joss-sticks, incense, a huge gong in one corner, which, when we ventured lightly to touch it, gave forth a deep, sepulchral toll; and, on the altar, 'Joss' in state—a life-sized idol, gorgeously clad, and more or less ugly. In one room was the shrine of a goddess. She was a good woman, 'heap good woman,' who had been dead three thousand years, and at whose altar women come to pray. We were gratified, and surprised, to find that a woman had been deemed worthy of canonisation, and that women were presumably admitted to have souls for which to pray. Perhaps, however, they are supposed only to pray for the souls of their lords.

Another night a friend procured for us a box at the Chinese theatre. The entrance to this place of entertainment was noticeable chiefly for its lack of ornament, the plain, unpainted boards being decorated only by a few hieroglyphical placards of a bright red; and there was a general atmosphere of sawdust, suggestive of a carpenter's shop. The auditorium was also on the principle of 'beauty unadorned;' the seats were

the plainest wooden benches; the stage a mere platform, with not the remotest attempt at scenery of any kind; the musicians sat at the back, behind the performers.

We took our seats, and were instantly deafened. We had entered during what was apparently a battle scene; and, what with the savage yelling of warriors, the pounding of roaring gongs, the thundering of big drums, it was Pandemonium itself! One thoughtful member of our party had, with excellent foresight, knowing of the manner of treat in store for us, provided herself with cotton-wool, which she applied to her ears. We endeavoured to speak to each other, but our voices were drowned in the uproar, and we communicated our sensations in dumb-show. We looked round curiously. The audience was, to us strangers, quite as interesting a sight as the stage. In all the crowded theatre there was not a white face outside our box. Nothing but Chinese, packed close as sardines; ranks upon ranks of smooth-shaven olive faces, black hats, blouses, and pigtails. The boxes were fully open to view, with no screening curtains or walls; merely enclosures marked-off by low partitions, each containing four wooden chairs. The gallery opposite us was for the women, who were crowded there as closely as were the men in

the body of the house. As, like the men, they wore blouses, and were all smoking, we did not at a first glance distinguish them from their lords.

The battle raging in demoniacal uproar on the stage was evidently arranged with regard to a deficiency of 'supers,' and waged on economical principles. The warriors fell, rolled, and writhed, and died, and, having remained dead for a minute or two, jumped up again, and plunged anew into the fray, with a liveliness that reminded us of the unconquerable vitality of Mother Hubbard's dog. Presently, an individual rushed on the stage, who was evidently a hero. He had a whole arsenal of weapons; his raiment was gorgeous; his nose was painted flake-white, and stripes of blue and red adorned his cheeks, in addition to which grandeur, a magnificent beard was gummed, not *on* to, but *beneath*, his chin. Before his slashing strokes, the warriors went down like nine-pins, till the whole army lay strewn dead around him. He celebrated his victory by a wild leap into the air, a somersault, in which he tied himself into a knot, and twisted every limb the wrong way; then the slain army rose up, and all, performing various acrobatic feats, turned and tumbled themselves off the stage.

Two came back immediately with a hoop which they held up between them ; next, a warrior, like a Pawnee chief, with feathers on his head, entered and looked through this hoop, and howled—a proceeding which suggested to us a clown grinning through a horse-collar. Then, from the opposite side appeared an indescribably gorgeous being, concerning whom we speculated—‘ Is she a man ? is he a woman ? ’ He, she, or it looked through the hoop and yelled ; evidently these were two lovers meeting *à la* Thisbe and Pyramus. They sang a duet ; to know what it was like, you have only to listen at a back window at midnight, when half-a-dozen rival Toms are prowling on the yard walls, on serenading bent. That is Chinese minstrelsy to a T. We were told the performance might continue till two or three in the morning, but before midnight we had had quite enough of it, especially of the pervading odour of tobacco, and the periodically-recurring din of gongs and drums, and we left with little regret a vocal ‘ trio,’ most admirably imitating feline recitative, in full force.

III.—THE CHINESE NEW YEAR.

SOME days afterwards, we had the pleasure of a glimpse into the homes of the higher class of

Chinese, the well-to-do merchants, at the celebration of the Chinese New-Year, which this year fell early in February. We set forth to pay a round of 'New-Year visits' with two ladies who were well acquainted with one of the leading merchants, Sam Lee.

Arrived at Sam Lee's residence on the Plaza at the foot of Clay Street, our friends sent a little China-boy to announce our advent. He disappeared through an open trap-doorway into the dark and mysterious regions below the pavement, whence soon a stout and smiling Chinaman emerged bit by bit, first skull-cap and pigtail, then blue blouse, large loose shuffling slippers, till all of him stood on the topmost step, bowing and gracious, and full of smiling welcome. This was Sam Lee. He shook hands with us warmly upon introduction, and invited us down the steep stairs into a large cellar, apparently used as a workshop, only lit, of course, by the entrance, and consequently sufficiently dark for the various objects in the background to look uncanny and mysterious.

He led us through this into a second cellar, smaller and darker, where several Chinese were sitting and standing about. Our host invited us to be seated, and, blinking through the obscurity, we distinguished chairs and a small table laden

with trays, glasses, and decanters. An attendant brought us wine, and a large silver salver, containing various kinds of candied fruit, dried melon-seeds, and a delicious white sweetmeat very like Rahat Lakoum or Turkish Delight. The wine, our host informed us, was 'Melican wine,' adding—'China wine too strong.' We should not have been true daughters of Eve if this description had not aroused our curiosity to taste the China wine. We immediately had a tiny glass filled therewith, to which we all just put our lips in turn. We pronounced it good, but a very little of it went a long way. It was like strong liqueur, with an orange-peel flavour. We asked what it was made of, and were startled by the answer, 'rice'—our host, as usual, giving 'r' the sound of 'l.'

We passed on into a third cellar, smaller still, where a gentleman reclined on the usual wooden couch, with the usual lamp and pipe, smoking; then into a fourth, which, to complete the diminishing scale, was smallest of all. This was Sam Lee's sleeping apartment. It boasted, for a wonder, of a tiny pane of glass, letting in a feeble ray of light, and actually of a flower, a Chinese lily in a vase. There was rather a handsome bed, a little table, and next to no furniture besides; indeed, there was not room for any. Our friends

explained that Sam Lee was only keeping house in bachelor style now.

‘He lived in fine style when he had his wives here with him,’ they said. He has two wives, who are now in China. He has also a history. Some three years ago a reward was offered in China Town for his life, he having given some offence to some unknown person in authority. Such things are not uncommon. We saw one day in a Joss-house an inscription, which, being translated to us, was a promise of the favour of the great Joss to any person or persons who should remove from this life two given individuals who had the misfortune of being obnoxious to Joss. Sam Lee was in the way, and a reward was offered for his being put out of the way. He very sensibly did not wait to be violently removed, but took himself out of the way, and returned to China with his wives.

He came back to San Francisco in time, having, we may presume, received some intimation that he was no longer an obstacle to be got rid of.

Accompanied by Sam Lee, we went to pay a visit to his partner’s wife. The streets of China Town were gay with coloured lanterns, and swarming with Celestials in holiday attire. The ubiquitous Eastern tourist, whom we had met prowling about the Joss-houses by night,

was here in full force—the male tourist, at least ; we saw no ladies in China Town that day but ourselves. They gazed after us with our Chinese escort, especially when we turned up a flight of sawdust-covered stairs, whither one enterprising tourist—whether he was from New York or London, I know not—looked strongly inclined to follow us.


Sam Lee led us into a large, airy, well-furnished room—the first such apartment we had seen in China Town—where a little Chinese lady, gorgeously attired, came forward and shook hands with us. She played hostess prettily, offered us chairs, and bade her waiting-maid bring us sweetmeats and wine. She could speak a few words of English, but to our attempts at conversation, she only replied by a perpetual ripple of laughter, looking shyly aside, too bashful to talk, but evidently thinking the position an extremely humorous one.

Her hair was wonderful to look upon, brushed off the temples, and standing out in large, stiff loops like glossy wire. On her head she wore a profusion of gilt leaves and artificial flowers. Her dress, a kind of blouse over a clinging skirt, was of rich blue silk, exquisitely embroidered in green and gold. As she became more at home with us, perceiving our interest in her toilette,

she showed us that the dress she wore was the outer of five or six similar garments, all of fine silk; she let us look at her wide, loose sleeves, sleeve inside sleeve, the under-sleeve of all of white silk, edged with pink. She then sent her little maid to fetch some of her other dresses to show us—silks, heavy with rare gold embroidery, over which we sighed with envy.

Sam Lee was much pleased at our admiration. He was smoking an elaborate work of art in the shape of a pipe, and, on my complimenting him on its beauty, he straightway handed it to me, saying, 'You smokee him!' I perceived by his smiling and gracious air that this was a compliment, which I was expected to appreciate and accept, and, rising to the occasion, I took the pipe and doubtfully drew a few experimental breaths. I hoped that it was going to be handed round, and pleased myself picturing the countenances of the other ladies when it came to be their turn to puff at the pipe of peace; but, alas! I was the only one selected for this honour.

Before we left, the little Chinese lady kindly consented to show us her tiny feet. If the height of the caste is in inverse ratio to the size of the feet, she must be a lady of very high dignity; for her foot was about as long as my middle finger. The feet are not merely dwarfed, but



doubled down at the joint, and crushed into a misshapen thing like a hoof, so that the so-called 'shoe' they wear is more a bag than a slipper, with a strip of silk wound round and round up to the ankle. The foot is not, as we had previously supposed, cramped in an iron shoe from infancy, but bandaged when the poor little victim is seven or eight years old: the suffering of course is great.

We next went, under Sam Lee's escort, to another apartment on the same floor, to visit a friend of his, a merchant, whose name I forget, but Sing Yang will do as well as any other, and comes quite near enough to the sound. Sing Yang, then, was a very fine specimen of a courteous and dignified gentleman, of a grave and intellectual cast of countenance; he spoke English almost perfectly, and his manner as host might have done credit to any nation. He was clad in a rich blue silk. Sam Lee wore only cotton, being in mourning for his mother, in which case silk is prohibited. In Sing Yang's handsome apartment many guests were assembled, Chinese, of course; some were smoking, all appeared beaming with good nature. As each fresh guest entered, radiant with smiles, and voluble with New Year's greetings, he salaamed, and the host salaamed, and everybody who knew the new


arrival salaamed, till a general knocking together of heads seemed imminent, the salute consisting of a clapping together of the hands and bowing forward till the forehead nearly touched the ground. There were two tables loaded with cakes and sweets, and I had a narrow escape of committing a sacrilegious deed. I saw on one table a plate of tempting-looking sweetmeats; and, as others were being handed about and tasted all around the circle, I was about to take one of these candies, when, luckily, I perceived in time a candle and a joss-stick burning on the table, and realised that these sacred dainties were offerings to the gods.

We mentioned to Sing Yang that we had just had the pleasure of seeing a lady of his nation with tiny feet.

'Ah,' he responded, proudly, '*I* got one like that! I shall order her come in.'

He then proceeded to tell us that he had only lately been married; his wife had never beheld a man until she married him, and had never seen a man except himself since. This day, being the New-Year, she was to make her first appearance in public, and bring us tea. We waited with interest for the entrance of the bride.

The next time the door opened, however, it was to admit a smiling and salaaming visitor,



who led a little white child about three years old. It was dressed as English and American children are, and lisped his pretty imperfect English when we petted it and asked its name. This little Bessie, notwithstanding her English name and English aspect, turned out to be the child of the Chinese who led her by the hand, and who proudly owned the relationship.

‘Me married Englee lady,’ he said; and Sing Yang added confidentially to us that his friend had married an English teacher in a school. Such a union is, however, of very, very rare occurrence.

The next arrival who, in answer to Sing Yang’s hospitable ‘come in’ (or the Chinese equivalent to come in!), flung open the door, caused a sensation in the company—that is, as much sensation as can easily be caused among the calm Chinese. He was a ‘hoodlum’—that indescribable and especial product of San Francisco, who must be seen to be realised. There he stood, rakish hat, wry necktie, hoodlum from top to toe, while behind him pressed a group of brother-hoodlums, all evidently out for a lark.

‘Come to pay a New-Year call!’ he said, jauntily. Then his eye fell on *us*, installed in our rocking chairs, and he hastily took off his hat, from the crown of which fell some cigars. His brethren also drew back hastily and abashed.

And here I must observe that although we walked about San Francisco often without escort at dark as well as by day, sometimes even walking home from the theatre by ourselves, we were never annoyed by so much as word or look from even a hoodlum gang.

Sing Yang, to whom the intruders were, of course, strangers, advanced to them with dignified, chill courtesy.

‘ You will excuse me—I have ladies here!’ he said, waving his hand towards us. Exeunt hoodlums discomfited, even forgetting to pick up the cigars; but effecting their retreat in good order. Then Sing Yang bolted the door.

Presently from an inner room the bride at last made her appearance. She was supported by two waiting-maids; she carried a fan in one hand, and a tray of little cups of tea in the other. Like her neighbour in the opposite room, she was resplendent in silk and gold embroidery, her cheeks painted with vermilion, and her hair arranged in huge, stiff, glossy bows. But she was so painfully shy that we could not look in her face, and it would have been positive cruelty to speak to her. She leant on her maids, and bent her head till her face almost touched the tray she carried, and tried to hide her features entirely behind her fan. Etiquette demanded that she should walk

round the circle and offer a cup of tea to every guest, and our hearts were moved to compassion for the poor little bride as she fulfilled her duty, trembling in every limb and hiding her face, her maids guiding her shaking hand as she offered each guest the tea. It was the first time she had seen a man except her husband; and it certainly could not be said that, with her downcast eyes and hidden face, she *saw* man now.

The tea was served without milk or sugar, with a small plum or raisin in each cup, and was pronounced by such as were epicures in tea—which I am not!—to be delicious.

On our way home from China Town, we passed a group of rough-looking men in soiled and shabby garments, most of them swarthy, bearded, and unkempt, standing on the street-corner, apparently having an open-air debate in undertones.

‘Kearneyites,’ whispered one of our party.
‘Sand-lotters,’ observed another.

They stared at us as we drew near, with rather suspicious than approving glances. We wondered why our party attracted their attention, until we remembered that we all carried in our hand conspicuous red Chinese New-Year cards; and that the Kearney cry is, ‘The Chinese must go!’ The Sand-lotters looked at us, and I looked

at the Sand-lotters, and speculated inwardly—in whose power would I rather be? in whose power rather see the city that I love?—in that of these men, the Communists of California, the fire-brands of that fair state, the Mob incarnate, yet withal of our own blood and our own race—or in that of the smooth, sleek-spoken Chinese, in-offensive, industrious, frugal, patient worker by day, smoking opium in his dark and dirty dens of vice by night—his secret silent life beyond the reach of our laws, beyond the influence of our civilization! It is well that law and order in this city of San Francisco are strong—stronger than either or all of the parties that are struggling for supremacy. For there are turbulent and violent elements here; and the conflict is not over yet.

IV.—SAN FRANCISCO LIFE.

SAN FRANCISCO is not a city to hurry away from. We lingered there week after week, and month after month; and as the vividness of first impressions wore off, and the city ceased to be a dream and a wonder to us, it only became more home-like and more dear.

We took up our quarters at first at the 'Occidental,' a perfect *home* hotel, where many families

reside entirely, thereby escaping the cares of housekeeping. American domestic life all over the States is beset with greater cares and trials than in the 'Old Country,' harassed especially by the difficulty of procuring trained and skilled domestic 'help;' and this difficulty, so far as white 'help' is concerned, reaches its culminating point in the West. In these latitudes, white help is a treasure you are fortunate indeed to get, and still more fortunate if you can keep. Chinese help comes in to stop the gap; and 'John' is, as all the world knows, handy, useful, industrious, frugal, and imitative to a remarkable degree. He will cook, wash, clean, turn his hand to anything. But many ladies dislike—and, to us, it seems not without cause—to have none but Chinamen about the house. And there are various reasons why it is undesirable to employ them where there are young families. Then, 'John' moves among us, but is never *of* us, he is always a mystery and an alien, though a 'treasure' he may be in many cases, and many San Franciscan ladies told me they would not part with their Chinese domestics for a whole retinue of Irish.

Still, on the whole, American housekeeping, especially in the Far West, is rather up-hill work. Thus it happens that many a young couple start-

ing in life, begin their united career in a hotel or boarding-house. And certainly hotel life, as we experienced it at the 'Occidental,' was full of home-comfort—pleasant and bright as a perpetual picnic. To sit down to breakfast, lunch, and dinner, a company of two or three hundred people, with many of whom you have formed a pleasant passing acquaintance, certainly tends to 'drive dull care away.' In bad weather you need not go out, for you have everything you can desire under the roof. Down in the office, there are stalls with books and newspapers, photographs and nick-nacks for sale. For exercise, there are the long, wide, airy corridors, where the foot falls noiselessly on the thick-piled carpets. If you are socially inclined, you have society at hand. You exchange calls with a charming couple in the next corridor; you pick up a delightful acquaintance on the floor above; you are introduced to a family who have lived twelve years on the floor below, and whose beautiful rooms have as home-like and domestic an atmosphere as if they were housekeeping under their own roof, with their own servants.

About six o'clock, the move down to dinner begins; the elevator is kept running briskly. It is a pretty sight to see it gliding past the great glass-doors on every floor, giving one a


moment's picture of the girls in their light demi-toilette dresses—gay as birds and flowers—chatting with their escorts on the way down. On reception-evenings especially, it is quite amusing to sit awhile in one of the cosy *fauteuils* in the corridor, and watch the fresh pictures of youth and beauty and brightness presented at each descent of the elevator, like a *tableau-vivant* framed in the glass-panelled archway for just a minute, then sinking out of sight.

Not much more than a stone's throw away from the 'Occidental' is the mammoth 'Palace Hotel,' with its rows of bow-windows rising tier on tier, scaling the skies; its glass-dome roof covering-in the magnificent white marble, central courtyard, which, when illuminated at night, is the most brilliant scene of the kind on the American Continent—or anywhere else indeed. It is a Brobdingnagian edifice, so overpoweringly big that we never felt as if we could build a home-nest there. However, a host of families were not of our mind, and had taken up their quarters in it for a permanency; the rooms immediately under the roof being most in demand, on account of the unrivalled view to be had thence of the city and surrounding hills and waters.

We found a new social arrangement in San Francisco, which is extremely convenient for the

visitor. The ladies in the same neighbourhood agree to receive on the same day of the week. Thus the 'Palace Hotel' 'day' is Monday; the Mission Street day, Thursday, and so on: a great economy of time and trouble for the visitor, but scarcely, I should think, so agreeable for the resident Mrs. Jones, who would like to attend Mrs. Smith's 'Thursdays,' and, living in the same street, must, if she would support her claim to be a 'society-lady,' be at home to 'receive' herself on the neighbourhood's day. The term 'society-lady' is often heard there, and gives one the idea that society is regarded by its votaries in the light of a profession, and that they enter into it as they would into the Law or the Church.

The superficial lawlessness and social freedom, not to say liberty, of manner, which we had been taught by some Eastern friends to expect in San Francisco, we did not find. Except that at dinner-parties the gentlemen left the dining-room with the ladies—which we thought an improvement—society was very much the same there as in London. The only thing I can recall in which a social difference was at all noticeable, was that, one day at a dinner-party of fourteen, we happened to make some passing allusion to 'divorce,' and were immediately made conscious by a warn-



ing look from the other side of the table that it was a subject we had better let alone. Inquiring afterwards why that warning glance had been bestowed upon us, and why—in a company of happy, prosperous, mostly middle-aged couples, all of good standing and position in the city—divorce should be a tabooed topic, we learnt that all these prosperous marriages were second marriages, the earlier unions having, one and all, been terminated by divorce. Another time, a couple were pointed out to us who had been married, divorced, and married over again. Once we inquired of a mutual acquaintance after a certain charming Mrs. B——, whom we had met a few years before, and received the reply,

‘Oh, she’s flourishing. She’s Mrs. C—— now, you know. She divorced B—— last year. Did you know her when she was Mrs. A——?’

‘Did she divorce A—— too?’

‘Why, yes, of course she did. Why should not she? A—— didn’t behave rightly to her any more than B——.’

After staying for a while at the ‘Occidental,’ we moved into rooms higher up the hill, where we had two large, sunny bow-windows—a luxury which you must go to San Francisco to appreciate thoroughly. We were some time before we could get accustomed to the climate, which, to

us London sparrows, was a continual surprise. We could not understand the turning topsy-turvy of all our old ideas of seasons in a climate where winter and summer run into each other and intermingle every day in the year; where the crackling of the pine-log fire is as welcome in July as in January; where December calla-lilies bloom in the open air; where the ever-green gardens are the same in May as in December; where the dwarf palm of the South flourishes beside the Australian gum-tree and the dark and stately Northern pine; where, to descend to creature considerations, you have strawberries and oysters in full season together; where you go out in the afternoon with a lace scarf over your shoulders, and, returning in early evening, are glad to muffle yourself in a seal-skin pàletot; where the 'rainy season' is the winter, and the winter the loveliest time of year, while the summer is marred by heavy fogs and violent winds, but never a drop of rain for the whole half year. This is truly the

'Sun-land of the palm and pine!'

Human nature craves for sunshine here; it naturally gravitates to the sunny side of the road, the house, the car. Every house, from the modest cottage to the millionaire's mansion, breaks out in bow-windows wherever bow-win-

dows can be built. We got *our* bow-windows with a full southern aspect, and revelled in them. The house wherein we established ourselves was kept by a Southern lady and her daughter, and we soon found ourselves perfectly at home there, members of a kind of happy family, living together in a harmony which reminded us very much of a long visit in a pleasant country house. We mustered in full force at meals, and scattered afterwards; we were solitary when we liked, and sociable when we liked. We were from all parts of the world—London, Paris, Stuttgart, Alabama, Connecticut—and all fraternised cordially and refrained from discussing politics. We lent and exchanged books, papers, ‘patent mustard-leaves,’ and Neuralgine—the latter specifics often called into requisition when the sunshine suddenly dissolved in torrents of rain; for it is very much of a climate to catch cold in. The young lady in the north-room hung her canary in our southerly window; the parlour-lady played on the French governess’s piano; we learnt to know each other’s affairs, and watched with tender interest the developments of a romance between my pretty fair-haired dinner-neighbour and a certain handsome boarder. There was a ‘roomer,’ too, whom no mortal eye ever saw. He went out before breakfast, and seldom came home till we had

all retired at night. He used to leave his weekly rent in a sealed envelope for the lady of the house. By degrees, he became as a weird mystery to us, and his room a sealed and haunted chamber. Sometimes, at night, we heard his door close; but not one of us ever, from first to last, saw his face.

The fraternal harmony in the parlour was, alas! not echoed by concord in the kitchen. There was a Chinaman cook and an Irish chambermaid. Between Hong and Maria, the war of races waged. They ate their meals at separate tables, seated with their backs to each other. Maria considered she demeaned herself by taking a place with a Chinaman, and Hong confided to me, 'Malia, she bad woman—she all black inside!' By which poetic trope he desired to convey a vivid image of the darkness of her evil heart and benighted mind. Hong liked us, and used to make for our special delectation what he called 'Englee muffins,' which were, however, not much like any I ever tasted at home. He resented our failing to appear punctually at the breakfast-table, and used to mount the stairs and ring a bell outside our bed-room door, and threaten, 'You no come when bell ling—you no get Englee muffins.' Hong was a good-hearted fellow; and although 'tramps,' as a rule, are the sworn

enemies of the Chinese—what working-man in California, in or out of work, lazy or industrious, drunk or sober, is *not* John's enemy?—he never failed to bring the daily tramp's message to the hospitable Southern mistress of the house. 'One tlampe—he hunglee—wantee blekfast,' was his ordinary morning communication. Sometimes it was 'Two tlampee,' and once, 'Tlampee no like fish—wantee bif'teak.' Nor was the tramp ever sent hungry away. Sometimes he was a respectable-looking, well-dressed man, in a black coat and presentable boots, who ate his 'blekfast' decorously, said a most gentlemanly 'Thank you, madam !' and went his way.

Poor Hong, like all his kind, ran the chance of rudeness on the part of his natural enemies in the public street. The hoodlum thinks nothing better fun than to cuff or trip up a Chinaman; the 'sand-lotter' holds that he was made to be kicked, if not killed; and the Chinaman knows too well the tenure on which he holds his place in California, nay, his very life itself there, to retaliate. It is not much above a dozen years since unoffending Mongolian men and boys were stoned to death in the San Francisco streets; and it is since we were in California that the weight of the Pacific Slope influence—too powerful for either the Democratic or the Republican

party to oppose—has forced upon the Government the 'Chinese Bill' prohibiting the immigration of Chinese labourers into the United States. The Bill is unconstitutional—true; the Republic of Washington's foundation, according to its original constitution, was free and open to all peaceable and law-abiding persons to enter as to leave. But the Bill has passed both houses; and the President's veto was not maintained. California is too strong a State to defy or ignore.

I remember one day I entered a street-car which was crowded, amongst the passengers being two Chinamen. The conductor looked along the car, and, seeing there was no seat for me, reached out a long, strong arm, took the nearest Chinaman by the collar, and coolly dragged him out of the car without a word. The Chinaman accepted this without resistance; his companion as quietly followed him. Nobody in the car appeared to take the slightest notice of the proceeding; it was evidently regarded as merely the natural order of things.

Apropos of the street-cars, we found, on one of the San Francisco lines, a 'transfer' system of Arcadian simplicity. Going on a certain journey across the city which entails a changing of cars, you pay, or deliver your ticket, in the first car, and alight a block or two from the place

whence the second car starts. By the time you have walked to the second car, the conductor thereof, even if he had the eyes of a lynx, could not detect which corner you came from. You observe to him, 'Transfer from Mission Street,' and take your seat, without ticket to show or payment demanded. I wonder if it has ever occurred to the car company that there is nothing to prevent anyone from stealing a ride by saying, 'Transfer!' when they have never been transferred? There is a characteristic lavishness and carelessness about Californians as a rule. Even in the shops, we found they were by no means particular with change; they did not mind if they gave us a trifle too little—or too much, and were equally indifferent if we laid down a coin that was a few cents over, or under, our debt.

With theatres, society, drives, and pleasure-excursions, our time in the Golden City slides away only too quickly. Life there is so bright and gay, sparkling and effervescent as champagne. One lives at high-pressure all the time. There are signs and tokens, too, which reveal to us that under the fair, smiling, civilised surface works still the leaven of the rough and desperate days when a man here carried his life in his hand. As through a little crack and fissure in volcanic ground sometimes you catch a red gleam, a breath

of smoke, a rumble of subterranean thunder, so here now and then we catch a lurid flash that tells of the wilder life beneath.

To the older citizens the 'Vigilance Committee' seems but yesterday. We delight in hearing these 'men of '49 fight their battles o'er again.' How proudly they tell the story of the days when, at the signal stroke of the fire-bell, three thousand of the best and truest citizens (not to be confounded with the mere mobs whose summarily wreaked vengeance comes under the denomination of 'lynch-law') turned out in orderly and silent throngs, and marched with military precision to their appointed posts, banded together with the purpose of deliberately and publicly violating the law in the interests of justice and morality. And, where the law had failed, this 'extra-judicial organisation' succeeded in achieving the desired results, and even conquered in collisions with the law itself. When the 'Committee' was at length disbanded, having done its work, the city made a general holiday to witness the celebration; the streets were decorated with flags and flowers, and crowds of applauding citizens lined the route of the procession, as, with military bands and waving banners, the 'Vigilance Committee' marched in state through the city to which they had restored order and justice. In their farewell

address, they promised that, if ever it proved necessary, the organisation should be revived. The story of the 'Vigilance Committee' always seemed to us one of the most characteristic episodes of the history of California.

And to-day there is a talk of the 'Vigilance Committee' being organised again to uphold the party of Peace, Law, and Order against the threats of the 'Sand Lot.' We open our *Chronicle* at breakfast, and find an 'Address to the People,' appealing to 'all good citizens' to 'sign the roll.' It declares that the time has come when 'the public threats of such wicked and inhuman designs' as 'riot, conflagration, unlimited pillage, and possible massacre' 'will be no longer tolerated.' 'Whoever would begin violence, riot, or conflagration here, let him first count the cost!'

Whether the party of anarchy are in any way impressed by his manifesto does not appear; but certainly no attempt at incendiarism or pillage is made.

It seems that the Californian, as a rule, does not travel, or even go about the city, unarmed. Even in New York the revolver is much more commonly carried than a casual passer-through would imagine; and in San Francisco it apparently is as much a finishing touch to a gentleman's toilette as his watch.

In a lady's dressing-room, I see amongst other ornaments on an elegant, lace-draped toilette-table, between a satin pin-cushion and a case of cut-glass bottles of perfume, a dainty little weapon.

'What a dear little toy pistol!' I exclaim, taking it up.

'It's rather a deadly toy,' the lady observes; 'don't play with it too carelessly—it's loaded. Why, my dear,' she adds, smiling at my look of dismayed astonishment, and the haste with which I remove my eye from the barrel, down which I was squinting, 'what would be the use of it if it wasn't loaded?'

One of the noteworthy men in the city is—or *was* at the season of which I speak—the editor of the *Chronicle*, Charles De Young. The story of his career, of his working his way upward from the position of a penniless printer's boy to that which had always been his ambition, which he kept steadily before him, and to which, by sheer pluck and push and persistent energy, he attained at last—that of proprietor and editor of a powerful paper—this story is in itself an interesting one; but the remarkable thing to us is that he walks about the city openly, free and fearless, and apparently enjoying life—his stirring, full, busy life—while the doctors are still probing for his

bullet in the breast of the mayor of the city.

A friend of ours happened to be present at 'the shooting,' and periodically relates the details of the affair with gusto; he always winds the story up with a regret, not unalloyed with disapprobation, that, 'after so many affairs, De Young should make such a bad shot!'

This 'affair' had its cause, of course. The editor of the *Chronicle* avenged an insult to his mother by that bullet. Thereby hangs a tale—a long tale, too—and it is expected that the trial will be a deeply interesting one. But that trial never comes off. Charles De Young was to stand before a higher tribunal to answer for his deed. Just after we leave the city, and two days *before* that fixed for his trial, the tragic culmination of the long feud takes place. The mayor's son walks into the *Chronicle* office, and instantly, without a word being spoken, in the presence of some four or five witnesses, levels his revolver and shoots De Young mortally before he can draw his weapon. He falls and dies with the undischarged pistol, which his failing hand caught too late to defend himself, dropping from his unconscious grasp.

The mayor's son stands his trial, which lasts nearly forty days. Eventually he walks out of court a free man, acquitted by the verdict of a free and enlightened jury—the plea on his behalf

being that he acted in self-defence. The case is a characteristic one, on which comment would be superfluous.

V.—AMONG THE REDWOODS.

ONE bright morning in the opening of March—a month which here might just as well be called May or September—we start from San Francisco by the San Quentin boat. The state prison is at San Quentin; but it is not thither that we are bound; nor do we take any prisoners in our company on board. There does not seem to be much traffic for San Quentin to-day; we have one side of the deck all to ourselves, and enjoy this not the least of our many delightful voyages on the beautiful Bay of San Francisco, of which we never weary. To-day the sky and the water are a monotone of radiant blue. White sails and black smoke-stacks dot the broad expanse of this inland sea—whereon the fleets of all the nations might ride at anchorage—land-locked save at the Golden Gate, through which, ‘out of the golden, remote, wild west,’ and ‘straight from the sunset,’ flows in the mighty Pacific.


Before us rises, in strong, bold outline and rich purple shade against the azure sky, the grand

mountain Tamalpais. We sail on by the fortified islands that guard the Gate ; we

‘ unchallenged pass
By the silent guns of Alcatraz !’

and by the stronghold of Angel Island.

Arrived at San Quentin, we change to the little train of ‘ North Pacific Coast Line’ narrow-gauge cars, which we find awaiting our boat. It seems a very trim, clean, toy-looking little train after the great ‘ palace cars’ of the overland journey. We pass through the lovely village of San Rafael, one of the favourite resorts of San Franciscans needing a change from the city. It is an idyllic-looking cluster of pretty, white-and-cream-coloured wooden villas and nosegays of gardens nestling low among the hills. Beyond this we run into a perfectly beautiful and ever-changing landscape of wood and water, dark pine-forests, swelling green hills, and sunny valleys. In making its way along the shore and through the hills, our line plays the strangest tricks. It coils in and out, and round and round, disappears round corners, vanishes in tunnels, has a game of hide-and-seek with the hills, and comes unexpectedly to light again on a level. Sometimes we think we have lost our engine, or the engine has forgotten us and gone on without us ; but it always appears from behind a bluff at last, having



doubled the train in half, or tricksily twisted it into a figure of 8.

We dash over trestle-works that look too fragile to support our weight, and, being in America, are of course so narrow that our cars overlap the track. We run along Tomales Bay—nay, run over it, for half the time the trestle-works are over the water. Presently we get into the Redwoods, which, at a distant, cursory first glance, present very much the aspect of pines. We have at this stage of the journey the car almost entirely to ourselves, and the conductor comes up to chat with us, and do the honours of the Redwoods to the strange ladies who have come from the city on purpose to see them. Getting interested in our society, he sits down on the stove, which causes me so much anxiety that I lose the thread of his conversation, as I have seen him but a short time before shovel an abundant supply of coal into the said stove, and I am apprehensive of the consequences. He points out to us, amongst the giant ranks of the great dark Redwoods, other noteworthy California trees, the 'live-oak,' with its peculiar pale green, moss-like foliage and silvery bark; the stately 'sugar-pine;' the beautiful madrono, 'mother of the forest,' with copper-red, sleek, shining branches and large, glossy leaves, the native of the wild

woods which cannot be transplanted from its forest home, and will not grow in tame, cultivated garden lands; the manzanita, with its deeper, richer red bark and oval waxy leaf, its pinkish white bell and pearly berry.

He tells us how, last year, the Russian river which we are now skirting, rose fifty-four feet, and carried away many cottages, and set them down, bodily and unbroken, every here and there along the valley. He points out to us several still lying exactly as the retreating flood had left them; one standing on its head in a sadly damaged condition, another with one wall gone, a clean-cut section of a house; others fallen on one side, and very tottery, but some looking quite unhurt and as habitable still as if they had not made such an adventurous voyage. We inquire about the fate of their unfortunate inmates, and are assured,

‘I guess they got out all safe and comfortable.’

We are now in the region of the timber-mills, where the ‘kings of the forest’ are cut down and sliced up and sawed into lengths. Late in the afternoon, we arrive at our destination, the terminus of the line, Duncan Mills. Here, in the very heart of the Redwoods, we find a large and comfortable hotel. There is no town, no village, nothing but the hotel and some outbuildings,


and, at a little distance, the great mill, to be seen. We are the only passengers who have come as far as the terminus, and, as it is out of the season, we are the only guests at the hotel. Thus we have our choice of quarters, and secure two large and well-furnished, communicating rooms, with an outlook from the windows, which reminds us of Switzerland—a wild and lonely scene of peaked, purple hills in the background; a foreground of ever-green forest; a few scattered sheds like toy *châlets*, two or three pigs, and a goat roving about the barren ground, which is innocent of garden, path, flower-bed, or green-sward. We soon sit down to an excellent dinner, cooked and served by Chinamen. At the next table to us, on one side, the landlord and his family compose the party; the table on the other side is occupied by several gentlemen, of some of whose faces it appears to us we must have had a glimpse before, and in whom we presently identify our conductor, with his fellow railway officials: engineer, stoker, baggage-man, etc.

In the evening, we all, except the railway employés, resort to the general parlour, where the strength of our little company is increased by a big, dark, handsome fellow in top-boots, who is presented to us as the 'express agent,'

and a laconic young lady in spectacles, who, we understand, is 'the school-mistress,' though, as we see no sign of a village, it is a puzzling question, whence come the scholars? We all gather round a goodly fire of the great, flaming, fragrant pine-logs—the sort of 'Yule-tide' fire that looks as if it ought to be blazing in a baronial hall—and find the evening fly quickly by. The mistress of the hotel relates to us reminiscences of 'crossing the Plains;' recalls how she, a little child, heard the Indians' war-yell as they came down upon the 'corral' wherein the emigrant party were encamped for the night. The express-agent talks literature and the drama, Shakespeare, Byron, and European politics; in every topic of the day he is quite *au courant*. We wind-up by a grand discussion on the Chinese question. I do not think we ever talked long to a Californian without the Chinese question coming up; and we invariably found, even when seated at a choice dinner, excellently cooked by Sing Hi, and deftly served by Wong Low, the Californian sentiment—when Wong Low had turned his back—was uttered with one accord:

'The Chinese must go! We've had enough, and too much of them.'

The next day a brilliant sky arched over the dark Redwoods; the wintry cold of the early



morning warmed into spring, and then into summer, as the sun rose higher. At mid-day, the 'waggon,' to drive us through the forest, was at the door; a burly driver on the box, and our landlord and our express-agent—handsomer and more picturesque than ever by daylight, in a huge sombrero, a rough light coat, and boots up to his waist—waiting to hand us to our seats. We drove off, and, to our astonishment, drove immediately off the road at a right angle and straight, splash into the Russian river!

Our first idea was that we had been entrusted to the mercies of a lunatic; but the sight of the express-agent's composed and smiling expression, as he stood cheerily waving his hat, relieved us, especially when combined with the driver's assurance, 'It's the ford right here, ma'am.' Still we did not relish the proceeding when, having driven out into the middle of the river, the water splashing over the axles, he turned, and drove directly down-stream, the current rising and swirling over the wheels, till it looked as if the horses were swimming.

'All right, ma'am,' was his paternal reply to our remonstrance. 'See those sticks? They mark the way. It's twenty feet deep on either side of us, but all safe here.'

This process of fording the Russian River was

repeated two or three times, as the river and the road kept tangling themselves up together. The horses seemed to like it, so did the driver; and we resigned ourselves to it. Then we came to a 'corduroy' road, which is formed by the simple and ingenious device of laying enormous logs at intervals of a few feet or yards across a Slough of Despond. The vehicle climbs and plunges over a high log, and flounders down into a quicksand of black mud, whence the horses by a long and frantic struggle succeed in extricating the wheels, and dragging the vehicle up on to the next log; and thus, in alternately leaping over logs and sinking into yawning abysses of quagmire, we progressed over the 'corduroy' road, which left its impression on us far deeper than the surface! our very *bones* felt bruised. But we forgot our jarred and aching heads in the grandeur of the scene around us. It was the 'Forest Primæval;' the lofty vistas between the upright ranks of Redwoods, dark and stately, were solemn and hushed as the aisles of a great cathedral; the silence of the wilderness was only broken now and then by the harsh twitter of the blue-jay; the rich, soft, green saplings, straight and slender, and scarcely swaying a leaf in the still, windless air, lightened the gloom in the deep shadows of the patriarchal trees, whose towering

tops seemed to prick the azure of the skies.

These are not the 'Big Trees' proper, *Sequoia Gigantea*, but a species peculiar to the Coast Range of California, the *Sequoia Sempervirens*. However, as we had seen nothing bigger, they were the 'Big Trees' to *us*. Many are three hundred feet in height, straight as poplars, and majestic as pines, of such equal altitude that it is almost impossible to realise the full stature of their mammoth ranks. The driver pointed out several that he said were fifteen feet in diameter. Once we alighted, and made our way through the brush to measure a giant of the forest with a long rope. Standing there, amongst and under the Redwoods, we realised for the first time how colossal *they* were, and what insignificant little insects *we*! We felt like flies or beetles crawling round the huge trunk, which we found to be fully fifty feet in circumference.

After enjoying a day or two in the comfortable hotel at Duncan Mills, we returned to the city of San Francisco, and thence took the Southern Pacific Railway for a trip down the coast, paying flying visits to Monterey, the Carmel Valley, Salinas City, and Santa Cruz. We found Monterey a sleepy, dead-alive old Spanish town, flat and forlorn-looking; the old houses mostly of *adobe*, but some—I presume the more modern

ones—of wood, looking like tumble-down barns; a touch of picturesqueness was imparted to the place by the dark-browed, slouch-hatted Spaniards lounging about the sandy streets, and by the fanciful colouring of some of the adobe houses. ‘Adobe’—a sort of sun-dried clay—in its natural state, is exactly like solidified London mud; but in Monterey we found in many cases its naturally unbeautiful hue embellished by a thick coat of paint, or coloured plaster, so that here we came upon a pale pink house, there upon a cream-coloured cottage, and then upon a light-scarlet dwelling, picked out with green shutters.

We put up at a queer little adobe hotel, with walls about a yard thick, and not a drop of water fit to drink. A little way outside the town, a magnificent new hotel, surrounded by extensive and beautifully wooded grounds, was nearly completed. It was opened soon after our visit to Monterey, and is a brilliant success: a result surely to be anticipated, as good accommodation was really all that the picturesque old Spanish town on the shore of the Pacific Ocean needed to make it a most enjoyable and popular resort. It is not to be forgotten that we visited Monterey ‘out of the season,’ at its deadest time. We heard it was very gay in summer. It is surrounded by beautiful and interesting drives. To

the old adobe ruin, the 'Mission of San Carlos,' one of the earliest of the Californian 'missions;' through the Carmel Valley, a landscape soft and sweet, and poetic as its name; to Pescadero; to Lighthouse Point; to 'Moss' and 'Pebbly' beaches, and Cypress Point: to all these, excursions were duly made.

We enjoyed a shell and seaweed hunt on Moss Beach, a wild waste of white sand sparkling like snow, dotted with low boulders and

'Banks of bright seaweed, the ebb-tides left dry!'

and little tufts of pretty, modest 'tunita' flowers—at least, so it was, I think, that our driver called them. He spoke but little English; he looked like a lamb-like brigand, or one of those operatic characters who would come on in the chorus—as described in the stage-directions, 'Enter cloaked conspirators,'—and sing their evil intentions in a bass *sotto voce*. We asked him what his name was, and he replied, in his deep, rich, soft Spanish accents, 'Rafael Serrano,' which musical cognomen I immediately jotted down in my note-book for the hero of my next novel; but, somehow, I have not utilised it yet, and I make it present to any of the fraternity.

We drove on to Cypress Point, and picnicked here. It is a singular grove of trees, of which scarcely one retains normal shape or erect posi-

tion. They are all gnarled and twisted and distorted—a grisly army of cripples, as if struck still in some convulsion by an evil wizard, with their knotted and writhen limbs, never to relax again. By night they must be like a weird and ghastly gathering of spectres, with something horribly human in their contortions. But in the bright light of day we picnicked merrily in their shade.

All that day the vast Pacific lay dazzlingly blue in the sunshine—a wonderful blue of deepest amethyst, the long swell of its mighty waves rolling in a low, continuous boom on the beach, while the exhilarating salt sea-breeze, strong as wine of iodine and ozone, blew in ‘from the bountiful, infinite West,’ from far-off fair lands ‘full of the sunset!’

The next beach we visited was that called the ‘Pebbly,’ which was like those of our ordinary sea-side shingly beaches, wherein we hunt for agate pebbles, and seldom find any. But it seemed to be considered a rare sight—which, indeed, is natural, considering that it is the only beach of the kind on that part of the coast—and Rafael Serrano prepared to tether his horse and settle himself for a several hours’ stay there, as he made sure we should not be able to tear ourselves away from the curious scene and the delicious novelty of

hunting for pebbles, until at least a period of hours had been devoted to these rare delights.


From Monterey we moved on to Santa Cruz, a pretty and picturesque sea-side town, where we found excellent accommodation, enjoyed some lovely walks and drives, and, after a day or two, hired a 'spring waggon,' which, we were informed, was the right kind of vehicle for the occasion, to take us to the Felton Grove of redwoods, which are finer than those we had seen up in Sonoma county, near Duncan Mills.

But in these colossal trees a few feet more or less does not make very much apparent difference, and thus the Felton Grove, although it comprises many specimens of larger size, did not eclipse the impression left in our 'mind's eye' by the Sonoma grove—with the exception of one scattered insulated group of the biggest of the Felton trees, dispersed at varying distances apart, and by far the more impressive for their comparative isolation. They were indeed wonderful; some of them seventy feet in circumference. Inside the hollow trunk of one of them, christened 'Fremont's Cabin,' because General Fremont in his expedition of 1846 had taken up his quarters therein, a man and his wife and family had lived for two years. Another monarch of the woods was covered with *visiting-cards*, nailed round the trunk as

high as a man could reach. Who or what this tree represented, and why he was selected from his brethren as the object of so many social 'calls,' I know not; but, anyhow, every tourist seemed to have made a point of 'leaving his card,' until the huge bole was completely hidden by the array of paste-board, which had an absurd and incongruous effect there—as if a fly should leave his card on Jumbo! Some of the visitors had an eye to business, and left cards professionally—'John Jones, tailor,' 'Abijah G. Smith, photographer,' and so on.

Among these giants of the forest we moved about like creeping insects; their towering crowns seemed too high for our eyes to reach. Their magnitude weighed upon us almost overwhelmingly; there was something awful in the great silence of the wilderness, which our voices broke about as much as the cheep of a cricket. If these were so impressive, we thought and sighed, how stupendous must be the 'Grizzly Giants' and 'Old Goliahs' of the Mariposa and Calaveras Groves—the 'Big Trees' proper—which we, alas! are not to take in our tour! But one cannot see everything, and the real *Sequoia Gigantea*, as also the marvels of Yosemite, we must 'leave unseen, unknown,' like to the braes of Yarrow.

In the course of our journey, we were fast



arriving at the conclusion that, to thoroughly appreciate travelling in America, one must be, an unprotected female. We were surrounded by chivalrous kindness and courtesy, roughly expressed sometimes, but welcome always—from the driver who, whether he had heard of Sir Walter Raleigh or not, threw his own rug over the muddy wheel to save our dresses, to the head-waiter who leant over our chair and inquired, in solicitous tones of fraternal familiarity, ‘Wal, and how are you gett’n along? Nicely, eh? Wal, that’s right!’ even down to the woolly-pated old negro who carried our portmanteau two or three hundred yards along the wharf for us, and, having set it down at our goal, turned and was gone, vanishing with such celerity, we had no time to offer him a recompense. This ebony ‘man and brother’ was in shining contrast to the white hackman who immediately afterwards swindled us out of four dollars for a five minutes’ drive.

From Santa Cruz we returned northwards to Alameda, and took boat across the bay to San Francisco. The sun was setting beyond the Golden Gate, through whose purple portals broke a shining glimpse of the distant ocean; and the tide of light flowed in and flooded the bay with glory. Never was there a more resplendent scene of light and colour! The filmy prismatic tran-

sparencies of the Californian atmosphere veiled the distant valleys in a soft, rosy haze strangely shot with shimmers of gold; an opalescent halo clung about the hills; the great, deep waters, the earth, the heavens from horizon to horizon, were all bathed in a luminous flush. It might have been the reflection of some unearthly flames that lit the sky, as we

‘Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the dusk of evening!’

ACROSS THE SIERRAS.

THE great steam-ferry ploughed steadily across the slowly-heaving waves of San Francisco Bay. A grey mist shrouded sky, and land, and waters, and fell like a veil over the Golden City we were leaving behind us. We looked back at it from the stern of the boat, and our farewell gaze rested only upon what seemed the huge battlements of some gigantic castle looming dimly through the fog. No more than this was to be seen of the Queen City of the West, with her hundred hills, her climbing streets, her forest of shipping, the barren sand-dunes at her feet, the mountains standing guard around her.

The Oakland boat—its great saloon a wonder of gilding and mirrors and velvet couches; its length of well-washed deck offering a wide, smooth promenade to such as liked exercise—was bearing us and the other Overland passengers across the bay to the overland train, which was to whirl us Eastward from California.

‘ You’ll be lucky, if you are not snowed up on

the Sierras,' observed a cheerful friend, rubbing his hands over our anticipated misery. 'You're going to run right into a snow-storm.'

'We shall not starve, anyhow,' we replied, regarding the promising dimensions of the luncheon-baskets which Joe the Chinaman, smiling, blue-bloused, slippered, pig-tailed, bore for our benefit.

'I don't know,' said our friend, shaking his head. 'My sister was snow-bound for twenty days coming from Omaha.'

'Let me introduce you to some fellow-victims,' said another of the battalion of friends who had come to 'see us off.'

It seems as if the American would never lose a chance of 'seeing off' anyone—friend or foe. Whatever place we were leaving, we were invariably 'seen off' by a social party of well-wishers, some of whom would bring their friends with them to enjoy the occasion.

'General A.' and 'Judge B.' were duly introduced. We all bowed as gracefully as was possible, considering that the boat was rocking like a cradle as she plunged over the waves, and the mighty wind that rushes in from the Pacific through the Golden Gate was endeavouring to carry off our hats and bonnets in spite of our restraining hands. Our faithful Chinese Joe smiled serenely, as one lady's headgear flew

off, and skimmed along the deck, and observed:

‘Muchee blowee.’

Arrived at Oakland Wharf, we found the train of long, yellow-painted cars awaiting us, and had only time to discover in which of the ‘sleepers’ our berths were taken, and bid a hasty farewell to our friends, before the engine-bell clanged, and we were off. ‘Good-bye’ is always a miserable word to say, and California is not a pleasant country to *leave*! The very bouquets in our hands, the April roses and calla-lilies, the parting offerings of friends too well loved to be lightly left, looked like sad relics; and as to the luncheon-baskets—we were more inclined to shed a tear upon the home-made cake concocted by loving hands than to eat it!


The sun shone out and the morning mist faded away as we rushed through the smiling meadows and fertile valleys of the Golden State. We settled ourselves, our bouquets, and our small baggage very comfortably within the limits of the two cushioned seats which constituted our ‘section,’ and had even a fragment of a seat wherewith to accommodate our visitors, when General A. and Judge B., who were quartered in another car, came to pay us morning calls. They invited us to return their visit by taking a walk into the next car, which we did, and beguiled the time

partly by an inspection of the various cars, partly by a study of the 'Rules and Regulations' placarded on the walls. It was hurtful to our feelings to find that we must not light a spirit-lamp unless we had an 'infant in arms,' but very satisfactory to be assured that 'one canary in a cage' might be carried free. At Martinez we were interested in seeing our great train cut in half, and the two halves run on to a huge ferry-boat, which bore us across the Sacramento river. She touched the pier so that the tracks on boat and land exactly joined; we ran on shore, were put together again, and dashed on our way to Sacramento.

At Sacramento station the pleasing prospect was reported to us by General A. that a thousand feet of snow-sheds were wrecked on the line ahead of us, crushed beneath the weight of snow. Luckily, no train was under them. The superintendent had rushed off on a special car with a gang of men to clear the road for us. For we, the overland mail, were of no inconsiderable consequence. Were we not the one eastward mail of the whole twenty-four hours? Solaced by the reflection of our own importance, we took a walk upon the platform amid a crowd of red shirts, round hats, and top-boots. The 'Western boy' of the paper-covered volumes on London railway book-stalls was largely represented, and 'loafing'

about in swarms—quiet, impassive, orderly, as he always was whenever we came across him. An Indian wrapped in a gaily-striped blanket crouched on the steps of the baggage-car. His black eyes followed us stealthily as we passed; his stolid countenance seemed as though it could never change.

A handsome luncheon was set out on the counter, and the nimble and ever-smiling Celestials waited affably upon such travellers as chose to take their meal there. For us, we returned to our car, bade the mulatto porter set up the movable table in our section, spread the cloth, opened our picnic-baskets, and lunched in state. During the afternoon, as our train swung on its swift and steady way through the beautiful Sacramento valley and flowering fields, we made acquaintance with our fellow-passengers, and mutually confided fragmentary portions of our histories. Once, when the train pulled up between two stations, and ran back two miles to pick up the engineer's hat, which he had dropped, a couple of gallant Californians improved the occasion by jumping out of the car and scrambling down a bank to gather some boughs of manzanita for the ladies. The delicate green waxen leaves and exquisite pink and white bell-blossoms were gratefully accepted, and pinned in our hats or dried in our



guide-books. One pretty girl, going East alone, about whom we wove our little romance, fastened hers becomingly in her golden hair; one enterprising child, Tommy by name, was detected in ascertaining by practical experiment the flavour of the manzanita, and, on his branch being snatched from him by his alarmed parent, protested that 'grizzly bears ate the manzanita berry—Mountain Jim told him so—and why shouldn't he?' We had a trio of English tourists in our car, who had crossed the Pacific from Australia, and were on a tour round the world. They had stayed three days in San Francisco, and said there was nothing to see there.

In climbing the foothills of the Sierras we came upon new beauties of colouring in the landscape, the dark pine woods and the graceful saplings of paler hue contrasting with the warm ruddy tones of the banks of orange-red earth below and the vivid blue sky above. It was nearly evening, and, as the sun sank lower and lower behind the mountains, the cloudless sapphire of the sky deepened into diviner and more mysterious hues, and still lovelier and lovelier grew the tender lights and the rich shadows of the pine forest flooded in the golden haze of sunset.

At Colfax, about twilight, the conductor made the announcement—which we had all the after-

noon been anticipating—that the line was blocked ahead of us, and we could go no further. We were ignominiously shunted into a siding, and left there to pass the night. I do not know how we should have killed time that evening by the light of two dim oil-lamps, hung so high in the roof of the car that we could neither see to read nor write, had not the Judge produced a pack of cards, the beauty of the car a box of dominoes, and Tommy's mother contributed the priceless treasure of the fifteen-puzzle. The General and the Judge got up a whist-party, and a bachelor quartette at the end of the car enjoyed an uproarious game of Poker. The rest of the gentlemen disappeared, including the British trio. I think there was a saloon in the town, for they did not return till late, warbling the melodious strains of *Upidee-idee-ida!* which idiotic refrain appeared to be popular.

The porter pulled the sliding shelves from under our seats, which make the two seats into what is called a 'double lower berth,' let down the upper berths, hooked up the curtains, and soon the car was a dormitory.

In the morning, we breakfasted at six, and then started on our journey again. We rounded the wonderful curve of Cape Horn, where the railway-track creeps like a spider-line round the

face of a huge wall of rock towering high above, and falling sheer two thousand feet below. We looked down on the tops of the tall pines half lost in mist, far, far beneath us—looked away to the ocean of mountain peaks, like tossing billows frozen at their height, which frowned down upon the great American Cañon.

We were soon in the snow-lands now. At the next stopping-place we all turned out of our stove-heated car in search of air and exercise. Air—fresh, cold, keen mountain air, we could get; but chance of exercise, alas! there was none. Banks of snow were piled high on each side of our train; we were literally in a narrow cutting between two snow walls; there was scarcely room for us to alight from the slippery, frozen steps of the car. The irrepressible Tommy leaped out, and plunged at the snowy banks, and shouted to us all to ‘come down, and play snowballs!’ We collected some snow in saucers, flavoured it with lemon and raspberry syrup from our stores, and handed it round to the gentlemen. ‘Take an ice-cream, Judge?’ invited the beauty, sweetly, just as Tommy, exhilarated by the General having playfully rolled him in the snow, projected a fine snowball with too sure an aim at the magnificent expanse of the Judge’s vest.

We climbed rapidly up the Sierras, and in less than four hours were at Summit, at an altitude of seven thousand and seventeen feet, the highest point touched by the Central Pacific Railway. We next passed Donner Creek, hard by Donner Lake, the scene of one of the most terrible of all the tragedies that were enacted along this route, whereon the milestones are forgotten graves. We shuddered as we looked on the snow-covered mountains, and recalled the horrors of that story of the starving camp—the men, and even women, lost to humanity in the rage of famine; the one heroic woman, faithful unto death—who rejected the offered chance of escaping with her children, and, seeing them on the road to safety, remained to die by her husband's side—whose name is given to the creek that was the scene, and is the commemoration, of her sufferings and her deathless love. We turned away from the merciless shroud of snow that sheeted the earth, as it enfolded *them* that day—little more than thirty years ago.

Now we reached the region of snow-sheds. For hours we ran at slackened speed through these dark timber-galleries—like tunnels above ground. The back-blown smoke from our locomotive filled the close air, so that we were driven in, half-stifled, from the platforms, where we were

taking an airing; and even in the car there was such a chorus of coughing that we might have been a party of consumptive invalids. It was too dark to read; and in our hearts we were in perpetual apprehension lest the event which had so lately happened—of the roof falling, crushed in by the weight of snowdrifts—should recur, in which case we should have had short shrift.

Here and there we came upon great gaps in wall and roof, and broken timbers, the relics of yesterday's wreckage. Through these gaps we caught glimpses of the great Sierras never to be forgotten, brief as they were. Brief, for the scene was too dazzling for the eye to bear. The vast slopes of shining snow blinded us, emerging from our darkness, like a lightning blaze. Up to the highest heavens the clearly-outlined snow-peaks seemed to reach, and away to the horizon the immeasurable snowdrifts spread. We looked out upon a world of spotless, dazzling, blinding, wonderful white. The great pines were clothed from head to foot in snow; but the proud heads of these monarchs of the mountain and the forest did not bend beneath the weight of their frosted-silver crowns. Among those scenes, which will come back to us in memory for ever, uneclipsed in the future,

as unrivalled in the past, will always shine out those too brief glimpses of the wondrous white world of the Sierras !

At Reno, we had descended to a level of four thousand five hundred feet, and were in the great mining State of Nevada, at a junction from which the Virginia and Truckee Railroad runs to the mining centre, Virginia City, on the celebrated Comstock lode. Here we found the noble red man and his wives had 'come out for to see' us ; and we returned the compliment by all turning out on the platform to see them. There were squaws old and young, some ugly as a heathen idol, some with a certain beauty in their bronze faces and great black eyes, most of them carrying a pappoose, like a little mummy, swathed and bound in a kind of wicker-cradle, and strapped on the mother's back. A young squaw, no doubt the beauty of the tribe, with daubs of vermilion on her cheek-bones, just where a natural flush would *not* be, attired in a buckskin-petticoat and a blue blanket, stood immobile as a bronze statue, apparently unconscious of the Judge's comments on her attractions. An old squaw, sitting huddled up on the steps, begged silently, with sinewy brown hand outstretched. Several braves, clad in blankets, red, yellow, and green, crowded on the steps of the baggage-car. Each one had his

gun, and we passed them with our meekest aspect. One had a civilised hat, under which his mane of wild, coarse hair streamed out incongruously. Our compatriots on their way round the world, referred to their 'Pacific Tourist' guide-book, and apparently revelled in the information that these were Piutes; they also culled from that tourist's authority some curious details as to the Piute burial customs.

Besides the Indians, a couple of negroes and two or three Chinamen were also lounging about. Here, on this little strip of platform, the four races met. The white man elbowed the red man, of whose land he has taken possession, and who is dying and withering away before him; the black man, whom he tore from his native soil, and through whom the blood of millions watered the ruined fields of the South; and the yellow man, who is giving him trouble now, and promises to give him more.

At the succeeding stations also the aborigines hang about the platforms and climb on to the freight-cars. Indians and editors ride free, 'dead-head,' as they express it. We pass through the land of the Piutes into the land of the Shoshonee, but our inexperienced eyes detect no difference in the aspect of these tribes. They all look very dirty; and only through the rose-coloured glasses

of romance can one perceive any picturesqueness in them to admire. But we must not fall into the common error of judging the red race by these half-tame specimens who hang about on the fringe of civilisation, left behind by the true Indian, who retreats to his fastnesses before the white man's advance, but

‘Speeds an arrow as he flies.’

We are now on the great Plains. They were a waste of sage-brush and snow when we crossed them in the winter; now they are a waste of sage-brush and sand. Nothing to be seen, to east and west and north and south, but barren desert, brown sage-brush, and yellow sand. Late in the afternoon our train pulls up in the middle of the desert to wait for the Westward-bound Overland to pass us, for across the Plains there is only a single track, save at the crossing-places. We all snatch the opportunity of alighting from our car, and rambling about, ankle-deep in sand, picking specimens of sage-brush, and hunting for agates, which are said to be found here; but, as I need hardly say, we do not find any. Presently we see a puff of smoke on the edge of the desert—soon the distant clanging of a bell reaches our ears. The Pacific express is coming. We jump up on to the platforms of our respective cars, and stand there to see it pass. The living street, the

counterpart of our own, comes rushing on its way, half its passengers swarming out on the platforms, the rest crowding at the windows, to gaze at us as we are gazing at them. Thus the Eastward and the Westward-bound meet and pass—so closely that hands are stretched in recognition and greeting from one to the other. ‘How are you, Charlie?’ ‘Hullo, Jack!’ and two hands catch and clasp for a second as their train, slightly slackening its rush, sweeps past ours.

The excitement is over; we are *en route* again. Soon the sun goes down in a very glare of barbaric splendour. The dark clouds are broken up into a blaze of incredible colours. No artist save Turner would have dared to paint the vivid tints that flame and fade and melt at last into a wonderful gorgeous dappling of amethyst and gold that overspreads the whole heavens.

In the evening, as we gaze upon the dusky Plains, the dim horizon, the limitless desolation of this dead-level seems to crush us. We remember the pioneers who toiled, and starved, and fell by the way in the terrible journey across these pathless Plains. In fancy we see the ghosts of the waggon-trains crawling on their weary road. We think how

‘There lies the nation’s great high-road of dead
Forgotten and unnumbered!’

think how

'The brown and russet grasses wave
Along a thousand leagues that lie one common grave!'

And so the night falls, and at Humboldt—which our guide-book describes as an oasis in the desert—we alight for supper, and indulge in the luxuries of hot meats, fish, and vegetables, which are not comprised in our luncheon-baskets. We are fortunate that night in getting delicious antelope-steak and fresh mountain trout, and return to our car smiling and serene as a Chinaman.

We have not recovered the twelve hours we lost at Colfax, although we have been running at extra speed across the Plains, and this night it is evident that the engineer is 'doing his level best' to make up time, for we are tossed up and down like shuttlecocks in our beds as the car plunges and jolts over the roughly-laid road, which was never built for express speed.

The next day, our third on board the cars, we skirt the Great American Desert, and come upon the inland sea of the Salt Lake, its green glassy expanse shining in the sunlight. The waves which sometimes dash against its bold promontories are sleeping calmly to-day; we run for some time beside its fair and sunny waters, glittering like multitudinous diamonds in the golden glare of the sun. About four o'clock we reach Ogden, and, being still some seven hours

behind time, are besieged with inquiries from the crowd on the platform as to whether we have met with any accident. The thunder of a great Chinese gong summons us to dinner in the little railway hotel—a narrow slip of a building sandwiched-in between two parallel railway lines.

At Ogden we say good-bye to the bright yellow Silver Palace cars of the Central Pacific, and take our appointed places in the dark brown Pullman Sleepers of the U.P. Our little knot of friendly fellow-travellers mutually inquire as to the location of each other's berths. 'Which car are you in?' 'We are in the Colorado.' 'Ours is the Laramie.' 'Come and see us in the Colorado,' and so on. Established in the 'Laramie' car, we are off again, setting our watches afresh, for we have kept San Francisco time till now, and find ourselves over an hour backward.

We are fortunate enough to arrive at the wonders of Weber and Echo Cañon by daylight. The best view is from the rearmost platform of the train, so we join the Judge and the General in the rear car, and take up our places on the platform, the gentlemen chivalrously securing our safety by taking the outside places as the car sways and jolts round sharp curves and over narrow and fearfully frail-looking trestle-works. We would fain slacken the speed of the train as we rush

through these marvellous mountain defiles, that we might dwell longer on the battlemented cliffs towering two thousand feet above us, the rugged peaks that cleave the sky, the fantastic formations of the rocks. Our countrymen have their guide-book out, of course; and one of them reads aloud to the other two the names bestowed on these picturesque eccentricities of Nature. Here is one isolated column called the 'Idiot;' we have no time to discuss the open question 'Why?' for our attention is claimed by the 'Kettle,' the 'Steamboat,' the 'Three Witches'—three pinnacles looming weirdly through the gathering twilight in a vague likeness to the female form divine; then the 'Witches' Bottles,' which are as big as the Witches, and the 'Devil's Slide,' an odd freak of Nature, two long, low, straight walls of granite running down the steep face of the cliff for nearly a thousand feet in rigid parallel, suggesting to us that it would, if frozen, be an admirable spot for tobogganing.

Night closes once more, and once more we beguile the evening with whist and euchre, a traveller returning eastward from the Eureka mines instructing us in the latter game. In the morning we arise light of heart, for we are nearing the end of our journey. We are going to branch off to Denver City this evening, and hope

to arrive there before the small hours of the morning, and sleep this night in a bed that does not leap and lurch beneath us. Our spirits are somewhat dashed by having to wait three hours for breakfast. We rise at seven, and the train makes no stop till ten. Then we hurry the porter off to fetch us coffee, butter, and milk. Our bread and biscuits are running short, but, by way of compensation, we have a whole plum-cake left. We exchange with the party whom we always and only know as 'the "Tommy" family,' from the name of their ubiquitous offspring, and who have abundance of bread, while Tommy clamours for cake. We further exchange preserved peaches and potted lobster, and all are content—far better satisfied than are those hungry passengers who scorned the modest provisions of picnic baskets, and responded to the clamorous summons of the gong outside the breakfast-saloon. They return grumbling, having paid a dollar each for tough steak and 'slop coffee.'

To-day we are on the Plains again, but now the barren monotony of sage-brush and sand, brown-yellow prairie and blue sky, is varied by glimpses of distant peaks, and here and there the dead level undulates, and the horizon is broken up into rugged mountain outlines. We are now making the ascent of the Rocky Mountains, and late in

the afternoon alight at Laramie, seven thousand one hundred and twenty-three feet above sea-level, to enjoy a hasty run in the keen, bracing air, and inspect the stuffed heads of elk and buffalo exhibited on the platform. Then we continue our ascent into the regions of snow again, the white summits of the Snowy Range floating like stationary clouds in the distance. At Sherman we reach the highest point touched by the Union Pacific Railroad, an elevation of eight thousand two hundred and forty-two feet. We have been told we ought to feel symptoms of distress here from the rarefied state of the atmosphere. But we feel nothing—although, certainly, the beauty of our car looks very pale and asks for *saï volatile*; the judge pulls his hat over his eyes and shivers in his corner; even Tommy's exuberant spirits appear dashed—but this effect we attribute to the disappearance of a whole can of potted lobster. He is, however, equal to the effort of rolling a big snowball to throw at us as we tramp up and down on a path of frozen snow—for the great secret of enjoying the overland journey is never to lose a chance of exercise.

Now, again on, on over the snow-covered plain! it seems impossible that this vast desert-level is eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. We are descending, but so imperceptibly that,

when we reach Cheyenne Junction that evening, having descended two thousand feet from Sherman, it has seemed a level run all the way.

Here our harmonious party breaks up. The judge is going to dine and sleep at Cheyenne, and take the stage at dawn to the Black Hills. The general's route lies across the arid plains of 'Bleeding Kansas.' The light-hearted young Englishmen are going to run straight through to New York, and will say they have 'seen' the American continent from east to west. We take the train which is in waiting on the Colorado Central line, and which sets off with a preliminary plunge and jolt that gives us a pleasing foretaste of the healthful shaking-up in store for us for the next half-dozen hours. And now we are sorry that the long day-and-night journey in the pleasant social car is over, and the snowy world of the Sierras is a thing of the past to us; and in the deepening twilight we lean out of the window to watch the last glimpses of the waving hands and handkerchiefs of the eastward-bound travellers as the Atlantic express rushes on its thundering way.

APRIL DAYS IN COLORADO.

'Bronco Breaking a Specialty!'—'Burro and Pony Trail!'—'A Fine Burro for Hire!' These announcements placarded on the walls stare us in the face as we take our first walk abroad in the little town of Colorado Springs. Their meaning would have been unintelligible as hieroglyphics to us once, not so long ago, in spite of the well-worn copies of Mark Twain and Bret Harte which attest our diligent study of the manners, customs, and phraseology of the great West. We have lately learnt, however, that a *bronco* is a horse, who, if he were a little better trained and disciplined, would be called simply a horse, and, if he were a little wilder, would be honoured by the title of a mustang, while a *burro* is the humble and serviceable donkey.

Colorado Springs—so called because the springs are at Manitou, five miles off—is a prairie town on a plateau six thousand feet high, above which Pike's Peak stands sentinel, lifting his snow-capped head fourteen thousand feet into the clear

depths of azure light, in which no fleck of cloud floats from morn to night and night to morn again. It is April, and not a drop of rain has fallen since the previous August. Mid-April, and not a leaf upon a tree. Not a flower or a bird seems to flourish here. No spring-blossom scents the keen fresh life-giving air; no warbler soars high up into the stainless sapphire sky. The leafless cottonwood trees stand out white in the flood of sunlight like trees of silver, their delicate bare branches forming a shining tangle of silvery network against that intense blue background.

The general aspect of Colorado Springs suggests a collection of wooden Noah's-Arks scattered and dotted about promiscuously. The population at a hasty survey seems to consist of blacksmiths, doctors, invalids, coach and stablemen. Small hotels and boarding-houses abound. If you want to hire a buggy, to have your horse shod, to consult a doctor, or to make arrangements for room and board, you can supply each and all of these wants at almost every corner. But if you want to order in a dozen of champagne, or enjoy a glass of claret with your dinner, it will not be quite so easy, for this is a temperance town, and such evil-minded persons as desire to indulge in intoxicating beverages—even in the mild stimulant of claret or *läger*—must betake

themselves some miles off to the nearest saloon. I believe there is a policeman in Colorado Springs, but during our brief visit we never caught a glimpse of him.

The doctors drive a thriving trade, for hither flock invalids from north and south and east and west ; some to die, others to recover the strength they lose again directly they leave the magical climate of Colorado, and a few to regain such perfect health as to be able to turn their backs upon the scene of their cure and see it no more. The place all looks bleak and barren to us ; the wild grandeur of the mountains is unrelieved by the rich shadows of the pine forests, or the sunny green glints of meadow that soften Alpine scenery. No flower gardens, no smiling valleys, no velvet turf, no fragrant orchards, no luxuriant hedges ; only the lonely mountain range, the crowning height of Pike's Peak stern and solitary in his icy exaltation, and the dead level of the prairie, stretching away eastwards for hundreds and hundreds of miles, declining always at a gradual and imperceptible angle, till it slopes down to the very banks of the great Mississippi, over a thousand miles away.

But, although the spot does not seem altogether a Paradise to us, it is a veritable Eden for consumptive invalids. Here they come to find again

the lost angel of Health, and seldom seek in vain, unless they come too late. People live here who can live nowhere else. They long to return to their far-off homes; but home to them means death. They must live in this Colorado air, or die. There is a snake in the grass of this Eden, where they have drunk the elixir of new life, and its name is Nostalgia. They long—some of them—for the snowy winters and flowery summers of their eastern homes. Others settle happily and contentedly in the endless sunshine of winterless, summerless Colorado.

There are drives to be taken in the neighbourhood—the duty of the tourist, the relaxation of the resident; and, with a view to fulfilling our duty, we summon the landlord of our hotel, and inquire about the necessary excursions. He reflects awhile, evidently duly impressed with the importance of the question, and then mentions that he knows an individual who owns a nice waggon, and whom he will consult forthwith. He disappears, and returns leading a big, bronzed fellow in top-boots, of a type to which we are now well accustomed.

‘He will drive you himself,’ our landlord remarks, with an air that implies we are highly honoured.

Our prospective driver hereupon draws forward a large rocking-chair, and sits down, care-

fully depositing his Panama hat upon his knees, and surveying us with a friendly smile, and a gaze at once appreciative and critical ; he enters into conversation in a pleasant way ; he makes more inquiries of us than we do of him ; and we have the satisfaction of feeling that he is quite at home with us. We are still further convinced of this the next morning, when the vehicle *we* have ordered and engaged, and for which *we* are to pay, draws up at the door with a young man on the front seat, beside the driver. We suppose at first that he is the latter's son or brother, or perhaps a stable-assistant ; but we soon perceive by our driver addressing him as 'sir' that he cannot be either of these. We have only a view of his back, and it is difficult to judge from the back of a pilot-coat and a felt wide-awake what manner of man they clothe, especially as he speaks only in monosyllables. Who he is becomes a puzzle to us as time passes on. At last we resort to putting the question plainly, whether he is our driver's son ?—being perfectly sure he is not.

'Oh no, marm, he's not my son. This is a gentleman from Tennessee, who came here for his health last fall. He was so far gone he couldn't walk across the room then ; had to be carried up and downstairs like a baby ; and *now*—you see him !'


We did *not* see anything of him but his back-hair; however, at this semi-introduction, he turned, and gave us a profile view of a countenance which I believe to this day was *blushing*, although I never had a fair chance of judging of his normal complexion. Our driver added a few details of the distressing symptoms and rapid cure of the 'gentleman from Tennessee,' but we never heard any further explanation of his presence in our vehicle.

We rattled along cheerily in our light spring-waggon over the smooth, fine roads, viewing the landscape from beneath the parasols which only partially shielded us from the blazing sun. Although the gentleman from Tennessee preserved a truly Western taciturnity, our driver beguiled the way with instructive and amusing converse. He pointed out to us, flourishing by the wayside, the soap-weed, whose root is a perfect substitute for soap, and taught us to distinguish between the blue-joint-grass—yellow as hay in winter, but now taking on its hue of summer green—and the greyish neutral-tinted buffalo-grass, which is most succulent and nutritious, although its looks belie it, for a less tempting-looking herb I never had the pleasure of seeing. He also pointed out the dead body of a cow lying on a desolate plain, and informed us it would dry up to a mummy in no

time ; it was the effect of the air ; dead cattle speedily mummified, and were no nuisance. Another dried-up bovine skeleton bore witness to the truth of his assertion.

We observed that the soil looked barren as desert sand ; but he replied that it only required irrigation to be extremely fertile, showed us the irrigating ditches cut across the meadows, and described to us some of the marvellous productions of Colorado—a single cabbage-head weighing 40 lbs., etc. He told us of the wondrous glories of the Arkansas Cañon and the Mount of the Holy Cross—which, alas ! we were not to see, the roads thither being as yet rough travelling for ladies. He sang the praises of the matchless climate, and the joys of the free, healthful life far from the enervating and deteriorating influences of great cities. Indeed, it appeared from his conversation that nowhere on the face of the habitable globe could there be found any spot even remotely emulating the charms of Colorado—an opinion shared by every Coloradian with whom we held any intercourse.

The first place we drove through was Colorado City, a forlorn-looking handful of tumble-down wooden houses ; the next was Manitou, where a pretty hotel invited the tourist to stay and rest, and in the neighbourhood of which, among some



other charming cottages, our *cocher* pointed out 'Grace Greenwood's place.' Close by Manitou also is the soda spring, of which a pure, fresh, sparkling draught, dipped up in a cup and drunk on the spot, spoils for ever after one's relish for the bottled soda-water which may hitherto have contented one. Here also is the iron spring, which tasted to us of ink, and ought to be wholesome, being so unpalatable.

Our way then lay up the Ute Pass, once, in days not so far back, frequented by the Ute Indians. Now, not an Indian is to be seen for miles; they have all been swept back on to a Reservation, and the story of the Ute outbreak there of the past autumn is yet fresh in the minds of all. The Ute Pass is a winding, up-hill road along the side of a deep cañon, the rocks here and there overhanging it threateningly, and affording a welcome shade from the piercing sun-rays, which follow us even here. The steep walls of the cañon are partly clothed and crowned with pine-trees, and along its depths a rapid, sparkling stream bubbles and leaps over the rocks and boulders.

Up the pass a waggon-train is toiling on its way to the great new mining centre—the giant baby city—Leadville, the youngest and most wonderful child of the prolific West! In this

train we get entangled, and move slowly along with it—waggon and cattle before us, waggon and cattle behind us—tourists, teamsters, miners, drivers, drovers, dogs, all huddled together in seemingly inextricable confusion. Some of the cattle look bewilderedly round with their great, mild eyes, others lower their heads, and toss their threatening horns. Tiny calves, apparently only a few days old, are tottering after their mothers. One pretty little creature, staggering with fatigue, lies down and folds its poor little limbs to rest. A woman in an immense sun-bonnet is knitting as she walks beside her waggon, the bridle hung loosely over her arm, while the horses shake their tinkling bells, and plod musically along, and the heavy waggon creaks slowly up the hill. Behind it come three or four children, rosy, ragged, and sunburnt, singing with shrill little voices. Within the curtains of the cart, I catch a glimpse of pots and pans and the legs of tables and chairs standing on their heads. All on their way to the Leadville mines! Every now and then there is a blockade; and cattle, drovers, miners, and waggon are crowded and wedged together on the narrow road between cliff and precipice—our attentive *cocher* always manifesting a due regard for our presumed feminine fears by getting the inside place.

At the top of the pass, we tourists turn : and, while the waggon-train plods on its own slow way, we make the best of *our* way back down the hill, and take the road to the Garden of the Gods.

Why the *Garden* of the Gods? I do not myself perceive the appropriateness of the appellation. There is not a flower in sight; only a few stunted shrubs, and forlorn-looking, thin trees. It is a natural enclosure, of fifty or more acres, such as in Colorado is called a 'park,' scattered with rocks of a rich red hue, and the wildest and most grotesque shapes imaginable.

The giants might have made it their playground, and left their playthings behind them. Here, tossed and flung about as if by a careless hand, lie the huge round boulders with which they played at ball. Here they amused themselves by balancing an immense mass of stone on a point so cunningly that it has stood there for centuries looking as if a touch would overturn it. There they have hewn a high rock into the rough semblance of a veiled woman—here they have sculptured a man in a hat—there piled up a rude fortress, and there built a church.

But the giants have deserted their playground ages ago, and trees have grown up between the fantastic formations they left. It is a strange

weird scene, and suggested to us forcibly that if we would 'view it aright' we should

'Go view it by the pale moonlight!'

How spectral those strange shapes would look in the gloom! What ghostly life would seem to breathe in them when the white moonbeams bathed their eerie outlines in her light! There is a something lost in the Garden of the Gods to us who only saw it with a flood of sunshine glowing on its ruddy rocks. Most of these have been christened according to their form—the Nun, the Scotchman, the Camel, and so on.

Two huge walls of red and white stone, rising perpendicularly a sheer three hundred feet, form the gate of the Garden. Through this colossal and for-ever-open gate we looked back with a sigh of farewell—our glimpse of the scene seemed so brief!—and we half-fancied that the veiled Nun bowed her dark head in the sunshine in parting salute as we were whirled out of sight.

We drove next through Glen Eyrie—a wild luxuriance of cliff-climbing forest and wooded glen, shut in by great red sandstone buttes, with a beautiful house throned high like an eagle's nest, recently fitted up by a gallant officer for his bride; then back to Colorado Springs, bowling swiftly over the level prairie road with a piercing prairie wind in our faces.

The next day's excursion was to Cheyenne Cañon. We half expected, bearing in mind our previous day's experience, to find a 'gentleman from Kentucky' or 'Connecticut' installed in our vehicle; but our anticipations were agreeably disappointed; we and our driver, and his two favourite dogs, had the waggon to ourselves. At Cheyenne Cañon we found the programme was that we were to alight and walk along the cañon. This sounded simple enough, but it comprised gymnastic feats from which in London we should have shrunk in dismay.

The trail while it led through the wood was easy, but as the usual brawling stream, or 'creek,' babbled along the cañon, and as creek and cañon wound in and out in an apparently unending zig-zag, the path, in endeavouring to run as straight to its goal as might be, kept crossing the stream every score yards or so; and the means provided for crossing were of the simplest—either a few stepping-stones unpleasantly far apart, or a tree cut down so as to fall across the river, or merely a few logs scattered about with artistic carelessness in the rocky bed of a shallow. So that, either balancing oneself by aid of a long pole on one round slippery stone while preparing for a flying leap to the next, or walking Blondin-like along a fragile branch—either poking a log ex-

perimentally to ascertain if it would bear a weight, or selecting the smoothest spot of a gnarled tree-trunk for the goal of a desperate bound, while clinging convulsively to our guiding guardian pole—the traversing of Cheyenne Creek was to us no slight achievement.

Sometimes, on giving a gentle experimental prod to a promising-looking log, it turned lightly and easily over on its back—sometimes the trunk of a tree, under our attempt at setting foot on it, enacted a see-saw for our benefit, and dipped one end into the water, while uplifting the other with a musical splash and shower of sparkling drops. However, we got over safe in life and limb at last, very much to our own astonishment; and I think Cheyenne Cañon was worth the trouble it cost. The fragrant shade of the pine-trees stretching and interlacing across the stream—the towering walls of red rock, rising in battlements, buttresses, and pinnacles, their castle-like summits here and there lifting a crown of pine-trees, cut in sharp outline against the radiant sky—all formed a scene for the enjoyment of which we did not grudge the exertion it exacted.

On our return to Denver City, we had the pleasure of travelling on a train where we found our sex at a high premium. The cars were one and all crowded with men; there was apparently

that day a large migration to the centre of Colorado civilization, Denver; and, looking along the train, we only caught sight of one feminine head-gear besides our own. That bonnet clad the head of a mulatto girl, and even that happened to be in the next car. In our car an attentive survey revealed only ranks of wideawakes and Panamas.

It was a good opportunity for the study of the Western man as he appears on his native soil. Here he was, fifty of him—top-boots, slouch hats, rough coats, and flannel shirts, and scarcely an inch of white linen, a collar, or a cuff among the car-full—though no doubt, to make up for this deficiency, there was a liberal assortment of deadly weapons, deringers and six-shooters, such as I afterwards saw some of our fellow-passengers delivering up to the care of the hotel-clerk in Denver before going in to dinner. I inquired of the clerk concerning this proceeding, and he replied, with a compassionate smile at my ignorance, that we were *now* in a peaceable country, and ‘gentlemen from the hills’ frequently went so far as to dispense with their weapons here!

Looking along the crowded car at these

‘Men from the West, but whence we knew not,’

into whose sole company we were thrown, we were struck, as we had been before, with a certain

gravity and thoughtfulness of aspect, a gentleness of voice and manner, we had scarcely expected to find in them, taken collectively. They 'roared them soft as sucking-doves.' They hailed their friends neither loudly nor hilariously. They conversed little, and the little they said was said with a quiet and even impassive air. Although we were the only women in the car, no one stared at us, or took the slightest notice of our presence, beyond offering to open or close the window for us, carrying our bags for us, and helping us up or down the steps. Opposite us sat the very ideal of a Bret Harte hero—the perfect presentment of the Western man as we had read of him, but as we had never hoped to see him in the flesh. Tall, dark, pale, hollow-eyed, and hollow-cheeked—an expression grave even to gloom—truculent-looking top-boots, a red shirt, a conspicuous lack of linen, a fiercely brigandish hat tilted over his dark brows—and withal the sweetest, saddest smile and the softest voice in all the car. We did not hear the said voice often, for he had all the taciturnity of his type. He moved along the platform with a long, swift, silent step like a tiger's velvet tread; he altogether reminded us so vividly of the heroes of Poker Flat and Madroño Hollow that we were sorely tempted to address him as 'Mr. Oakhurst,' and inquire whether he had been

acquainted with 'Tennessee's' "late lamented" 'Partner,' and how 'M'liss' was getting along in her new life?

We were so interested in the study of our fellow-travellers that we should have found the journey a very pleasant one if it had not been for the temperature of the car, wherein two huge furnaces were blazing away at either end, while the powerful Colorado sun poured a flood of burning light in at the windows. The Americans, I think, as a race will stand more *baking* in their travels than any other civilized people. On this day the close, dry, hot, and stifling atmosphere was well-nigh unendurable; nor were matters much mended by opening a window, when the sharp, strong mountain wind rushed in and cut like a knife, making one shiver in spite of the oven-like air one had been breathing till that moment.

The furnaces in the stoves crackled cheerily as if enjoying our misery. For even the Americans were miserable, I am happy to say. But they did not complain or rebel. Rarely is the American heard to murmur. He accepts whatever comes with philosophical impassiveness. He not only 'endures what can't be cured,' but also what *can*—a stretch of philosophy which appears to me to 'o'erleap the selle' of wisdom, and fall a long way 'on the other side.' Our fellow-travellers

sat and roasted, with now and then a muttered expression of suffering; but no one uttered any protest against the barbarously heaped-up furnaces. If some one would only have uplifted his voice in an honest British growl, it would have been a comfort to us! But to us it was reserved even to suggest having the ventilators open—a suggestion which of course Western chivalry immediately hastened to carry out, for our sakes.

Arrived at Denver City, we alighted, crossed the platform, and were incontinently engulfed in a crowd of yelling touters, who pounced upon us like wild animals on their helpless prey. One, shouting 'Red Lion!' endeavoured to drag us to the left; another, bellowing 'Lindell House' tried to force us to the right; while a third, seizing my arm, shrieked 'Gilpin!' in my ear, and a fourth, with a persuasive '*Ere* you are, ma'am!' attempted to snatch our travelling-bags from our resisting grasp. Defenceless and forlorn, we gazed helplessly around, when the welcome cry, 'Grand Central!' fell on our ears. We waved parasols wildly in that direction, and were promptly rescued from the enemy, and borne off in triumph by the stalwart porters of the 'Grand Central Hotel.'

Denver is a very good specimen of a flourishing frontier town. It is laid out with the usual

rectangular regularity, on the usual large and liberal scale of the Western city, which has plenty of space, and uses it freely. There are fine streets, good shops, and many pretty residences in the outer part of the town.

As a rule, each house stands in its own little plot of land, which is mostly left an unsightly square of barren ground. Denver seems too busy to cultivate its rose-bush or honeysuckle. It is alive, full, wide awake. There is an electric thrill in the very air. It is a hive of busy bees. No room for drones here! Men live to work, and work to live. The veriest drone would catch the infection; he could not be idle or passive in Denver; he must buy or sell, speculate or prospect—do anything but stagnate!

The city has an unfinished air. It is too busy to waste time on polish. You pick your way across the slough of mud in the streets one day, and are half-blinded on the next by the dust driving along in clouds. It will be a beautiful city when it attains its prime; the principal streets are planted with trees, leafless as in December on this April day; and in the distance the snowy peaks of the Rocky Mountain Range shine against the blue—so pure, and white, and dreamlike, it seems as if they must melt away with the morning mists. In this clear air, far

things seem strangely near; all our old ideas of distance are overturned, and we are left with no conceptions of space at all; the mountains twenty miles off seem to rise within a stone's throw, and even those seventy and eighty miles away stand out in sharp outline.


The invalid element is strong in Denver, of course—indeed, this may be said in two senses, for tales abound of the wonderful recoveries of men, now robust and hale, who came there dying. It is one thousand feet lower than Colorado Springs, being only five thousand feet above sea-level; but the air appears to be equally beneficial to consumptives.

In the dining-hall of our hotel, we are amused by the contrast between the guests who dine and the steward who marshals them to their places. The guests are most of them in frontier costume, just as they have come down from the hills; they are unshorn and bronzed; they still wear their pantaloons tucked inside instead of outside their boots, and of course the white collar of civilisation is remarkable for its absence; while the steward is elegantly arrayed in fine broad-cloth and spotless linen, with a massive gold chain depending below his jewelled studs; he waves the guests to their places with a lordly air.

Amongst these strangely clad frontiersmen, the next day, a friendly voice hails us, a familiar face smiles a welcome—a face which, familiar as it is, we fail to recognise at first, being so bronzed and bearded. It is indeed not easy to identify at once a gentleman you last saw in swallow-tail coat and white gloves, and find again in full frontier costume, some thousands of miles from where you expected him to be. Our friend had just returned from a long and dangerous expedition through that wild Indian territory of which, as yet, so little is known, where a white man rarely penetrates, and does so only at risk of life.

He was merely resting a day or two in Denver, before starting on another still more perilous excursion. It was a glad surprise to meet a familiar face so far from home; but yet—so small does this world of ours seem—it appeared quite natural to have said ‘good night’ at an evening reception in London, and to say our next ‘good morning’ in Denver City.

He escorted us for a ramble about the city in his Bret Harte garb, which appeared quite in keeping with the surroundings. From his top-boots to his broad-brimmed hat, the costume was perfect; we could not help an idea that it must have been ‘got up’ for our especial delectation.



The next day our faces fell when we greeted him. He appeared in a 'boiled shirt' (Western for a linen front) and white collar and cuffs. He had also been to a barber's and got himself 'shaven and shorn.' As a civilized gentleman, he was now presentable; but, alas! for the ideal frontiersman of yesterday, he was picturesque no more.

ON THE BANKS OF THE POTOMAC.

LIKE the army of rats who devoured Bishop Hatto in his tower on the Rhine, 'we are not to be told by the dozen or score,' as we swarm across the gangway, and disperse our straggling numbers over the spacious decks of the steamer which is about to bear us down the Potomac river to Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington.

We two errant Englishwomen are, as usual, obeying the mandate to which the tourist bows. We could not return to our native land and admit that we had left the home and the tomb of the Father of his Country unseen; but we had not expected that so large a company would be bent on the same errand. Here they come, 'not in single spies, but in battalions.' Families—father, mother, and children—evidently only out pleasuring for the day, as they are unburdened by hand-bag or basket; ladies alone and independent, old, young, and middle-aged; the bronzed country farmer in his best broadcloth; the pale, sallow hard-worker of the great cities; here is the beaver

hat of the East, the slouched felt of the West, and the Southern Panama. Here are a few scattered Europeans—Germans, French, and English—a few only. The majority of the excursionists bound on this pilgrimage to the spot where Washington lived and died, and where his remains are entombed, are of the country that calls him father. Here are the musicians, fiddling briskly, not the 'Star-spangled Banner,' nor any air that might be deemed appropriate—no, but 'Nancy Lee' and 'Pinafore.' We never could get away from 'Nancy Lee;' often we wished that sailor's sweetheart was married and done for; the choruses of the 'Pinafore' had followed us to the Pacific coast and back, and here on the Potomac the melodious 'Yee-o! yo-ho!' of Nancy Lee's lover, and the familiar burden of 'I'm little Buttercup' greet our ears again.

It is an April morning, but balmy and glowing as June. We lean over the stern of the boat, and look back at the city of Washington—the beautiful city, with its long stately avenues radiating from the Capitol Hill, its noble buildings, the tall trees that greenly fringe and shade its streets even in the midday glare of the American sun, the great white dome of the Capitol rising high over all the city, detaching itself sharply from the brilliant blue of the sky.

Fifteen miles down the broad Potomac, whose long lazy ripples reflect as in an undulating mirror the wood-crowned banks and the nestling villages—fifteen miles of delightful drifting down the shining flood of these summer waters, from which all the tragical associations connected with their name seem now to be washed away—and we arrive at Mount Vernon. We land at the foot of the hill, and gather a pleasant general impression of swelling slopes of turf, and winding paths, and grand old trees, as we swarm on shore. Then we survey the long, steep, upward path before us with some discomfiture, as we stand about in the glare of the morning sun, until, to our relief, a vehicle that looks like a small hearse, a kind of waggon shut in with black, shiny-leather curtains, appears upon the scene. Into this we climb, in company with two or three antiquated females in rusty black, and, by way of contrast, a pretty young girl, the very type of the brilliant, yet delicate American beauty, whose toilette looks as if it had walked out of the latest fashion-plate. The remainder of the party walk, either from choice, or because they do not care to wait until our waggon can return to pick them up. We jolt solemnly up-hill, one of the mourning spinsters reading aloud from the guide-book meanwhile, and presently alight at 'the Mansion,' as said

guide-book describes the Washington residence.

It is a fine, old-fashioned house, with a long frontage, and a splendid view of hill, and valley, and woodland, and the broad, blue Potomac shining in the sun. It is built of wood, painted to imitate stone. Along the front runs a wide verandah, in whose pleasant shade stand hospitably-inviting garden-seats. Some of us sit down to enjoy the fair landscape, and make friends with a sociable dog, who comes out, wagging his tail, to do the honours; two or three of the children set off with a war-whoop in chase of a cat; another urchin makes ambitious but unsuccessful attempts to attain the long, purplish-pink hanging blossoms of the Judas Tree, which droop gracefully just out of his reach.

Scattered about the great lawn in a promiscuous kind of way are various out-houses, from one of which presently emerges an official-looking person with a brass label on his hat, who takes our party in tow, and ushers us into the Mansion, where we find another party making the round of the rooms, under the guidance of another official person in a brass-labelled hat. In the hall, a gentleman, evidently in authority, makes his appearance on the scene; our detachment is honoured by a special introduction to 'Colonel H.,' and he vouchsafes to do the honours to us in person.

We have travelled from East to West, Atlantic to Pacific, and back, and here for the first time in the United States we find a tone of Old-world sentiment. Here is the tender cherishing of old relics, the reverence for the Past, which we thought we had left behind! Every souvenir of Washington is carefully treasured here—the footstool he was wont to rest his foot upon; the coat he wore; the bed on which he died—every object that could be collected, that he ever touched, used, or wore, from a sword and saddle and a pair of top-boots, to a pincushion made out of the silk of his wife Martha Washington's wedding-dress. All the guides speak of the great and good man's wife as '*Lady Washington*,' a form of phrase which is also new to us in the Republic as applied to one of their own citizens. We also catch in passing a fragment of conversation which, for the first time, reminds us that we are drawing near to the border which, only a short score of years ago, was the frontier between hostile camps, crossed by invading armies, marked on the map by crimson blots, the signs of many a bloody battlefield.

A tall, white-haired, and fiercely-moustached veteran of soldierly presence, and with a certain courtliness of manner which gave us the idea that he would have been quite in his element

in Washington's day, passing ceremonious compliments with Lady Washington, pacing here in state on this terrace in the formal dignity of the time—this gentleman, then, we overhear observing to a subordinate who is, with assiduous attention, showing him round :

‘Doesn't it sound strange to you to hear these Yankees talk?’

‘Well, no, sir; I hear so many.’

‘Well, it sounds strange to *you*?’ turning to his companion.

‘Oh, I'm used to it. I was raised in Yankee-land,’ this latter replies.

I fancied the old Southerner looked around him with a sort of melancholy wonder—it must have been his first visit North. Did he feel as if he had strayed into another sphere?—was there *nobody* here who could sympathise with him? He looked to me like a ghost of other days wandering about among these relics of the past.

North and South alike unite in the tender reverence with which all relics of Washington are cherished, and the Mount Vernon estate, albeit in close proximity to the fields of combat, was held sacred and treated with all respect by both armies during the civil war.

Each room of the dwelling-house is the charge of some one special State. There is the ‘Dela-

ware Room,' the 'Pennsylvania Room,' the 'Virginia Room.' As there are not rooms enough to go round, several States are left out in the cold.

In 'Lady Washington's chamber' a hole had been cut in the lower panel of the door expressly for the entrances and exits of her favourite cat, the family pet. As the guide dwells on this detail of the Washingtonian domestic life, lo! a handsome matronly tabby walks in through the hole. One of the poke-bonneted old ladies in black looks deeply impressed and almost thunderstricken.


'And there is the cat!' she exclaims, reverently.

The guide looks unaffectedly sorry that he cannot assure us that this is indeed the identical animal—a 'Countess Desmond' among cats, who has 'lived to the age of one hundred and ten.' He however avers that puss is a lineal descendant of Washington's favourite.

Only second in interest to the room in which Washington died is the room in which Lafayette slept on his visit to Mount Vernon. He presented Washington with the key of the Bastille, which curious relic hangs in the hall. In one of the upstairs rooms is an ancient spinet.

'Perhaps some lady would favour the company by playing an air,' suggests the guide.

The pretty fashion-plate who had ridden uphill in the hearse with us steps forward, not reluc-



tantly, albeit propelled by a proud mother. Her slim white fingers run over the yellow keys, and evoke cracked and jarring notes, as if the dead music rebelled at being galvanised into a ghastly semblance of life for the amusement of the herd. No doubt, in the faded eyes of the ghosts who glide unseen about these chambers haunted of the great past, we tourists of to-day are but a very contemptible herd. However, the young lady's nimble hands strike out briskly such melody as there is left in the old spinet. What is it she is playing? Shade of the mighty! it is the 'Police-man's chorus,' 'When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling!'

Having inspected the house, the party swarm out into the grounds. Here our eyes are greeted by the not unwelcome sight of a table under the trees set out with a simple and Arcadian repast—pitchers of fresh milk, rustic-looking pats of amber butter, and rolls of white and brown bread. A little further on, for those who desire something more than this light refreshment, there is an excellent luncheon laid out in an old-fashioned kitchen. The old Southern gentleman sits opposite to us; next him is a brisk and smiling young man, whom I imagine to be a New York 'salesman,' with rings, a watch-chain, and a healthy appetite. The old gentleman hands the ham, or

the beef, or the cutlets with a stately courtesy, but I fancy I trace in his look still that undefinable, half-pathetic air of strangeness to the place and the people among whom he finds himself ; and when his neighbour announces, ' Yes, we're going to do Arlington Heights to-morrow—see Lee's old place—guess that's got to be seen before we go back to New York,' it is not my fancy that the old Southerner winces, and I know that there is *one* of the present company whom we shall not see at ' Lee's old place ' to-morrow. *We* shall be there, and the lively, busy young man from New York will be there, but not the veteran who 'wore the grey and marched with Lee !'

After luncheon, we go over the grounds. Colonel H. conducts us first to the tomb where Washington and Martha his wife are buried. Then he shows us the ancient, formal box-hedges, and a fine magnolia-tree raised from a slip brought by Lafayette from Napoleon's grave at St. Helena. Its crimson flowers are just breaking into bloom, and form the pride and glory of the bouquet with which the colonel presents us. We wander through a wooded glen, and make our way slowly by shady ways down the hill to the river, where the boat, with the steam up for its return journey, awaits us.

The next day we decided to improve the shining

hours—truly and literally shining in this radiant spring weather of blue heavens and balmy sunshine—by paying a brief visit to the Capitol in the morning, and taking the drive to Arlington in the afternoon. It takes a good many brief visits to see the Washington Capitol thoroughly; but one appreciates and enjoys it so far better than by ‘doing’ it in one long visitation, as we see so many tourists ‘doing’ it, with red guide-books in their hands, or bulging from their pockets. (I must conscientiously confess, in parenthesis, that we ourselves also carry a ‘Guide to Washington,’ and, during the inspection of the Capitol, are apt to refer to it pretty often.) In the endeavour to take it all in on one day, the eye gets surfeited with pictures and statues, mouldings and frescoes; the soul sickens at the further contemplation of busts and bas-reliefs, bronze-panellings and marble pillars; Pocahontas and Washington dance together dizzily in the confused brain; and Presidents and Puritan Fathers, William Penn and Miles Standish, allegorical figures of Freedom and Victory, the Declaration of Independence, the Landing of Columbus, and the Sword of Bunker’s Hill, all mingle in a kaleidoscopic jumble in the wearied mind.

However, we manage to see, and, what is more remarkable, to remember a great many of the

most noted paintings and groups of statuary ; the great bronze door of the Senate, the marble staircases, and the Rotunda, in the passage-ways around which we find boys selling, and tourists buying, cakes, peanuts, and oranges.

We visit, of course, the Senate Chamber and the Hall of Representatives, the former accommodating about seventy-four Senators 'on the floor,' the latter having desks for over three hundred members. Both chambers, handsome, lofty, and airy, impress us as comparing very favourably with our own Houses of Parliament; especially are we struck by the contrast between the little grated prison, yclept the Ladies Gallery at home, and the broad, open, comfortable galleries of the American Houses of Legislature, where the wives and daughters, sisters, cousins, and aunts of the members (there appears to be no vexatious limitation nor formality to bar the privilege of entrance to the galleries) can see, and be seen, at ease.

Outside the door of the Hall of Representatives, we pause a minute to inquire of an individual, who appears to be fulfilling the function of doorkeeper, what is going on there just now?

The young man, whose occupation seems to be lounging about in a loose-jointed kind of way,

with an air of ineffable nonchalance, deigns to reply, with a lofty, languid indifference not untinged with contempt,

‘There’s nothing going on! only a-filibustering—they’ve been a-filibustering all day, and I guess they’ll go on all night. Oh, you kin go in—but it ain’t worth your while.’

After going in, and, I confess, seeing and hearing nothing very interesting—the ‘filibustering’ apparently meaning neither more nor less than obstructive tactics—we take our leave of the Capitol for that day.

In the afternoon, we take a carriage to Arlington, a beautiful drive of only about four miles. All the way, the great white dome of the Capitol dominates the landscape. Across the Potomac, from Arlington Heights, beyond river, wood, winding road, and city, we see it soaring into the intense blue of the sky like an Alpine peak.

The Arlington mansion was built by George Washington Parke Custis (grandson of Martha and adopted son of George Washington). His daughter married Robert E. Lee, and here the Lees kept hospitable house and happy home until the disastrous days of war. During the long struggle the estate was confiscated, and, having been employed as head-quarters for the Federal troops, was eventually turned into a ‘national

cemetery,' where over fifteen thousand soldiers lie buried.

The beautiful park-like grounds are now a field of the dead. Up the hillside, by thousands and tens of thousands, stretch the long regular serried lines of tombstones. Here, line by line, in rank and file, at peace beyond the battle, lies the silent army now. It is so hard to realise, looking on these squadrons of the dead, still seeming drawn up in battle array, that every one of those cold white stones strikes down to the dust that was once a human heart, that throbbed with the passionate pain of parting at leaving home and love, that thrilled at the trumpet's call, that beat high with hope and valour, and gave its life-blood for the victorious cause that it held dear !

One massive granite tomb covers a vault where lie the remains of more than two thousand of the unknown dead. But the deserted mansion itself is as sad as any of the tombs that surround it. The grand old house is empty and ungarnished ; its bare floors echo mournfully to our footfalls ; the hall door (the 'classic portal, resting on eight massive Doric columns,' as the guide-book describes it) stands drearily open ; all the world is welcome to enter there. It is not in the least like a haunted house ; there are no corners whence bats might flit at night ; no thick curtain of dust

coats the wall, nor dark banners of spider's web veil the windows. The lofty rooms are spotless, speckless, carefully kept, and unutterably forlorn. We wander from room to room through a desolate silence only broken by our own steps; the conservatories are barren of flowers; the only living thing we come upon is a dog sleeping in a patch of sunlight. More mournful a memorial than granite slab or marble cross, more eloquent than inscription carved in stone, the forsaken mansion stands, a silent monument to the Lost Cause.

As we descend the great staircase, a mighty clatter and babble wake the hollow echoes, and we meet a gay and rather noisy party, led by our brisk young New Yorker of yesterday's Mount Vernon excursion, swarming, chattering, and laughing across the hall. Their happy, ringing voices strike a jarring note here. Well, we have done with Arlington Heights, and these joyous ones may ransack the lonely corners of the deserted chambers at their own sweet will. As we turn for a last look, we hear the youngest, liveliest, prettiest of the party exclaim, as she trips lightly into the bare drawing-room,

‘Oh, my! here's a room for a hop!’

We drive back to Washington, and return to our hotel in good time for dinner, to which we sit down, a company of some three hundred, round

tables loaded with every delicacy of the season, and dine to music, a band playing in the gallery overlooking the dining-room, exhilarating the spirits and stimulating the appetites of the assembled Sybarites by stirring strains.

Assassins may shoot, and presidents may fall. After a splashing and a circling in the waves, the current flows on much the same.

‘Le roi est mort ! Vive le roi !’

VIRGINIAN RICHMOND.

Across the wide grey gleaming waters of the Potomac the great white cupola of the Capitol, visible and conspicuous from the railway as from anywhere else in and around the city of Washington, rears its snowy crown up to the heavens.

'Change cars for Richmond!' rings along the train.

It is to Richmond that we are bound, and on our way thither, after a brief visit to Baltimore, find ourselves in Washington a second time.

'You have a few minutes to spare,' observes an attentive fellow-passenger, who has been showing us strangers the 'lions' by the way. 'You'd like to see where Garfield was shot?—it's right on the way to the refreshment-room.'

He leads us to a long narrow slip of a waiting-room, in the dingy floor of which is inlaid a shining metal star. People are coming and going, but few pass by this spot without a pause. A tall man, with a white dust-coat and a black

goatee, dashes hither in hot haste, summoning his womenkind, four in number, to follow him.

‘Here—right here, he fell!’ he exclaims, with a rhetorical flourish of his cane.

One spectacled and strong-minded looking female prods the spot with her umbrella, as if ocular identification of the very place were scarcely enough for her; a younger daughter of Eve, who is evidently proud of her detailed information on the tragic subject, describes in high-pitched tones, how

‘Blaine was *this* side—and Guiteau made a rush for that door—and just there they seized him!’

‘Come, we’ve only got five minutes for lunch!’ announces the matron, who is clearly the practical mind of the party.

Then they are all off in a hurry to the refreshment-room. We pause to bestow a tributary sigh upon the memory of the second martyred President, the stirring pomp and circumstance of whose funeral observances rest still fresh in our memories; and then hasten on our way, on the first stage of our journey into the South.

The Richmond train seems to be bearing us back from to-day into the Past—back twenty years from now. Every common cry along the cars is full of associations and interest—stirs memories of the war. No need to specify *what* war—it is ‘*the war*’ here.

' *Gettysburg* train !' 'Baggage for *Fredericksburg* !' 'Passengers for *Vicksburg* change here !'

The names fall upon our ears like echoes out of history—echoes not faint and far, but ringing from a history too fresh to have ceased to thrill, at least *here*, in this land teeming with memories, where each name still glows red with the passion of victory or defeat—tells its tale of the bay-wreath of glory or the bitterness of death.

Here we are in Richmond, Virginia. Twelve hours' journey only from New York, and it seems to be another world. The street-cars, drawn by one dejected, unhappy-looking horse, are shabby and draughty, with ill-fitting doors and windows—at least, so we judge from our first experience; but perhaps it was our luck, as strangers, to get into a car that was the exception, instead of the rule. The city fades away in a ragged fringe of poor, squalid-looking dwellings, apparently inhabited chiefly by the coloured population. Brown babies tumble, half-clad, up and down the door-steps; their black mothers loll out of the windows, and black fathers 'loaf' on the side-walks. In the best quarter, or west-end of the town, there are very fine, wide streets, bordered with new and handsome residences in diverse styles of architecture that pleasantly redeem this, the fashionable neighbourhood, from

monotony. There is a peaceful, quiet, decorous air about Richmond, a staid calmness about these stately streets, which no rattle and clatter of traffic disturbs.

The principal business thoroughfares, of course, are busy enough to keep the city alive and the people stirring. But what a contrast is this, that was the capital of the Confederacy, to the great, rushing, busy, booming Empire City, only twelve hours' journey away! The difference is striking enough in external aspect alone, yet more noteworthy is the change in the whole character of life. The undercurrent rises from a different spring, and flows to a different goal. In New York there might never have been a civil war for aught we ever heard of it—for any trace we saw left upon the life there. But after only a few hours in Richmond, one social evening spent in a delightful and interesting Richmond home, a few introductions to representative Richmonadians, who overwhelmed us with cordial kindness and a warm, open-hearted hospitality we have never known surpassed even in all the hospitable land of America—after only a few hours amongst these, we felt we were living on the very morrow of the war. In the land of the Lost Cause, it seems but yesterday.

Although we never doubt but that it is *well*

that the 'Flag of Freedom and Union waves' over one United America—although we recognise the victory of the North as tending to the ultimate good of even the South—although the success of the South must have meant the triumph of the hideous wrong of slavery—although the victorious Confederacy, built on the recognised right of Secession, must have borne in it the germ of further disintegration—although we know all this perfectly well, yet the dusty, faded, Confederate flag drooping from the roof of the Capitol Library, takes hold of our hearts with its dumb pathos, rivets our sympathies as we stand there, amongst the portraits of the leaders of the Lost Cause, ranged around the walls, whose painted eyes gaze, fixed for ever on the faded folds of the conquered banner—of which the sweetest and fieriest singer of all the fervent South sang, with that wail of the vanquished which thrills so far deeper than the trumpet-tongued triumph of the victor—

'Furl that banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary ;
Furl it, fold it, it is best !
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it,
In the blood which heroes gave it.
Furl it, hide it, let it rest !

'Furl that banner! furl it sadly!
 Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
 And ten thousands wildly, madly,
 Swore it should for ever wave;
 Swore that foeman's sword should never
 Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
 Till that flag should float for ever
 O'er their freedom, or their grave!
 'Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
 And the hearts that fondly clasped it
 Cold and dead, are lying low,
 And that banner, it is trailing,
 While around it sounds the wailing
 Of its people in their woe.
 For, though conquered, they adore it,
 Love the cold, dead hands that bore it.
 Weep for those who fell before it;
 Pardon those who trailed and tore it;
 But oh, wildly they deplore it,
 Now who furl and fold it so!'

Here hangs the portrait of Jefferson Davis—
 'President Davis,' as one of our escorts (a Vir-
 ginian, 'Old Dominion,' born and bred), possibly
 by a slip of the tongue, alludes to him still. He
 lingers with us—we nothing loth to linger too—
 before the portraits of Stonewall Jackson, dark-
 browed and eagle-eyed, and of General Lee,
 whose noble and thoughtful face always recalls
 to us the lines—

'O good, grey head that all men knew!
 O iron nerve to all occasion true!
 O tower of strength that stood four-square to all the winds
 that blew!'

He shows us all over the Capitol, relating anecdotes and episodes of the past meanwhile, which we, being by this time thoroughly in the melting mood, devour greedily as Desdemona. He tells us, àpropos of the conquered banner, that the majority of the Confederate flags instead of being surrendered were preserved and kept as keepsakes. Then he conducts us into the Capitol Square, a pretty park of some twelve acres, surrounding the Capitol, or State House, on the brow of a hill, commanding a magnificent view of the environing city and country, and conspicuous itself for miles around. In this park is a colossal equestrian monument of Washington, surrounded by other great chiefs and patriots, who in turn are supported by allegorical figures of Justice, Independence, etc. (See guide-book.) Then there is a marble statue of Henry Clay, a present from his countrywomen to the Commonwealth of Virginia; and the bronze statue, heroic size, of 'Stonewall Jackson'—one of Foley's most successful works—presented to Virginia 'by English gentlemen.'

The inscription at its base concludes with the quotation of General Bee's well-known exclamation at the Battle of Manassas, from which the 'soldier and patriot' gained his world-renowned sobriquet,

‘Look! There is Jackson standing *like a stone wall*!’

The Richmondians are very proud of their city, and when looking down from the surrounding heights on the broad river, curved like a silver-shining scimitar, and the city spreading along its banks, we can sympathise with their pride.

‘Show me a scene like this!’ exclaims our enthusiastic Virginian friend, ‘and then I’ll change my quarters, and live elsewhere than in Richmond—but not till then!’

Two of the favourite drives are to ‘Chimborazo,’—once the site of the great Confederate hospital—and to ‘Gamble’s Hill,’ from both of which eminences there is a grand view of the city, and river, and distant hills. Various places of interest are pointed out to us on our walks and drives through Richmond. There along the waterside stretch the great Tredegar Iron Works, the Confederate arsenal of the war-days, where cannon, shot, and shell were cast; but now the sword is exchanged for a ploughshare, and the Tredegar Works send forth railway-bridges, spikes, cars, sugar-mills, and so on. Here is Libby Prison, a common-place-looking, brick building, the place of confinement for Federal prisoners during the war, now turned into a manufactory by the Southern Fertilising Com-

pany; the Old Stone House, the oldest building in Richmond—which every tourist is taken to see—which, we are assured, has been ‘visited by thousands of strangers from all quarters of the globe,’ and ought to have a history, but does not appear to have any, or to possess much recommendation to interest beyond its antiquity; the Allan House, former home of the adopted parents of Edgar Allan Poe, where that strange meteoric genius spent a great part of his early life; the ‘White House’ of the Confederacy, or ‘Jeff Davis Mansion’ of old, which, after the war, became the head-quarters of the military commanders of the district for a while, and then after the restoration of civil government was converted into the ‘Central School,’ in which capacity it is now peacefully finishing its days. Then we visit the tobacco-factories, which form one of the chief features of Richmond, and hear the coloured ‘hands’ singing at their work, their quaint and plaintive melodies suiting well the peculiar, pathetic sweetness of the negro voice.

Then some of our new friends (friends but of a few days, yet never to be forgotten, nor the memory of their kind and cordial hospitality effaced from our hearts) take us to see an old negro, ninety-six years of age, one of their former slaves, who had lived all his life in their family,

seeing one generation after another grow up and pass away. We found this relic of the 'Ancien Régime' in a comfortable room, evidently well attended to, seated in an arm-chair, with his pipe and tobacco by his side, his old age tenderly cared for by those whose parents, nay, grandparents, he had served in his youth. It was one of the many cases wherein the former slaves, now aged and incapacitated from work, are supported by their old masters, who would never dream of letting those faithful old servitors want in their failing years.

Old 'Uncle Henry's' wrinkled face beamed with smiles as he greeted our friends, and he seemed quite interested at the novel spectacle of 'ladies from England.' His memory was failing him a little, but was clear enough about the days of his youth, if uncertain about yesterday.

'The ladies would like to hear about Lafayette,' suggested one of our friends.

'Ay, ay—Lafayette. I drove the mas'r and mis'ess to the ball.' ('The ball given in Lafayette's honour,' our friend explained.) 'I see him well—he was a fine portly man—a fine man; he went in an open carriage drawn by four greys. We thought a deal of him.'

When we took our leave, the old man rose up and tottered, leaning on his stick, out on to the

threshold to see the last of us, and a ray of sunshine rested tenderly, as if in blessing, on his white woolly head.

Good-bye, Uncle Henry! Peace be with you, old relic of an age that is being fast forgotten! survivor from days that are but history to us!

Next, we visited the studio of the celebrated Virginia sculptor, Mr. E. V. Valentine, and there spent a delightful hour or two inspecting the creations of his hand and brain, being especially struck by the wonderful expression in such heads as those of the 'Penitent Thief,' the 'Nation's Ward'—a saucy, rollicking little negro—and 'Knowledge is Power,' a sleepy little darkey with his book dropping from his hand. We had the pleasure and privilege also of seeing his latest, and then not completely finished, masterpiece, the Homeric group of 'Andromache and her Son,' and his recumbent figure of General Lee, the original plaster cast for the marble statue now upon the General's tomb in Lexington. The commander-in-chief lies in his uniform, one hand resting on his sword, the other across his breast, in utter repose and peace, as if in sleep, not death. One old Confederate soldier objected to the recumbent attitude on sentimental grounds.

'I don't like to see Lee represented in repose. It doesn't seem natural to me. I think of him as

I saw him last, *in action* !' he said, with kindling eyes.

'But after action there comes repose,' rejoined another, who had marched and fought under the General through all the four years' campaign. 'And when I think of Lee, it is as I last saw him, lying—just as he lies there—with his arm across his breast, asleep under a tree. When first I saw this statue, it struck me like a shock. It was *himself* as we knew him ! This was the attitude in which he always lay ; and I like to think of him resting just so at the last,' the old offices finished, with that reverent tenderness evoked in every Southern soldier by the memory of their beloved leader.

Within a few minutes' drive of the city is Hollywood Cemetery, a beautiful garden of the dead, situated on the undulating high ground overlooking the river, where our attention is directed to many a historic grave. Two Presidents of the United States, Monroe and Tyler, are buried here. Here is the tomb of Maury, the 'Pathfinder of the Seas.' Here a plain rough granite pyramid, ninety feet in height, points up to the heavens in memory of the thousands of the Confederate dead buried around it. Here, on this hillside, General Pickett sleeps in the midst of his men ; and here lies Stuart, the gallant

young cavalry leader, 'the Rupert of the war,' who always dashed into action with a song or a laugh on his lips.

One of our favourite amusements in Richmond is feeding and playing with the grey squirrels in the Capitol Park. Surely never were squirrels so tame as these ! They scamper down from the trees as we pass, and their bright black eyes demand as plainly as words, 'Have you not saved some nuts from your dessert for us ?' If we have remembered our duty to our tiny grey-coated friends and brought the nuts, the little fellows come and eat them from our fingers. A call of 'Bunny, bunny !' brings two or three of them leaping to our feet, and sitting upon their bushy tails, with their tiny forepaws held up for the expected dainty.

The most beautiful scene in Richmond, I think, is the view from the so-called 'foot-bridge,' really a broad drive for all manner of vehicles, which crosses the James River to the business suburb of 'Manchester.' The river here is studded with lovely little wooded islets ; it is like the famous 'Thousand Islands' of the St. Lawrence on a miniature scale. To right and left, up and down the river, wherever the eye falls, these luxuriant thickets of rich and tender green, unfolding fresh in unsullied April hues, nestle on the surface of

the water, which round about here foams and eddies in a series of shallow falls.

On that opposite shore once stood the lodge of the Chief Powhatan, father of Pocahontas, in the days when the red man still held power on his native soil. Parallel with this bridge runs—or, at least, ran, and probably runs again to-day—the railway-bridge of the Danville route, which was burnt down on the day that we left Richmond.

Then and there we saw break out a glimpse of that spirit which makes us feel *one* with North and South, and realise that it is one blood which courses through our veins—the spirit not of any state nor section, not of greater nor of lesser Britain, of the Old World nor the New, but the tameless spirit of the unconquerable Anglo-Saxon, the race that on native or alien soil, from the east to the far west, does not know the meaning of the word ‘defeat.’ The factories on the river-banks caught fire from the blazing bridge. The high wind unluckily blowing that day lashed up the flames, caught the ascending sparks, and swept them in a blazing shower over that quarter of the city. They fell on the roof of the old ‘Allan House,’ and would have set it on fire had it not been for the passers-by, who gave the alarm to the inmates and rushed upstairs, seizing bed-

ding, blankets, and water on the way to extinguish the flame. From the Capitol Gardens we saw the cloud of smoke rising to the sky, and the tongues of flame licking upwards through it.

The city of Richmond went to work valiantly in its own defence. No greater energy, pluck, and promptness was ever displayed, even in the thrilling days of Chicago's fiery ordeal. A telegram was sent to Washington for fire-engines, which, sent off instantly by special train, reached Richmond in an almost incredibly short time; but, ere they arrived, the people had fought the fire down, and the city was safe. All the railway officials, from the manager and superintendent downwards, were hard at work with their coats off, dragging the cars from the burning dépôt. While yet thousands of dollars were falling into the flames with every moment, the owners of the destroyed property were planning the improvements they would make in the re-building. With an undaunted persistency like that of the Bruce's exemplary spider, they were scheming reconstruction while yet the ruins flamed and fell.

That very evening the trains all started as usual, the only alteration in the arrangement being that we passengers had to cross the 'foot-bridge,' and take the cars on the Manchester side. As we drove slowly across the bridge, our eyes

were fixed upon the ruins of the railway-bridge at our right. The burning wreck still smouldered in a long line of flickering blue fire upon the surface of the sluggish water ; the pillars of the bridge, ' all that was left of ' it, still stood up, black columns tipped with flame, like gigantic blazing torches set in the darkness between the black river and the murky sky. All along both banks of the sombre flood that crept, dark and sullen, past the smouldering fires, lay the ruins that had been busy, crowded, whirring factories that morning, now glowing gold and scarlet, like live furnaces, as the tongues of fire still leaped and wreathed around them.

' Successful, common-place prosperity at noon, they were transfigured into resplendent ruin at night.'

They flashed into a dazzling glory of beauty once—for one brief hour—their last. As all things must come to a close, perhaps it was not so bad an end. They had their years of use, and their brief farewell hour of splendour.

Looking back from the train, the last we saw of Richmond was the glow of the dying fire ; the sleeping city beyond was lost in shadow.

SOUTH CAROLINA SKETCHES.

I.—THE CITY BY THE SEA.

IN South Carolina at last! What visions, stories, and poems crowd upon our minds at the very name! Our first impression of the country is simply of seemingly illimitable swamp. Miles, dozens, scores, hundreds of miles, of marsh, swamp, and wood. There is beauty enough here to delight the eye of an artist. The pine-trees, dark and straight and slender, rise out of the abundant, rank undergrowth that flourishes down in the ooze of the morass. The tender green boughs of budding spring interlace with branches touched with dead gold and ripe russet, as if the brand of autumn's fiery finger had been set upon them prematurely, or the unfaded colours of the last autumn lingered yet among the leaves. Fallen trees lie prone in the stagnant shallows. Water-lilies float on the glassy surface of the deeper pools. The dogwood is in full flower, its white blossoms spangling the variegated foliage-like showers

of snow, as if the first frost of winter had stolen between the mingled hues of fall and spring. Here and there, but more rarely, a luxuriant cluster of pale pink blossom gleams among the trees as the train rushes past. Every now and then a group of tall pines, blazed for the woodman's axe, hold their heads as high among their brethren as if the white mark of doom were not scored down their stately stems.

The stations, few and far between, at every one of which our engine conscientiously stops, are mere rough wooden sheds, each one with its dozen negroes lounging about and gazing at the train with lazy interest. Then more swamp, miles and miles of wilderness and desolation; then another wood-shed. But where are the towns, the villages?—where are the *people*? we wonder aloud. Our remarks attract the attention of a native—a tall, pale, sallow young man, with an enormous slouch hat, melancholy black eyes, and a kind of 'Hamlet' expression, as if he was chronically debating with himself whether it was worth while 'to be.'

'You mustn't judge of South Ca'lin'y by this,' he observes, in the gentle *trainante* Southern accents, which are becoming familiar to our ears. 'Back of this belt of swamp there lies the finest land in the world.'

We are now passing over the Big Santee Swamp on a high narrow trestle-work, which looks terribly fragile as the car plunges and sways and jolts along it. The scene is picturesque enough—the forest against the Southern blue sky above, the green deeps and glassy shallows of the swamp below ; but they may well call it the Big Swamp, for it seems to us, as for miles and miles we rush along, that we never shall get to the end of it.

We are over it at last, and glad to be on *terra firma* again. Every here and there along the side of the track there are piled up huge heaps of pinewood. These are to supply the locomotive, as we do not burn coal in these regions, and periodically—and, as it appears to us, with irritating frequency—we stop to feed our engine, that hungry engine, which makes such short work of its food. We seem to spend half our time watching the great logs being thrust into its maw. It has been raining, and many of the pinewood heaps are quite damp, but that does not matter much ; the engine devours them all the same.

Weary of imprisonment in the car, I take advantage of being in the South—where we hold as a matter of faith that a man cannot say nay to a woman—to persuade the conductor to let me

have a camp-stool out on the platform of the car. It is against the rules, but, as I anticipate, he complies with my request. I ride out on the rear platform, and enjoy the fresh air and the view, and create a mild sensation—I and my scarlet shawl together—amongst the negroes who swarm at the few-and-far-between little sheds of stations. The little darkeys particularly delight in running down the railway line after us, hallooing and cheering either me or the train—I could not be quite sure which.

As we near Charleston, little black boys, looking all white teeth and black eyes as they smile up in our faces, come on board the cars selling wild flowers. Having left the *dépôt*, we glance eagerly around to gather our first impressions of this 'city by the sea,' of which we have heard and read so much. The first impressions are something old-world and picturesque—of wooden houses, dilapidations, mud, dust, darkies—but we are principally occupied in a vain endeavour to keep ourselves and our small baggage on the seat of the omnibus that bounds with us through the street and plays a game of battledore and shuttlecock with us and our handbags.

The next morning we sally forth early under a tropical sky of burning blue, and take our way to the market, a bright and busy scene, and cool

and pleasant even this hot day, the breeze blowing gently through its long airy sheds, supported by open archways, the abundant array of fruit and flowers and vegetables refreshing to the eye. The negro element is in almost exclusive possession behind the stalls, the white in front, but not exclusively. There is a negro majority in South Carolina, in the market as well as elsewhere. Here are all shades of black, yellow, and brown; here a good-looking brown girl with immense gold earrings sits half-hidden behind tempting great heaps of rosy tomatoes, golden Florida oranges, and crimson plantains; there an old woman, black as a coal, coifed in a gorgeous striped bandana, presses green peas upon our attention; here the tourist is buying bananas, and the house-keeper pricing pineapples.

We linger among the fruit-stalls, and do not hurry ourselves past the fishmonger's department, where the cool shining fish lie on slabs spread with green leaves. But we hasten through the butcher's quarter; it is too hot to look at raw beef. We observe strutting about here, picking up pieces under the stalls and perching over the doorways, a number of large birds, which we take at first for turkeys. They are, however, buzzards, unfit to eat, but useful in picking up offal, and therefore encouraged about this quarter of the market.

Returning to the main street of Charleston, we pass on by the ruins of the old church.

‘Burnt during the war, of course?’

‘No, madam, burnt by accident before the war.’

There its ruined and blackened walls stand still, the long grass growing where aisle and altar were. We pass by the shops, and soon come to the private houses, pretty and picturesque detached villas (residences ‘unattached’ are of course the rule in these warm climes). Many are surrounded by their own gardens; some nestle in the shadow of tall trees; others are buried from basement to roof in the luxuriant purple blossoms of the westeria. At the end of this street we come upon the battery, the most beautiful spot in this beautiful city by the sea.

Here, facing the strip of park which lies between them and the water, stand the finest residences in Charleston, built in the palmy days before the war, some of them survivals of the old Colonial times. No two of these handsome houses are alike; each is stamped with its own character and individuality; they are of all styles—Greek, Gothic, Elizabethan, and nondescript, and of all pale tints of cool grey, white, and light brown. They all luxuriate in balconies, piazzas, verandahs, and every device for enjoying an almost tropical air in shade and sunshine, and

many of them rejoice in their own shadowing trees. The scorching breath of the Southern summer has not yet rusted the green of the turf and tree; the grass in the Battery Park is the richest velvet sward that our feet have ever pressed; the spring leafage of the scrub-oaks is fresh and tender, though the warmer tints of autumn linger yet here and there among the boughs. At the further border of the long, narrow slip of park is a fine sea-walk, beyond which the sleepy waters of Charleston Harbour lap the stone of the embankment. Here on the battery stand various monuments, one, of course, in memory of 'the brave who are no more.' It is here, all along this walk, that the ladies of Charleston collected in crowds, on one memorable 12th of April, to watch the bombardment of Fort Sumter in the distance.

II.—THE TRIP TO FORT SUMTER.

FORT SUMTER, of course, is the first excursion the tourist takes from this city. A short cut through the market leads us to the wharf where the little paddle-steamer waits to carry us thither. The sun blazes fiercely in a heaven of dazzling sapphire blue, the little waves lap and gurggle softly in transparent ripples of emerald, as the boat cuts

its calm way along. We pass the sunny shores, the green trees, and white villas of Mount Pleasant—well so named!—we pass Sullivan's Island; we near Fort Moultrie; and now we are in sight of Sumter. The deck is crowded with excursionists, most of them Northern tourists; there are a few Southerners, one or two Germans—we discover no English except ourselves. We make acquaintance with some of our fellow-passengers; all seem sociably inclined; all gather together along the bulwarks at the first sight of Fort Sumter. Here are North and South, 'Yankee' and 'rebel,' harmoniously and amicably associating on a pleasure excursion to the scene of the first conflict of the terrible four years' struggle, the spot where, 'twenty years and more' ago, that first shot was fired which rang through the civilized world, which thrilled like a bugle-call through the hearts of North and South, and 'let slip the dogs of war' to their dreadful work. Here this morning are the men who wore the vanquished grey and those of the victorious blue, brothers once more! In sight of the shattered walls of Sumter, no word except of friendliness is heard.

We observe in the conversation of the various groups that they one and all delicately refrain from speaking of the 'other side' in audible tones except as 'Federal' and 'Confederate,' although

to each other, in their *sotto voce* discourse, we catch the old terms 'Yank' and 'reb' passing freely.

The Federal element, as represented on board this boat, does not appear very well informed as to the facts and details of the siege. We inquire in vain, how many were in the fort? what was the besieging force? how many lives were lost? In answer to this last question, there are a variety of answers, apparently most of them conjectural, and ranging from 'three hundred' down to 'none.'

'It was from Fort Moultrie yonder that the first gun was fired,' observes one tourist, drawing from his next neighbour the mild correction,

'Pardon me, sir, the *very* first shot was from Fort Johnson.'

Hereupon both parties pull out of their pockets —no, not revolvers, but little blue paper-covered 'Guides to Charleston.'


Meanwhile, we are drawing nearer and nearer to the low, sandy island that is the goal of our excursion. We wonder, as we look on that barren sand-heap scorching in the yellow sun-glare, was *that*, once upon a time, the lofty fort of Sumter? could ever those fragments of battered wall have towered up towards these blue skies in proud defiance? In fancy, we see the pall of smoke

wrap Sumter round again, hear the thunder of the cannonade, and, above the 'burning battle-hell' of fire and smoke, we see streaming to the wind the ghost of the 'Stars and Bars!'

We land on the little pier, and pick our way along narrow planks laid across the heavy sand, amongst heaps of cannon balls, old guns, new guns, up steps, down steps, underground and overground, in and out of gloomy bombproofs, from the loopholes of which the 'dogs of war' thrust forth their huge, black muzzles. One of the little garrison of the fort shows us round, and acts as general *cicerone* to our party. He answers our questions—the Northern tourists put quite as many as we strangers do; is it not twenty-two years since the siege? a whole world behind to them; but our soldier-guide has the story fresh in his mind. So has a bronzed and grizzled Southerner, who now for the first time, in the subterranean shades of a bombproof-tunnel, comes to the fore, and thenceforth divides public interest and attention with the lawful *cicerone*.

Somebody puts to this new authority the old question—how many lives were lost in the opening bombardment?

'Not one, sir,' is the prompt answer, 'not one by the Confederate attack. Seems strange, but so 'tis. There was one life lost, and that was after the



fort had surrendered. A man was blown up and killed. He had laid a mine, as a trap to blow up the Confederates, and he tripped his foot, stumbled, and touched it off, and was killed by his own mine.'

A gentle smile of contemplative satisfaction irradiated the Confederate countenance as he narrated this anecdote—of which we afterwards heard divers and contrasting versions. I was walking with a gentleman from Massachusetts, but, as my escort did not appear able to feed my feminine curiosity with all the details I desired, I drew the better-informed Confederate authority to join us; and we rambled on in an exemplarily harmonious trio.

Our Southerner was brimming over with reminiscences, all uttered in dulcet and lamb-like tones, which would well have befitted an idyllic love-story.

'With a seven-inch bore, like this,' he observed, resting his boot-heel tenderly on a big gun that lay half-buried in the sand, 'we sunk the first monitor that came along. Hit the turret, and made her careen, and then the lower battery took her right between wind and water.'

He smiled softly, as if cherishing sweet and tender memories.

'I put a little Confederate flag on the buoy out there,' he continued, pointing to a spot out on the

sunny water, 'and it stayed there all the time.'

'Didn't we come after it?' inquired the tourist from Massachusetts.

'Oh, yes; the Federals, they came after it several times. But they didn't happen to get it,' the mild Carolinian replied in his soft, lingering drawl.

I do not know how much or how little correct history was current amongst us that day; but there certainly was a good deal of information to be had for the asking.

'Getting ready for our cousins!' observed a New York girl, patting a fine new gun approvingly.

'What cousins?' I inquired.

'Our English cousins,' was the reply. 'They might take a fancy to come over here!'

'I don't think we want to come over, except as tourists, as we have come to-day,' I observed, mildly deprecating.

'I guess you and the Southerners have had enough of that,' replied the young lady, contentedly.

Our bronzed Southerner was picking up a sea-shell from the sand as a souvenir for me, and, probably by way of a coal of fire, he picked up a finer shell for her, and polished it with his pocket handkerchief.

In every group some chapter of the story of

the siege was being told—I fear occasionally coloured according to the bias of the narrator. The names of Beauregard, Sherman, Lee, Anderson, were echoing on every side. Indeed, it was not 1883, it was 1861, in which we all lived that hour!

Time was up; the whistle sounded. We left the sandy isle of Fort Sumter—deserted now, save for a little garrison to be counted on the fingers of one hand—and returned to our boat—and to the present year of our Lord 1883.

III.—UNDER THE PALMETTO FLAG.

ANOTHER, shorter excursion from Charleston is the drive to Magnolia Cemetery. The special pet and pride of every American city is—its cemetery. ‘The Cemetery’ is the goal of the horse-cars, the Sunday resort, the first place in the mind of the citizen who is ‘showing round’ the stranger within the city gates, the primary object of the tourist’s interest as represented in the guide-book.

Magnolia Cemetery is certainly well worth a visit. It is like most Southern churchyards—a forest-garden, with all the flowers of the season blooming luxuriantly on the graves, where the dead sleep in the peaceful shadow of noble forest

trees. We drive through avenues of splendid oaks, all draped and festooned with the long, drooping, grey Spanish moss, which so exactly resembles an old man's beard. From every branch these long, grey beards of moss depend; sometimes, in their luxuriance, they trail gracefully from bough to bough, and fall like sombre mourning draperies. They clothe the huge oaks like a pall. The view down the vista of grey-draped trees suggests the dim, grey aisles of some great cathedral in the twilight. Wherever we see the wreathing veil of this Spanish moss, we somehow associate it with mourning.

The German burying-ground—known as Bethany—is one of the most beautiful of graveyards, with its groves of magnificent moss-clad oaks guarding the tombs.

Then we pass through the Catholic quarter of the cemetery, a veritable flower-garden; every grave with its crucifix on headstone or slab. Then we come upon the soldiers' graves. Here lie buried those of the Federal soldiers who died in Charleston—not so many of them. Here spreads the wide field of the Confederate dead. Many a nameless and unknown grave is here. Lowly little head-stones, or mere slips of board, mark the last resting-places of 'the men who wore the grey.' Here they lie, side by side, in

close and serried ranks, as they fought, and fell.

‘They sleep—what need to question now

If they were wrong or right?

They know, ere this, whose cause was just

In God the Father’s sight!’

Several times, during our drive through the cemetery grounds, we come upon groups of women in deep mourning, tending the graves, watering the growing flowers, or laying fresh bouquets or *immortelles* upon the tombs. We are taken next to see a grove of ‘real English oaks,’ which to our eyes, however, wear an un-English aspect, being festooned with heavy wreaths of hanging grey moss. Near this grove stands a large, comfortable-looking country house, all its doors closed and windows shut, and bearing as dreary and deserted an appearance as Hood’s ‘Haunted House.’

‘Yes, it is empty all summer. The family move to the city in March. No one can live here from the spring to the fall,’ our companions inform us.

‘But it is close to the city!’ we rejoin. ‘Why move so short a distance? If they can live in the city, so near at hand, why can they not live here?’


‘On account of the fever,’ is the answer. ‘There is marsh-fever here. Wherever there is that moss, there is fever. But,’ the lady adds, impressively, ‘the *city* of Charleston is most healthy.’

We venture on an inquiry about the yellow fever.

‘Well, we may have a few cases of yellow fever sometimes; but the disease is imported, it is not native here, nor epidemic; and we never have a case till July.’

We reflect, with comfortable feelings, that it is now only April, and that long ere July we hope to have turned our backs upon the balmy land of the South.

On our way home, we observe a further proof of the sanitary advantages of the city of Charleston over the outlying neighbourhood. Waggon after waggon full of workmen from the Phosphate Factory pass by, all hurrying home from the factory to sleep in the city. None of them reside in or round the works; all must, for safety’s sake, return to Charleston at sunset. Black men and white men (or white to our eyes, inexperienced at distinguishing the fair-skinned octoroon from the pure Caucasian) crowd these waggons in social confusion, and uplift their voices together harmoniously in snatches of song. Through the picturesque streets of Charleston, past the old Church of St. Michael’s with its peal of historic bells, past many fine specimens of the old colonial houses, past vacant ‘lots’ laid waste in the war, past here and there a ruined wall, shattered and blackened by fire and shell,



just as it was left after the bombardment, we drive on to the Battery.

It is sunset; the whole azure vault of the heaven is flecked and dappled with rose and gold; a faint, warm, glowing haze like the dream of a blush possesses the atmosphere, and clothes with an ineffable glory the soft velvet turf, the rich-foliaged oaks, the picturesque houses, the serene and shining waters that lie at peace, as if the fiery feet of war had never trodden here.

On the grass the children were playing; black and white babies tumbling and tottering on the green sward together in perfect amity. There are two little girls, a blonde white child and a mahogany-coloured mulatto, with their arms round one another's waists, babbling their baby confidences. Here a tiny white tot of some three years old patters along, supported by the hand of a little brown boy about a year older. A few years hence she will not take his hand. But the race instinct is dormant as yet. It will wake soon enough.

Our hostess for the day, an old inhabitant of Charleston, and a lady of high position in the city, amused us on the way home by anecdotes of her own experiences amongst the coloured folks, characteristically illustrative of their inbred respect for and loyal feelings towards their former masters

even in these days of political equality. And here I must observe that I have never heard a true Southerner speak in harsh or embittered terms of the African race in general. Politically, of course, the (Southern) white man and the black are enemies, uncompromisingly ranged upon opposite sides. Socially, the gulf yawns wide as ever. But we could not detect any signs of radical bad feeling between the races. At the polling-booth they meet as antagonists, and at election seasons all the potential ill-feelings and old bitternesses on both sides are naturally stirred up, like the witches' cauldron, until too often they bubble into hostile demonstrations. But even at these seasons of excitement the Southerner most frequently regards the negro as a tool in stronger hands, and bears no malice or rancour towards the race to which, inferior though he religiously deems them, he is attached by the strong ties of early association.

He has naturally a kindly feeling towards old Sambo, who carried him in his arms before he could walk—Uncle Joe, who mounted him on his first pony—his old nurse, Aunt Polly, who spoilt and adored him, and calls him 'Massa Tom' to-day. And the negroes, as a rule, feel a loyal attachment to those of their old masters who treated them with the kindness which, after all—

however great were the hardships of plantation life—was in domestic service the rule that proved the exception. In many a Southern home to-day the courtyard that was the 'slave-quarters' is inhabited by the former slaves, faithful servants now. Many an old 'mammy' cleaves still to her 'young missis'—'young Miss Clara,' perhaps a grandmother now, and 'Mammy' nursing the third generation. On many an estate, albeit its palmy days are over, and many of its broad acres lying to waste, the old slaves, too old or too feeble to work, are supported still. And many and many a story we heard from the lips of those most concerned of devotion shown to them in days of trouble by their former slaves; of loyal service long after the enfranchisement; of self-sacrifice in the negro's poor hut for 'the ole massa's' sake; of the disabled, starving, wounded Southern soldier sought out, cared for, and nursed back to health by some old 'auntie' who had served in 'the family.' Indeed, to fully appreciate the virtues of the coloured race, one ought to visit the South and mix with the Southerners. They know the blot on the negro character better than the North; they have good reason to know it—(read the cases of lynch-law in the Southern papers to-day). They believe devoutly in the inferiority of the negro; it is their creed, their

faith, to hold the African the lower race. But they do justice to their many good qualities: Enemies at the polling-booth, with the bridgeless gulf of race between them socially, yet in sorrow, sickness, trouble at home, the Southerner is still the negro's friend.

✓ Our friend in Charleston, who has still in her service several of her old slaves, amused us by recounting instances occurring in her own experience of their frequent objection to serve those of their own colour—the refusal of a young girl to take a situation to nurse a coloured baby, the scornful rejection by an old mammy of a seat in a 'nigger preacher's' church, the proverbial saying of the old darkey, as he belaboured his mule, 'Niggers and mules is hard to drive.'

And, though no one can defend the cruel wrong of slavery as an institution, we must in fairness to the Southerners acknowledge that it was far more their inherited misfortune than their sin; they reaped the bitter harvest sown by the crime of generations before their day; and all representative Southerners are clear-sighted enough to own that it is *well* that evil is uprooted from the land they love. I can recall many and many a kind word spoken by Southerners of the coloured race, but scarcely one of venom or prejudice.

'My old mammy saved my life when the Fede-

ral soldiers ransacked the place. I was lying sick, and that old woman guarded the door.'

'My father's old slaves, too feeble to work, are all living on his estate supported by him now.'

'Not one of our men left us for years after the emancipation.'

These are the tales we hear, and although during the war hundreds of homes were left defenceless—the husband and father away at the field of battle, the wife and children left alone on isolated estates amongst their slaves, and helplessly at their mercy in the event of riot or rising—yet that these slaves were somewhat 'idle and negligent' is the worst we ever heard said of their conduct at a time when such unlimited powers for evil were in their hands.

We found it very interesting to get into confidential conversation with those who had been slaves in their day. We gathered alternate and impartial glimpses of both sides of the case in this way.

'No,' said one old man, a relic of the *ancien régime*, 'I don't want to go North. Dey sot us free, and we knows what we owe dem; but we don' unnerstan' dem, nor dey don' unnerstan' us. We's at home here wid de ole folks.'

I remember black Amy—black as any 'coal-black Rose' of song—telling me the story of her

parents. How her father fell in love with her mother, who belonged to another master; how her father's master, who was 'the best man that ever lived,' tried to buy her mother in order that the lovers might marry and live together on his estate; how her mother's master refused to sell 'Sue,' and 'Ole massa,' he said, 'Jim, Mr. So-and-so won't sell Sue at any price. I'm sorry to part with you, Jim; but, if your heart's set on Sue, why So-and-so offers to take you himself.' Jim knew that So-and-so was a hard and cruel master, but 'love will still be lord of all,' and poor Jim made his life-sacrifice for love's sake, and chose to be sold to the harsh owner of his Sue.

I was interested in this humble love-story, but was disappointed at the end of it, which was that Jim, cruelly treated and flogged for slight offences, ran away into the swamps, and was never heard of more; while wretched, deserted Sue took to drinking in her misery, and one day, when intoxicated, fell into the fire and was burnt to death.

There was another woman to whom we took a great liking. She was a mixed breed; white and Indian blood commingled with the African in her. We heard that this triple mixture is supposed often to produce a far finer type than the ordinary mulatto; and certainly Georgia (named after her native State) was a splendid specimen of the

mingled race. Her voice, pathetic with the peculiar rich sweetness of the negro tone; her large, soft, and brilliant black eyes, her natural refinement and delicacy of manner; her quick intelligence, attracted us strongly.

‘My father was a Beverley,’ she said once, with simple-hearted pride; ‘he freed my mother, and I was born free.’

Georgia did not entirely approve of the conduct of her own people.

‘The coloured people haven’t behaved as they ought to, sho’,’ she observed. ‘They don’t work as they should—I’m disappointed in ’em.’

She related to us impartially anecdotes of the ‘good master,’ for whom his slaves would willingly have ‘just laid down and died,’ and of the ‘bad master,’ who actually kept the nails of one hand long in order to scratch their faces. This wicked master had owned a friend of hers, who had four little children. ‘One day he say to her, “Lucy, I’m going to take the chillun to the woods.” So Lucy she put on their little sun-bonnets and dress ’em up, and they go off with him, thinking they’s goin’ to gather nuts. They don’ come home that evening—they don’ come home that night. The next day he come back, and she ask for the chillun, and he tell her they’re *sold*, and she’ll never see them no mo’. Po’ Lucy she fell right

down at his feet, and she never was good for nothin' no mo'. She was took sick and died in 'bout two weeks.'

Georgia smoothly joined on to this episode some reminiscences of the war, in which her tone was entirely in sympathy with the Confederacy. She was certainly impartial and unbiassed by race-prejudice.

But I have run away prematurely from Charleston. One more thing had to be done before we left, with regret, the beautiful old city by the sea. We had to visit the armoury of the Washington Light Infantry, and see the 'Entaw flag,' one of the noted battle standards of the revolutionary war; also another relic of more recent history, and, to own the truth, more interesting to us—the old Confederate flag that waved over Fort Sumter. There it hangs in its place of honour, faded, torn, and shot-pierced through and through, enshrined as a sacred relic in the heart of every true Charlestonian—the banner that gleamed above the pall of battle-smoke for the four years whose history is written in the heart's blood of the South. Remembering how

'The valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high,'

we are not inclined to enter into question as to the degrees of right and wrong in the Lost Cause.

We only remember how heroically it was fought and how gallantly lost—nobler in its fall than it could have been in its triumph.

When leaving Charleston, seated in the car, waiting for the train to start, we amused ourselves watching a crowd of negroes, of all kinds, sizes, and ages, one and all as black as the best Wallsend, who were swarming along the platform. The women carried bundles wrapped in gay bandannas, the fellows to which were turbaned round their woolly heads. Some also carried black babies—dark, soft, large-eyed, loveable-looking mites, to whom the American epithets ‘cute’ and ‘cunning’ seemed somehow more appropriate than any English adjective. The men ‘loafed,’ and chattered, and laughed their peculiar, unmistakable laugh, and smoked bad tobacco.

The negro is sometimes a *beau* in his way, but these were all roughly and poorly dressed; and as the bell rang, and they all crowded towards the train, we wondered if these undesirable companions were coming into our car; for, being fresh from the North, we did not think of the possibility of there being a ‘second-class.’ However, a second-class car there was, next to ours, and into it our sable fellow-travellers swarmed.

‘This is different from the North,’ I remarked

to the porter (a negro, of course). 'You have a first and second-class here, then?'

'It's a different population here, ma'am, you see,' he replied, in those soft and civil tones that always pleased us in his race. 'Dose people dar, dey's not fit company for ladies and gen'lemen. Dey's come from work, and dey's rough and dirty. I'm black myself' (and he was, as an ebony image!) 'but dose people from de interior, dey ain't no refinement. Dey's terr'ble rough, and ain't no company for you white ladies.'

We had heard much discussion in the North as to the treatment of coloured passengers on the Southern railways. After this first experience of it, I watched on every journey, and observed that the arrangements for coloured travellers differed on different lines.

At Savannah, I searched along the express-train, and inquired of a polite official,

'Isn't there a second-class for coloured people?'

'No, no second-class on this train. They run one in South Ca'lina, but we've none on the Florida express.'

'Where will they go, then?' I asked, pointing to a large family—father, mother, and five children, all the blackest of the black, and clad in all the colours of the rainbow.

‘They’ll ride in the forward part of the smoking-car. Oh, it’s quite a nice car. They’re not ill-used, I assure you. Why, they wouldn’t care to ride with white folks, if they might!’

This last statement did not, however, carry perfect conviction home to my mind. A stage further South, I found one car labelled, ‘For Coloured Passengers,’ and stepped in on a visit of inspection. This car was in every respect exactly like the car reserved for us ‘white folk;’ the same velvet seats, ice-water tank; every comfort the same—and, of course, the same fare. In a New York paper I had just been reading an account of these trains, and of the ‘dirty, bare, and unventilated kennels’ in which the poor negro was compelled to ride.

In South Carolina once more we found again the second-class and lower fares.

‘There’s a sad prejudice against the coloured people here,’ said a Boston lady to me. ‘You see, they won’t even ride in the same car with them!’

I suggested, meekly—what even a short trip South is long enough to teach us—that to be crowded in close contact with our African brethren in the confined atmosphere of a railway-car would call into requisition even a Bostonian’s whole stock of endurance and eau-de-cologne.

IV.—COLUMBIA.

It was night when we arrived at the realisation of another dream—Columbia! Is there a heart in Carolina—nay, in the South—but throbs deeper at that name? Columbia, first in the field at sowing the wind of war! (But who reaped the whirlwind more terribly than she did?) Columbia, hallowed by her fiery ordeal, by the memories of that night of terror—the stories of which had so often thrilled us—had been the goal of our thoughts all day, as the train bore us at a jog-trot through the rice and cotton fields of Carolina, where, at this season, the coming crop was represented only by little grass-like stalks a few inches high.

It was a clear but moonless night as we drove from the dépôt, and, in the dim dusk of starlight, it seemed that we were driving through forest aisles and woodland avenues, on and on under great shadowing trees, with here and there lights gleaming through the branches. Trees—trees—we wondered when we should ever get to the city! And, while we so wondered, the omnibus lumbered round, and drew up at the door of the hotel.

A daylight view of Columbia revealed that it was a city after all; not a large city, certainly, with a population of only about ten thousand,

but spreading over a good deal of ground for that number of inhabitants. It seems to us rather a tract of the 'merrie green woods,' in which streets and houses have sprung up, than a city in which trees have been planted. Every street is a broad and shady avenue, and to our eyes every avenue looks exactly like every other. A little way outside the town, there is a pretty park, as it is called, a wild luxuriance of wood and bush clothing a lonely little valley lying like a basin among the low hills. In the town, every here and there we come upon vacant lots, overrun with tall grass and weeds, and even groups of trees growing up from the level, scattered stones of the ruins that once were thriving, happy homes. These remnants of blackened wall, these gaps in the street, these empty, weed-grown plots of ground are relics of the war. There stands the State House, from which on that never-to-be-forgotten night the rockets went up as a signal that fire and pillage were let loose upon Columbia. There is the house of a dear friend of ours—the home which alone, without husband, son, or brother—(for there were no men left to guard their wives and little ones in the doomed city that night!)—she defended for hours, pouring water on the firebrands that fell in a flaming rain, until even the enemy admired the brave woman's courage, and one of the soldiers spoke up in her behalf—

‘Come, boys! let’s leave her her home; she’s fought so well for it.’

This smiling Paradise was hell for one night—it is all but impossible to realise it now! All is so pretty, so sunny, so peaceful to-day; it seems but an evil dream that this tranquil Eden was ever the prey of devouring flames, ransacked, pillaged, overrun with wild license, till the fire itself seemed the gentlest element there that night.

We wander round the grove-like streets, admire the white, green-shuttered houses bowered in climbing roses and blossoming shrubs, the luxuriant gardens, the noble forest-trees. We look up at the faces in the windows with interest as we pass. A fair face here leans out framed in the lilac-blossoms of the westeria. Next door a black face, with shining teeth and eyes, looks down from a rose-garlanded window, and, catching our glance, smiles and nods good-humouredly. Here a black family, the girls all in white dresses and rainbow ribbons, are assembled on their piazza among the flowers; they salute and wish us good evening as we pass. There is something Arcadian about the very air. At first we wonder to whom this brown workman, clad in his Sunday best, and this coal-black, smiling old negro, who looks so like a good-natured monkey, are bowing

so politely? We look round to see if there is any-one behind us; then it dawns upon us that these smiles and salutes are meant for us—the tribute of the coloured population of Columbia to the strange white ladies. Once we come upon a whole gang of young fellows, of Ethiopian blackness, lounging at a street-corner, laughing and singing. They one and all uncover their woolly heads, and make way for us with the utmost courtesy.

It is Sunday evening, and a kind of Sabbath stillness and serenity wraps Columbia in an Elysian calm. Over it there broods an idyllic atmosphere of purity and peace. It looks like Eden before the 'trail of the serpent' marred its harmony. As the sun sinks slowly in a dying glory behind the stirless trees, and a rising sea of amber light floods the cloudless azure of the heavens, it seems that a faint golden haze clings like a halo around the palm-crowned brow of this fairest and sweetest city of the South.

AMONG THE RED HILLS OF GEORGIA.

Our glimpse of the great and historic State of Georgia was only a brief one, but we carried away with us, stamped in our memories, two vivid pictures of her two chief cities—Savannah on the sea-board, Atlanta in the interior.

Savannah, as we saw it first on a spring morning, steeped in semi-tropical sunshine, a city of liberal distances, bounteously laid out on a large and lavish scale, evidently by those who had limitless space at their command, and no niggardly inclination to stint it—Savannah, with its wide streets running in accurate parallel and rectangularly across, with the chequer-board regularity so often to be found in America, north, south, east, and west—with its little grassy, wooded squares, dignified by the title of ‘parks,’ at the crossings of the chief roads—its boulevards and avenues and long, deep, shady vistas of green—well deserves its name of the ‘Forest City.’

It has not the varied, florid, and fanciful architecture of Charleston. It has, like Charles-

ton, its history, but bears less trace of it. No grass-grown ruins, no shattered walls blot its fair and stately streets; no yawning gap in the regular ranks of flourishing homes hints a story of the war. There is an air of solid comfort and substantial prosperity about Savannah. With its busy wharfs crowded with shipping, its 'naval store' trade, its thriving commerce in timber and cotton, it seems to combine the successful business practicality of the North with the sunny, slumberous peace of the South. There does not appear to be much to see in Savannah; even the guide-book lays but light duties on the tourist here.

There is the cemetery, of course, 'Buonaventura,' one of the most impressive and gloomy of all the beautiful cemeteries of the South; a forest of grand and ancient oaks, heavily draped in mourning veils of the grey Spanish moss—a solemn silence brooding heavily down on the vast shadowy glades and lofty, over-arched avenues. There is nothing bright, light, or cheerful in this grave-garden, only a great, overwhelming gloom of solemn beauty of the silent forest. The other sights of Savannah are chiefly 'parks'—every green square is called a park—churches, of course, and a tea-gardeny kind of place, called 'Concordia.' There are

Forsyth Park, Laurel Grove, and 'Thunderbolt,' to all of which points of interest either steam or horse-cars run. We find a Southern cordiality and kindness about the conductors of these street-cars, who one and all seem anxious to do the honours to the stranger English ladies, and help in all they can to conduce to our enjoyment.

We drive about the lovely summer city in comfortable, open cars—a most delightful form of conveyance!—and enjoy the air like balm, and the warm Southern breeze, while the polite conductor pauses in his passing to and fro to point out to us the lions of the landscape, with a hospitable air of sympathetic relish of our interest and pleasure.

In complete contradiction of the prophecies of some of our Northern friends, who had foretold our manifold discomforts in Southern travel, we find no lack of comfort, indeed of luxury, anywhere as yet.

We have two splendid, richly-furnished rooms, and admirable accommodation altogether, at our hotel; but, while partaking of the excellent dinner which is spread before us, we cannot help wondering whether the great State of Georgia has any meat of its own; for our bill-of-fare reads thus, 'Tennessee beef. Boston beef. New York

lamb. Boston pork. Southdown mutton. New York capon!' It is evident that, if we were bent on only eating Georgian meat, we might go meatless—at least, in the hotels.

All that is to be seen in Savannah is very soon seen, and we move on our way. The only other Georgia city where we make a stay of a day or two is Atlanta.

Atlanta, which suffered terribly during the war, and has been built up almost literally from the ashes since that time, is now, to our eyes, as we see it first in a flood of morning sunshine, really a beautiful city, as well as an important, busy, and thriving one, with its broad streets luxuriantly bordered with trees—like those of almost all Southern towns—its handsome houses, each in its blooming garden, in the residential quarter—its stores and seven-storey high factories, and rattle and push of traffic in the business part. Peach-Tree Street, where the 'Executive Mansion,' or Governor's House is situated, is in the most fashionable neighbourhood, and there are many elegant new villas and picturesque rose and vine-clad houses there. The city—one thousand five hundred feet above the sea level—with the valley sloping away below it, and the mountains rising around it, undulates up and down, creeps up and swells over the brow of the

hill, and waves away downwards. With its boulevards and bordering trees, it merits the title of the 'Forest City' full as well as Savannah.

There is a beautiful drive out to Ponce de Leon. We could not find that there was anything to be seen at Ponce de Leon when you got there; but the drive was worth taking, even in the absence of any distinctive goal. Certainly there are the woods! Every drive from Atlanta ends in the woods, which surround the city—wild and luxuriant woods, abounding in trailing flowers and tangling vines; the most beautiful and conspicuous among which is the red honeysuckle.

Emerging from the town, you plunge at once into the depths of the dense forest, all blooming and blazing with the scarlet bells of this wild honeysuckle, which flourishes in a rank luxuriance, wreathing round the great trees, and filling the air with its fragrance.

Our companions on the car, on the homeward drive from Ponce de Leon, were laden with the honeysuckle, whose perfume pervaded the whole car; they carried it, not in nosegays nor handfuls, but literally had their arms full of its rose-red blossoming branches. One black *beau*, who took his seat opposite us, especially attracted our attention; he was black and shining as ebony; he wore a dress-suit complete, white cravat, chim-

ney-pot hat and all; his hands were encased in white kid gloves, he had a bouquet almost as big as his own woolly head in his button-hole, and wore a beaming expression of such perfect and unalloyed satisfaction with himself and the world in general that one could hardly look at him without reflecting his radiant smile. We decided that he must be bent on an errand of courtship, if not of bridal.

On this homeward drive we had a beautiful panoramic view of the town of Atlanta. From this valley road we saw the city spreading itself up the hillside—a rising sea of houses, gardens, clumps of trees, and shining roofs, climbing up to the hill-tops, its broad red roads running in parallels up the slope, the whole scene bathed in the golden light of sunset. All the roads around here are of a rich red earth; all the banks and vales, wherever unclad in green, all the barren hills, are of the same deep ruddy hue.

‘The red old hills of Georgia,
So bold and bare and bleak!
They have no robe of verdure,
Stript naked to the blast.’

These lines well describe the Georgian hills.

When we were at St. Louis (Missouri), we had agreed that the Mississippi—the huge, lazy colossus among rivers, which stretched its mighty length and breadth so sluggishly, like a Titanic

sleepy serpent slowly coiling across the land—was a magnificent and impressive sight to look upon, but not a nice river to *drink*, and they gave it, and nothing else, to us to drink at our hotel, in clear crystal goblets, which made its muddy hue all the more painfully conspicuous. However, at Atlanta, when we went to make our toilettes, we found there was something even worse than Mississippi water. We poured into our basins a liquid of a fine rich umber brown, and imagined at first that the chambermaid had, under some hallucination, intruded into the cook's department and filled our pitchers with thick pea-soup. But the chambermaid, on being summoned, protested that it was as good water as any in all the city of Atlanta.

We devote one afternoon in Atlanta to visiting the cemetery, of course, and find the whole population of the city bent on the same errand. It appears that it is 'Memorial Day,' the day appointed for the pious duty of laying flowers on the graves of the soldiers who fell in the war (answering to the 'Decoration Day' of the North). The cemetery is thronged with orderly and silent crowds, the tide of humanity setting towards and eddying around a lofty granite monument, on which we read in gilt letters the simple words,

'To our Confederate Dead.'



The officials, who move about among the multitude, answering inquiries and giving directions, are one and all veterans of the war, and most of them maimed or crippled in some way; some have lost a leg, some an arm, others only a few fingers. Their task, so far as 'keeping order' is concerned, is a mere sinecure, the whole crowd observing the respectful and even reverent demeanour that befits the occasion. We observe that the lower steps surrounding the granite obelisk are occupied by a number of ladies in deep mourning, seated in close ranks, facing the platform reserved for the 'orators.' These steps are evidently the posts of honour, and one of the war veterans, learning that we are 'strangers from England,' speaks to a superior in authority, who kindly conducts us to seats beside the select few.

The proceedings open by a prayer, followed by various orations and discourses by evidently distinguished citizens—'General' this, and the 'Reverend' that. It would have been hard for even the most bigoted opponent of the fallen cause to have quarrelled with the tone of these discourses; manly, dignified, full of fervent pathos in allusion to the lost, yet accepting the situation as it is without repining and without vindictiveness, facing their defeat undaunted and

uncomplaining, never bowing to plead guilty to wrong-doing, yet never fretting nor chafing against the inevitable.

After the services had concluded with the singing of a hymn, the crowd dispersed itself over the cemetery, laying flowers on the thousands of lowly graves, whose simple headstones, or mere slips of board sometimes, mark the last resting-place of the 'Confederate dead.' The graves of the Federal soldiers are not neglected; the kind and womanly hands that tend the Southern tombs strew their flowery tribute, too, on them.

The next day we left Atlanta, and on the cars beguiled the hours of the journey by conversation with a 'grim and grizzled' fellow-passenger, long of limb and dark of brow, with a bronzed face, not only wrinkled, but absolutely seamed and scarred with lines that seemed more of care and pain than of age, whose aspect we noticed even before we exchanged remarks. We always found when travelling, either in the South or in the West, that our travelling companions, who did not seem to care to make much acquaintance with each other, waxed sociably and most courteously inclined towards us on discovering that we were strangers and from England. Our fellow-passenger now was no exception to the rule; he devoted

himself to assisting us to wile away the generally monotonous and often wearisome hours of railway travel.

He informed us that we were now running through 'the great cotton-belt' of Georgia, though of the cotton crop at that season nothing was visible; he expatiated on the wonderful fertility and productiveness of the soil of this his native State; he admitted that it was more remunerative to free-labour now than it had been to slave-labour in the old days. He pointed out to us the Great Stone Mountain, a huge, dome-shaped peak of granite, conspicuous for many miles around, at whose base are dug almost inexhaustible stone-quarries, yielding the grey granite employed in so many of the public buildings in the neighbouring cities. He recommended to us the 'lunches' which were presently brought on the cars for sale, each lunch done up in a paper bag. In accordance with his advice, we paid the large sum of, I think, about a shilling for a 'lunch' which comprised delicate fried chicken, bread, hard-boiled eggs, and hot cakes, apparently steaming from the fire. He watched our surprised approbation of our shillingsworth with a smile which curiously softened his weather-beaten face.

Presently we accidentally struck upon the

topic of the 'Ku-Klux,' of which I confess that we knew very little, and perhaps had drawn our chief ideas from Judge Tourgee's striking story of the 'Fool's Errand.' It was immediately evident that our new acquaintance knew a great deal upon the subject, and was willing and even eager to enlighten our ignorance. Amongst other anecdotes he related to us one of his own experience. He was, he informed us, at the time he referred to, 'in charge of the gaol.' The whereabouts of 'the gaol' I forget, except that it was in the heart of the wilds of his beloved native State, and the precise position implied by being 'in charge of' the edifice he did not specify; so, it being left to our imagination, we 'placed' him as a deputy-sheriff, or something equivalent to that. Here is his anecdote, in his own words, transcribed verbatim:—

'One night, madam, I was in my room—it wasn't in the gaol, but in an adjoining building—and I was sitting over my books and papers. The room was warm, and I'd taken off my shoes and coat; I was stooping there over my writing-table, when a gentleman—quite a gentleman—walked in quietly and with no mask nor disguise of any kind.

'“Mr. D——?” he said.

'“That is my name, sir,” I said.

‘Then he spoke, not roughly, but kind of cool and stern.

‘“I am here to request you to give up the keys of the gaol.”

‘“That I can’t do.”

‘He was only one man, and I wasn’t going to give up my trust at any man’s bidding. The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when my room was full of men—there were at least twenty or thirty of them. About half-a-dozen of them gripped me almost before I could start up from my chair; they’d got me held tight, so that I couldn’t stir hand nor foot; they felt over me till they heard the jingle of the keys in my pocket, and when they’d got the keys they didn’t let me go. The first one—he seemed the leader—gave the order, “Bring him along.” They took me along, out into the road, a couple of fellows grabbing me by the arm each side. Well, I’d no coat, nor no shoes, and the stones cut my feet.

‘“Gentlemen,” I said, “it’s cold. I’d be obliged if you’d let me get my coat.”

‘The reply was—well, it was an oath I wouldn’t shock a lady’s ear by repeating; and click! click! half-a-dozen guns were levelled at my head.

‘“You’ve got to come along!”

‘And I went along. There was the prisoner at his window, making a row and calling for help.

He'd heard the noise, and he knew well enough what it meant. I shouted to him,

“Keep quiet, do! They've got *me*; and you may just as well stop hollering!”

‘We reached the gaol-door, and the leader threw me the keys.

“Open that door!”

‘With the muzzles of the guns close at my head, I knew I'd got to do it. I went up the steps, shot back the bolt, and turned to them.

“The door is open!”

‘Well, I thought I'd like to see whatever was going on, and that I'd go into the gaol with them. However, I was called back pretty quick.

“Come down!”

‘I did.

“Step back!”

‘I did. Then four men stepped forward, and went into the gaol. I heard no order given; it was evidently all planned—these four men picked out beforehand, and obeying a pre-arranged order. The four went straight upstairs; I heard a door burst open, and then a scuffling sound, as if the prisoner had rushed to get behind the furniture, and seized hold of a chair or something to defend himself. It was all silent outside, waiting—not a man spoke a word. I heard a voice from upstairs, “Is this Charlie Clark?”—another, “Yes,

no mistake ; it's he." Then instantly there was a shot, a heavy fall, three more shots, silence, and then the scraping sound of a match striking, and a tiny flicker of light upon the wall. A voice said, " " He's dead ! "

'Then the four men came down the steps. There was the one word said, "It's done!" and quick as a flash they all fell into order, without a word of command, and marched away just like a regiment of shadows into the night, and were gone like a dream.

'And that, madam, was the Ku-Klux! And it was no gang of ruffians and murderers ; no, madam! it was the best citizens of the State, banded together to do the justice the law couldn't do them. Murders were set down to them that they never committed. There was no man killed under the genuine Ku-Klux without a fair trial.'

He spoke without the slightest grievance or offence at the rough manner in which he personally had been handled. He did not resent it in the least ; his sentiments were only of sincere admiration and approval.

'But the murdered man?' I asked. 'At least, I mean,' I added, hurriedly, perceiving my first form of phrase was a mistake, 'the man they killed—was *he* a murderer?'

'No, madam,' he replied, gravely. 'I could

not name his crime to you. I can only say he merited his fate.'

I desired to ask our friend if he had read Judge Tourgee's account of the horrors of the Ku-Klux, and whether it was a fair and truthful portrayal? but, unfortunately for my curiosity, just at that moment the train slackened into the station, and

' We parted, ne'er to meet again.'

A GLIMPSE OF FLORIDA.

I.—JACKSONVILLE.

‘LADIES, you are now in Florida! That bridge was the boundary of Georgia!’ announces the conductor.

We look out of the car-window with an unreasonable expectation of seeing some decided tropical change in the landscape. Of course there is none. There are the eternal pine-trees; the yellow pines of the South, unlike their Northern brethren, tall, slim, and straight, with their light, feathery foliage. They look so fragile, and stand up so erect, we wonder how those tall, slight stems can support even that light and graceful leafy crown. There are groves of baby cypresses, of fresher and tenderer green; but pervading and possessing the whole landscape are the everlasting pines, now ranged in close and serried ranks, moving past us swift and steady, like an army on the march, now scattered as if the enemy had mown them down; here a gap where nothing is left but blackened

stumps; there a solitary tree on fire, one flickering wreath of golden flame entwining it from the root even to the topmost twig, clinging so closely in its glowing embrace that scarcely a spark flies out to the neighbouring trees.

We are getting out of the regions of swamp into the regions of sand now; white banks and stretches of sand glare like snow in the fierce afternoon sun. The fine sand contributes liberally to the dust that flies into the car, with the sunbeams and the smoke from the engine, until all about us that should be white is black, and all that should be black is white.

‘Daisy darling, where have you put the pistols?’ inquires the young man, who is evidently on his honeymoon.

‘Here they are, dear, along with the quinine, and the brandy, and the camphor,’ replies the bride, lifting the lid of a basket whose contents cause us to glance at one another with some dismay.

Can all this armoury of weapons, offensive and defensive, be required

‘In the land we’re going to?’


The bridegroom meets our eyes, and smiles.

‘Nothing more wanted but a porous plaster and a Holman’s liver pad!’ he observes.

The train slackens along the busy wharf beside

St. John's river amidst a babel of whistling of steamboats, clanging of engine-bells, and shouting of hotel-runners. We are in Jacksonville, the popular and fashionable resort of the Northern tourist, the commercial metropolis and social centre, the busiest, brightest city of Florida, with a population of nine thousand, at the last census.

Jacksonville is a beautiful semi-tropical city. It is laid out on the large and liberal scale of most Southern towns; its wide, airy streets are thickly planted with fine oak-trees—the water-oaks and live-oaks that flourish so abundantly here; almost every street is a shady grove, every turning a vista of rich forest green; across one avenue seventy feet wide the grand old water-oaks arch and meet and interlace their heavy boughs. The gardens that surround almost every residence are beautiful with giant oleander and magnolia-trees, with here and there a group of palmettos, an occasional banana, and groves of orange-trees, with their glossy leaves. There is just now, this April day, neither blossom nor fruit on the orange-trees in Jacksonville; the magnolias, too, are not yet in bloom, but only dimly breaking into snowy streaks of bud; but the great oleander-trees, from twelve to twenty feet high, are aglow with their blush-red or shell-



pink or wax-white flowers, whose fragrance fills the air.

Bay Street is the business street; there are the banks, the offices, the shops, the latter good and plenty; you can buy anything you want in Bay Street. It appears that the article with which the tourist is supposed to desire especially to supply himself is a live alligator, for announcements of 'Fine young alligators!' 'One hundred alligators just received!' 'The cheapest alligators in town!' greet one at every corner. Next to an alligator, it is evident, by an inspection of the shops, that the tourist is expected to invest in sea-beans, shells, and fish-scale jewellery. The polished sea-bean looks like a glossy chestnut, and is prettily mounted in all manner of ways for ornament.

Greenleaf's 'curiosity-store' is a place for the traveller to visit; whether he purchases or not, he is kindly welcomed. We had the pleasure of seeing a fresh batch of young alligators poured into a tank. Mr. Greenleaf obligingly set a fine well-grown one on the floor that we might see it run; the active saurian ran so fast that we ran too, and did not stop till he was picked up and put back in the tank. In the yard at the back of the store we saw safely caged two or three big alligators, ten or twelve feet long, lying like logs in a shallow muddy pool, with their malignant-looking jaws

‘Closed in the hideous semblance of a smile.’

There were also wild-cats glaring viciously behind their bars, and a pretty little baby panther curled up, looking so lovely and innocent as he blinked his soft sleepy eyes at us, we were tempted to take him out of his cage and pet him like a kitten.

A warm, fresh breeze is blowing as we step out into Bay Street—a breeze that blows up into clouds and whirlwinds the dust and sand which render carriage-driving in Jacksonville so unpleasant, and even interfere with the pedestrian’s pleasure. The street-cars, however, afford an agreeable refuge. Running smoothly on the rails, they do not jolt and lurch over the heavy sandy unpaved roads as do all other vehicles. In the first car we enter the only occupant besides ourselves is a small negro boy about six or seven years old, bare-footed, ragged. As we look at him curiously, he informs us gravely that he has paid his five cents, pointing to the glass fare-box, where, indeed, we perceive the coin; the box is so high up, the little fellow must have climbed up on the seat to reach it. The driver glances at his small passenger and smiles as he cracks his whip and starts off his sorry-looking mules.

‘Now, sonny, you can dance!’ he says.

The little negro waits for no further hint.



Planting his brown arms akimbo, he immediately sets off into a wild jig, something between a reel and a hornpipe, stamping his wee, bare, brown feet, and finishing with a truly astonishing pirouette on one leg. Then he looks up at us with a grin, exhibiting two shining rows of ivory that seem to reach from ear to ear. We applaud, whereupon he announces, 'I can sing, too!' and breaks out anew into a dance, accompanied by a plaintive howl, in which a tune is dimly distinguishable, although the words are not. We reward his exertions by a small coin.

Two or three days afterwards, I was looking out of the window of another street-car, when I saw the little negro sitting on the sandy sidewalk. I did not recognise him, but he recognised me, hailed me with a shout and a burst of what he evidently intended for song, jumped up to his feet, and I left him dancing his wild jig under an oleander-tree.

During the winter, Jacksonville is inundated by the tide of Northern travel. Florida is the fashion for people with delicate lungs and throats, and thither they flock by thousands. Here come the invalids, and their families and friends, and the tourist follows in their track. The invalid and the tourist demand home-comforts; so here in Jacksonville are as fine hotels as any

in the world, and pleasant boarding-houses, affording most excellent accommodation. Here the invalid suns himself on the piazza, or basks in the shade of the orange-groves; here the tourist buys a baby alligator for a dollar and a half, to send home in a card-board box (the poor reptile is generally dead before it reaches New York); here the tourist's wife adorns herself with a sea-bean bracelet, and a formidable alligator's tooth, about as large as my thumb, set in gold as a brooch. Here in the hotel parlours we exhibit our Florida purchases. One young girl affirms that she has tamed a little alligator, that he crawls about the room after her, and croaks for her when she leaves him 'just like a dog!'

This flood of Northern travel ebbs homeward in the spring. In April, the North-bound trains go away crowded, and the Southern trains come in all but empty.

As usual in the far sunny South, the negro population here seems to be in the majority; our coloured brethren swarm on street-corners, and of course fill all subordinate offices, from carrying our baggage to cooking our dinner.

II.—THE OLDEST CITY IN THE STATES.

FROM Jacksonville to St. Augustine is a pleasant half-day's journey. We take the morning steamer down the St. John's river to Tocol, and thence the mid-day train, which plunges immediately into a wild tangle of forest, that looks about a thousand miles from civilisation. It is an impassable wilderness of yellow-pine, oak, and cypress, of tall palmettoes lifting their spiky heads against the burning blue sky, while the ground is covered thickly with the cactus-like palmetto scrub. Only an hour's run to St. Augustine, but that hour seems to be through the primæval wilderness.

The omnibus that bounds and leaps with us over the usual deep sand of the usual rough and un-paved road from the station to the hotel, passes gardens and groves that are gorgeous with laden orange-trees, their glossy boughs bending under the weight of the glowing, golden globes of fruit. There is no tree more richly, luxuriantly beautiful than the orange-tree in fruit, with its contrast of polished green and ruddy gold. Here, in St. Augustine, we find the trees both in fruit and flower, one branch, white with its sweet blossoms, swaying in the breeze, while the boughs on the next tree droop heavy-laden under their golden burden.

Arrived at the pretty Magnolia Hotel, bosomed in trees and flowering creepers, its piazza sweet and gay with flowers, we look down from our window on the palms and banana-trees in the garden; one of the bananas is in bloom, the blossom drooping like a huge rose-bud of purplish-crimson, its mammoth petals two feet long. We have oranges for dinner such as we never tasted before, oranges fresh as the morning breeze, oranges that seem to savour still of the dew and sunshine. They are pictures to look at, and nectar to taste, gushing with juice, and weighing half a pound apiece. But we do not get such oranges every day, even in Florida, where we are as often served with poor and flavourless fruit as elsewhere. In our after-dinner walk, we buy some grape-fruit, which we find excellent. It is a variety of the 'forbidden fruit,' a very large, pale-yellow orange, with a peculiar, tart, semi-acid sweetness.

The natural thing to do in St. Augustine appears to be to bask in the sunshine, or in the scant shade of a palmetto-tree, and eat fruit or lotos, and day-dream in the eastern breeze. For the east wind here has changed its character. As we recall the biting tooth of the nerve-racking, piercing, shrilly triumphant, and fiendishly vigorous east-wind at home, which slays its

hundreds, and seems to rejoice, as it whistles round the corners, in its own evil deeds, we ask, *Can* it be the east wind? this soft, balmy, fresh, and fragrant air that fans one's cheek as tenderly as a kiss! From no point of the compass blows so sweet a breeze, mild and yet bracing, caressing, and refreshing as the east wind in Florida.

From Jacksonville to St. Augustine is like a going back from the nineteenth century into the sixteenth. This, the oldest city in the United States—with its history that should be printed in red letters, being one volume of war, and siege, and bloodshed—is to all appearance the old Spanish settlement still. The world seems to have gone on, and left it behind; the march of modern improvement has passed it by; the tourist has found it out, and the hotel-keeper, of course, keeps him company; but they have failed to spoil, or modernise and mar the quaint old town. Step outside your hotel, and you at once step into a bygone age. The old Spanish city lies wrapt in a dreamy peace; it seems asleep in the sunshine. Narrow, unpaved, sandy streets; quaint wooden houses breaking out into balconies and piazzas; untidy yards, with ragged banana-trees and palms and oleanders and climbing roses; 'coquina' houses, relics of old days, massive of wall and scant of window, built of the curious material, 'coquina,'

found only hereabouts (formed of masses of crushed shell dug out of Anastasia Island, just across the river)—this is St. Augustine at a first glance!

The oldest inhabitant is sitting at his door under his own vine and fig-tree, smoking the pipe of peace in his shirtsleeves. He bids us good evening; we stop and chat awhile with the old man, who is like a picture, his snow-white hair and beard framing a rugged brown face. He is a Spaniard, he tells us, born here, and nearly grown to manhood when the Spanish flag was hauled down to give place to the stars and stripes. He points out one of the oldest Spanish houses, a pink house, built of 'coquina,' and plastered over with a delicious soft pink like the flush of sunset. Its little lattice windows are broken, so that we can see the thickness of its massive coquina walls; it is empty, and falling rapidly to ruin. Down the narrow, sunny, sandy, almost deserted street comes a riderless horse, trotting at a brisk pace. He knows his home, and turns in under his own archway smartly. Next comes a solitary cow, and presently a mare, also unencumbered by rider or saddle, followed by a pretty little foal. They are all returning to their respective homes in a quiet, business-like way.

We walk on to the Plaza, the central spot in

which the sluggish currents of life in St. Augustine seem to meet and eddy and make a little stir in the sleepy old place. Facing on the Plaza is the old Catholic church, with its high quaint belfry, to which guide-books and residents invariably call the attention of the tourist. Here is the old market, under whose arched roof men, women, and children were bought and sold once upon a time, and not so long ago, before the slave traffic (which brought its curse with it, and pulled down the pillars of the temple, and drew ruin, at least for a season, on these fair lands of the South) gave place to the innocent bargaining for fish, flesh, fowl, and fruit, which is all these old walls look down upon to-day.

The Plaza is crowded with people, smoking, sauntering, lounging, basking in the sun. At a cursory glance round, it seems that the native population of St. Augustine is mainly of African descent. The floating population, the tourists from the North, are here too—the New Yorkers and Bostonians in travelling-suits that do credit to their tailors (I saw one, but only one, who actually wore a ‘chimney-pot’ hat). The ladies are generally distinguished by palmetto hats trimmed with long waving plumes of grass; charming head-gear, light, cool, and becoming. Being a speciality of Florida, of course, every lady travel-

ling here invests in one. Here are half-a-dozen soldiers from the barracks in undress uniform ; here are fiery-eyed Spaniards, looking like operatic villains, with their sombreros pulled well down over their brows ; here, in the vast majority, swarming as the sands in the sea-breeze, are the 'coloured folks.' Happy courting couples, of all shades, from the coal-black of the pure negro down to the rich olive of the quadroon, sauntering arm-in-arm, or walking coyly a little apart. Chloe likes gay colours, and all the brightest hues of the rainbow are represented in her dress. Here an ebony face beams with smiles beneath a pink bonnet surmounting a pale green gown with crimson ruffles ; there is a 'symphony in black and blue,' Chloe's æsthetic tastes having prompted her to adorn her black fingers with bright blue mittens, and frame the midnight of her face in the azure of a June sky. Sambo also is partial to light gloves and brilliant ties ; occasionally he blooms out resplendent in white tie, white gloves, and a tall hat, and has quite a bridal appearance. It is pleasant to look on their black smiling faces, beaming with good-nature. But all the same, with every inclination to regard the negro as a man and a brother, I cannot shut out the perception that in a great many cases the cast of his features resembles monkey more than man.

Two monuments occupy places of honour in the Plaza. One commemorates the adoption of the Spanish Liberal Constitution. The other is the memorial to the Confederate dead. No city in all the South is so poor, so ruined, so out of the world that it has not its Confederate monument. Even here, with the market-place where the unrighteous traffic was held before our eyes—with the happy free human creatures all around us who here, not three decades ago, were bought and sold like cattle—here, while we rejoice that the curse is lifted off the South, we sigh for the ‘fiery mass of living valour’ that fell with the Lost Cause. Nor can we read without a dimness of the eyes the inscription on one side of the memorial column, when we recall the last wandering words of the great leader whose tragic fate was to be shot down by his own men’s mistaken fire, and read here, on this St. Augustine monument so far from where he fell,

*‘ They have crossed over the river, and rest
Under the shade of the trees !’*

Beyond the Plaza we come upon the ‘sea-wall,’ which our little guide-book has led us to anticipate as a ‘promenade.’ When we behold it, however, our dreams of promenading vanish. It runs along the shore, from the modern barracks

at one end of the town to the ancient fort at the other. It is simply a low, massive stone wall, the top of which, unprotected by any rail or parapet, is described as the favourite 'Lover's Walk;' but, if it is so, St. Augustine lovers must be slender as well as affectionate. We find it quite enough to walk singly upon it with a steady head. The tourist is 'promenading himself' there of course, with his wife in her palmetto-hat; and we perceive, on observation of the various couples, that lovers, when young and slim, *may* walk double, though more frequently *he* walks behind *her*. A soft, fresh breeze blows up from the unseen Atlantic, which is shut from our view by the long slip of Anastasia Island, running parallel with the sea-wall, between the ocean, whose salt fragrance floats faintly to us, and the river lapping the base of the wall. The sea-wall walk leads us to the old Fort Marion, which is perhaps *the* sight to be seen here.

The first stone laid in 1592, the last, as the inscription over the gateway tells us, in 1756. The great fortress is in excellent preservation. Its massive 'coquina' walls stand almost untouched by time or siege, though the wild grass waves under our feet in the barbican, and blue flowers blossom from the chinks in the coquina blocks. A grim silence broods over the ancient

walls, as we explore turret and drawbridge, casemate and bastion. There is an old sergeant, whose mission is to show visitors over the place, but he is apparently off duty, for we seek and find him not. A fellow-tourist, however, gives us all the information we require. We sit on damp blocks of stone on a mud floor under a vaulted roof, while he tells us of the 'locked dungeon,' into which admission can only be gained through the absent sergeant. He pioneers us into the 'bakehouse,' a huge, dimly-lit stone room, also with mud floor and vaulted roof, with a recess which served as oven, and one aperture which combined the offices of chimney and window. It was here that, during the siege of St. Augustine, all the townsfolk collected for shelter; and a wretched community they must have been! From this bakehouse a gloomy archway leads into a pitch-dark dungeon. Our escort lights matches, which only serve to make the darkness visible. By their feeble glimmer we can see neither roof nor walls, nothing but the thick blackness which closes round us like a pall. We are told, however, that the obscurity here is nothing to the inky darkness of *the* 'locked dungeon,' wherein, the story goes, skeletons were found in iron cages—but this is, by the best authorities, denied.

We next inspect a comparatively light and airy cell, with a narrow grating high up, to our eyes unattainable and impassable, but through which the Indian chief 'Wild Cat' is said to have effected his escape. The great Osceola, his companion in obscurity, nobly refused to avail himself of the same means. It strikes us as possible that the 'Cat' was the slenderer and more agile of the two. From the fort we cross a rough and pathless stretch of sand and turf to another relic of the past—to the old city gates. They are built of coquina, of course. We inspect the barred and grated sentinel-boxes, the high towers flanking the gateway, and dutifully resist the temptation to chip off a piece of coquina as a souvenir.

The next day is Easter Sunday; the quaint old streets are crowded with gaily-dressed people; the Plaza is swarming with happy pairs. There is a 'coloured church' adjoining our hotel. We are made well aware of the theological views of the coloured minister, as we lounge on the piazza; for, apparently under the impression that his flock are all deaf, he shouts his sermon with all the force of his stentorian lungs, and points each lesson with a roar. All the churches are gay with floral decorations. This is truly the 'Land of Flowers.' As we saunter in the shade

of the great trees that make King Street rather a forest-glade than a street, and linger to gaze into the groves and gardens which surround almost every residence, we drink-in the fragrant breeze, heavy with perfumes of myriad blossoms, and revel in the luxuriance of tropical bloom and foliage all around us. Here is the lance-leaved palmetto, and here the beautiful feathery date-palm; here the oleanders droop their pink and pearl, starred and scented boughs high out of reach above our heads; here climbing roses straggle up to the housetops; here are great forest-like trees covered with the sweet yellow flowers of the apoppinac; here the giant magnolia, tall as a poplar and sturdy as an oak, is opening the great white petals of its mammoth flower. Now and then we come upon the bridal blossoms of the orange, and again upon branches weighed down under their globes of ruddy gold. The sweet oranges are almost over; most of those that we see are the 'sour' variety, not exported, but described as 'excellent for preserving and orangeade.' I tasted one out of curiosity, and dropped it quicker than I took it up, instantaneously convinced that so nauseously bitter a morsel could never be 'excellent' for anything.

We take a farewell stroll down St. George's Street—where the oldest inhabitant still sits

smoking under his fig-tree, and the ragged bananas and spiky palms in the gardens stand out against the deepening glow in the west—as evening draws on. We wander down to the sea-wall, which is nearly deserted now. There are one or two wild-looking men on horseback, their saddles mere mats of crimson or blue embroidered cloth, their feet thrust into the unsightly bags known as the Mexican stirrups. There are several dogs, one large yellow mastiff taking his siesta on the sea-wall, occupying the entire width of the ‘promenade;’ a canine friend, coming to interview him, stands on his hind legs, with his fore-paws on the top of the wall. This somehow makes the ‘lover’s walk’ look a very small affair. One of the riders spurs his horse up on to the wall, and, like the successful admirer of ‘the Lady Kuni-gonde of the Kynast,’ he ‘rides along the battlemented parapet,’ breaking up the canine *tête-à-tête*. Fortunately, there are no lovers on the wall to be startled from off their own particular domain, only the yellow mastiff scuttles down in a hurry as horse and rider gallop by.

The sun is setting behind the town, and the eastern sky before us catches a tender reflected blush just on the horizon. Beyond the sea-wall lies a stretch of water blue as heaven and calm as a dream; it scarcely laps against the old stones;

the little boats on its surface 'float double, boat and shadow;' an indescribable softness, like a sleep, broods over its waveless tide. Beyond this entranced water lies the long dark shade of Anastasia Island; beyond that, the pale reflected rose of the eastern sky fades slowly with the dying day. The one or two stragglers on the sea-wall stand out in vivid silhouette against the blue water and blushing sky; the clatter of the horse's hoofs, as the equestrian Blondin dashes along the top of the wall, seems to shatter the silence like the breaking of a spell.

III.—ON BOARD THE 'OKEEHUMKEE.'

FROM St. Augustine, in the morning, the little one-car toy train takes us to Toccoi, where the steamer—a fine 'palace-boat,' with its handsome saloon furnished with luxurious sofas, rocking-chairs, a grand piano, and a bazaar where we can purchase all manner of nick-nacks—picks us up, and bears us down the broad St. John's River to Palatka. Here we take the two o'clock train for Ocala, and, pulling down all the blinds to shut out the scorching sun and stifling dust, remorselessly shut out the landscape too. Late in the afternoon we change cars, and find ourselves for the first, and we trust the last, time on a 'nar-

row-gauge line.' The rails are only thirty-six inches apart, consequently the cars—which are almost of the usual car width, seating four persons across, to say nothing of the passage-way down the middle—lap over the track so far that they oscillate like a see-saw from side to side, and we enjoy a motion which, whenever it fails in its imitation of the roll of an ocean steamer, forcibly suggests to us the stagger of an intoxicated bicycle.

Southern trains seem to enjoy varying the monotony of travel by an occasional breakdown; so our Ocala train breaks down. The forward truck runs off the track, and selects for the place of this entertainment the loneliest, dreariest wilderness imaginable, of straggling pines and mournful-looking cypresses, far out of reach of any human habitation. A stormy sunset is filling the sky with cloud and flame, and the first deep growl of a thunderstorm rolls round as we come to a hopeless standstill. The pelting rain rattles on the car, while we sit forlornly, with all the windows tight shut, invoking malisons on thirty-six-inch gauge roads. Darkness closes on us quickly, and the evening hours pass very slowly in listening to the crashing thunder and driving rain, and watching the wonderful lightning which leaps out from a Cimmerian pall of cloud, and

wraps the whole landscape in a purple blaze.

A gang of men at last appear (we cannot discover whence they came), and set to work to get the wrecked truck either back on to the line or clear off it. Hours pass; the rain beats on. Finally, the train is backed somehow till we reach a siding, where we deposit our damaged truck, and run on our way, in momentary anticipation, as our car rolls and sways, of running off again.

About midnight we reach Ocala, and look out into drenching rain and pitchy darkness. We are about to step down from the car, when a voice from the darkness warns us,

‘Halloa! Mind! there’s a pool of water two feet deep there!’

Two or three other voices from unseen members of the chivalrous sex offer assistance, and we are forthwith taken in charge. It is ‘the minister,’ we afterwards discover, who loads himself with our small baggage, and vanishes in the black night. A pair of strong arms lift me off the car-steps, and convey me over two or three small ponds, and through a morass, while a voice belonging to the arms assures me,

‘You’re all right. Conductor’s got you!’

We grope along—it seems a long way—through mud, and mire, and darkness, clinging to our unknown escorts. Having deposited us and our

baggage at the hotel, these chivalrous beings vanish, nor do we ever see them more. Like ministering angels, they came in the hour of need, and then disappeared into the night.

We sleep at Ocala, and take an early train for Silver Spring, the first stage of the Ocklawaha river excursion, which is the primary duty of every Florida tourist. At nine o'clock, we find at Silver Spring the Ocklawaha boat awaiting us, and have only time to get a-board when the wheels begin to churn. We are off! and are plunged at once into a scene of magical beauty.

We are sailing over—what? Is it water, or some enchanted lake of crystal? Surely this is some scene out of a fairy tale, and we shall wake up to find it a dream! In the crystalline transparency of the water we lose all sense of depth or distance. That turtle paddling there, those silver-shining fish—are they but a few inches under the surface, or a hundred feet below? The water is a spring of living light; in its strange radiance the waving river-grasses take a jewelled sheen; far down in the depths of the stream you can count every gleaming blade and leaf. The limestone rock on the bed of the river is not like rock here; it runs in veins of beryl and emerald, of jasper and malachite. All hues and shades, from the blue of the sky to the deepest purple of

ocean and the tenderest green of spring, are here shifting and mingling in one opaline glory, as the long weeds wave and the little fishes dart down in the magical depths of the transparent waters, and we can even see the bead-black eyes of the turtle in his flat head as he paddles along sixty feet beneath us. There are only nine miles of the Silver Run, but they are nine miles of pure faerie land.

The banks draw closer, and our little steamer enters the narrow channel of the Ocklawaha river. This unique stream scarcely seems a river so much as a twisting, turning, and for ever tortuously winding water-lane serpentine through an impassable, interminable jungle. It is a stream without banks, and with scarcely any perceptible current. It coils like a curling, shining snake in and out amongst the barbaric luxuriance of the tropical forest—the wilderness of bush and scrub, the tangle of trailing vines that wreath around the stately palms and smother the cypresses in their embrace. It is thickly spread with floating lilies; their broad, platter-like leaves, their cup-like blossoms of yellow and white, cover the surface like a carpet, save in the narrow channel where the daily steamers drive through. Along these level, swampy shores, in the recesses of this primæval forest,

amongst the lilies and under the palms, the alligator has his home. Often he crawls ashore, and lies like a huge log on the oozy ground, but at sight and sound of the steamer—presto ! he is gone down to the depths, and we hurry to the bulwarks, only to catch sight of the final flip of his scaly tail as he disappears.

This Ocklawaha used to be the haunt of numerous beautiful birds, they tell us—the heron, curlew, stork, and crane—until the tourist's gun—day after day picking them off from the deck of the steamer—scared them back to the impenetrable depths of the forest. The lazy, silent stream is clear, though it lacks the marvellous transparency of the Silver Run. We have no need to look *up*, we need only gaze down into the water, and there the tall palms, the gracious cypresses, the wreathing vines, the drooping Spanish moss, the blue sky, and the snowy clouds float under the water-lilies, reflected clear as in a mirror.

Our boat is named the *Okeehumkee* ; it is a queer little craft, as unlike any other kind of vessel that cleaves the waters as the river it is built expressly to navigate is unlike all other rivers. The *Okeehumkee* manages to comprise the maximum of comfort in the minimum of space. Its little saloon is fitted up with tempting sofas and

rocking-chairs ; its tiny state-rooms are clean and comfortable, although certainly at night the gigantic cockroaches, the pest of Florida (and the only giant things on board the diminutive *Okeehumkee*), manifest a sociable inclination to share your berth. The dinner-bell summons us to an excellent meal, and when we gather on the little slip of deck 'forward,' we are well provided with seats, and can enjoy the view in peace and comfort.

The vessel has a general appearance of being left incomplete ; its builders seem to have neglected all finishing touches, and forgotten to put any railings, except just round the miniature upper deck. But the eccentric-looking little steamer manages to be comfortable even *minus* railings and *plus* cockroaches. It is constructed expressly to fit the Ocklawaha, and it does just fit it—and sometimes only just. Every now and then we barely squeeze through the narrow channel ; at one point, yept Cypress Gate, where two tall straight kingly cypresses stand like giant sentinels on either bank, we graze between them with about an inch to spare. It is the pride of the captain to pass through this gate without a jar, and he achieves the feat triumphantly.

Occasionally, when turning some acute angle in the twisting stream, we run aground ; once we

collide with an obtrusive palm-tree, and remain for half-an-hour jammed against it, until, after much shouting and 'Ya—hi'-ing, we are shoved off with long poles. Often the forest closes over our heads and shuts out the sunlight; often the lower branches sweep the deck, causing a disturbance among the passengers. Generally we see the impending collision with some overhanging tree in time to retreat from the bulwarks; but sometimes we are taken by surprise, and a big branch crashes along the deck with furious force as we graze past the bank. Then and there is a cry of warning, a chorus of little shrieks, and a rush of the gentlemen to thrust back the boughs or drag the ladies out of the way. They tell of one lady who was dangerously hurt by a violent blow from 'just such a branch as this.'

Once a splendid bough, laden with a scented snow of blossoms, strikes a young man's umbrella out of his hand and his hat off his head, and sends him and his campstool rolling along the deck in a shower of torn white petals and stripped leaves. More than once I spring aside only just in time to escape a swooping tree that threatened not only my hat but my head.

Evening closes in. How swiftly the tropical twilight falls! How vividly that group of lofty palm-trees stands out to the last in ink-black sil-

houette against the darkening blue sky ! At dusk a great pine-log fire is built up in an iron cauldron on the top of the pilot-house ; the forest aisles look weird as some dream-scene in the ruddy glare. In some strange way the palm-trees seem to separate themselves from their fellows, and rise up like tall pale ghosts with their lofty leafless trunks and huge feathery crowns. We are all gathered on the forward deck, in defiance of malaria, which is believed to lurk in the night air here. Certainly there are a great many precautionary measures amongst us. One lady has a box of quinine lozenges, which she hands round generously ; two others sit with their noses buried in camphor-soaked handkerchiefs. Not to be behind them, *we* produce a bottle of quinine mixture, which we hospitably share with our neighbours ; altogether, what with our tinctures, our lozenges, and our essences, we are as sociable a party of tourists as ever enjoyed the beauties of the Ocklawaha by firelight.

Midnight ! and we are nearing Palatka, and have drunk all our quinine. Many of the party have retired to their cabins and cockroaches ; the fire on the pilot-house is burning low, and the banks of the broadening river are lost in mysterious dark. We are out of the narrow Ocklawaha now, and are sitting up to be transferred to a

steamer for Lake Monroe, which we expect to meet some time in the small hours. One o'clock! and in the distance we see a silvery glare of light, which as it nears reveals itself to be the electric lamp ahead of the expected steamer. Slowly the approaching vessel takes shape, and towers like a huge black monster, with a white blazing eye, above our little craft. Four sharp whistles from us, four answering blasts from them, a shout of 'Passengers to be transferred!' and promptly the big boat slackens alongside ours; a gang-plank is thrown across, and three minutes accomplish the transfer.

We are on our way to Lake Monroe; the Ocklawaha trip, so long anticipated, is over, and we look back with a little regretful sigh—as for a happy 'day of days' fallen into the past—at the dying fire of the little *Okeehumkee* as she fades slowly away into the distance and the darkness.

THE END.

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